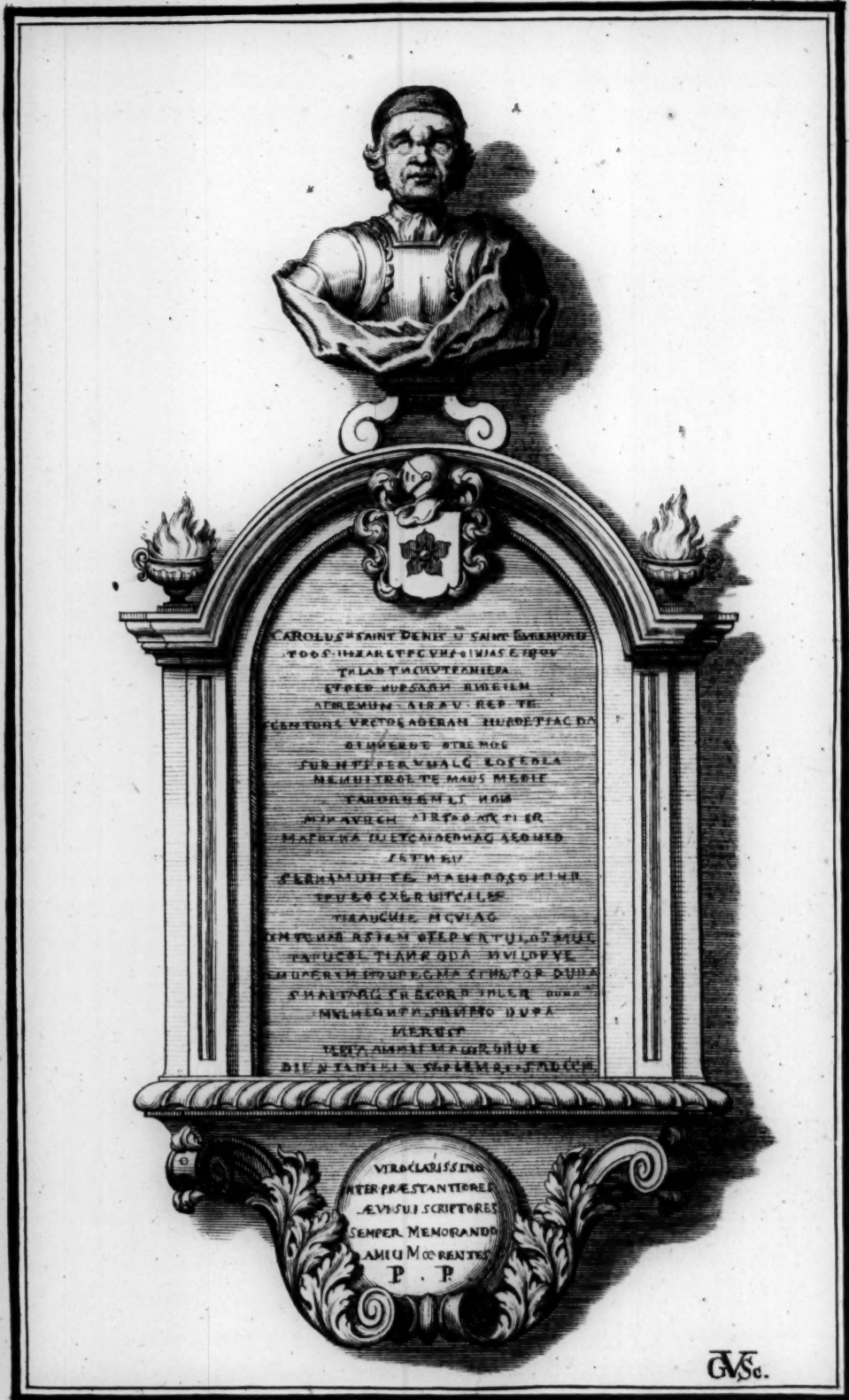






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THE
WORKS
OF MONSIEUR
DE ST. EVREMOND,

Made English from the French Original.

V O L. III.



L O N D O N,

Printed for J. Churchill in Pater-noster-Rom, J. Darby
in Bartholomew-Close, J. Round in Exchange-Alley,
E. Curll and R. Gosling against St. Dunstan's Church
in Fleetstreet, and T. Baker in Ludgate-street.
M. DCC. XIV.

W O R K S

DESSAUX

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Paris. 1840.

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THE
L I F E
OF MONSIEUR
DE ST. EVREMOND,

BY
Mr. DES MAIZEAUX.



L O N D O N,
Printed in the Year M. DCC. XIV.

THE
LIFE
OF MONSIEUR
DES ENREMOND

BY
MR. DES MAREAUX



LONDON
Printed in the Year MDCCLXIV

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THE
LIFE
OF MONSIEUR De
St. EVREMOND.
TO
Monsieur BAYLE.

By P. DES MAIZEAUX, *Gent.*

SIR,

THE obliging manner with which you were pleas'd to receive the *Life of Monsieur de St. Evremond*, which I had the Honour to transmit to you a Year ago, has engaged me to revise it, in order to render it somewhat more worthy your Approbation. However, SIR, do not expect to find in the following Sheets an un-interrupted and compleat History of Mr. *de St. Evremond's* Life: For I must here repeat, what I told you formerly, That no Body in *England* can pretend to any such Thing; nor will you be surpriz'd at it, when you consider, that, perhaps, of all Men that ever liv'd, Mr. *de St. Evremond* loved least to speak of himself. As soon as

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he perceived, that People had a mind to lead him to some remarkable Passages of his Life, he either turn'd off the Discourse, or excused himself *on the distance of Time when those Things happen'd, which had effac'd them out of his Memory.* However, you do me Justice to believe, that I omitted no occasion to be better inform'd: And I may adventure to say, that the *Revising* of his Works, which he was pleas'd to do with me, afforded me an Opportunity of being acquainted with more Circumstances of his Life, than many other Persons, who have convers'd with him longer than my self. I carefully collected the Particulars he told me, that I might preserve them clear and entire: So that you will find here the most curious Passages I was able to learn of Mr. *de St. Evremond's* Life; to which I shall add the History of his principal Works; of which I shall endeavour to give you an Account, as far as the Compass of these Memoirs will allow. You will soon take notice, that few People are well acquainted with Mr. *de St. Evremond*: The Generality, indeed, look upon him as a Man of good Judgment, exquisite Taste, and nice Discernment; but They are unacquainted with his having had considerable Employments in the Army, and merited the Esteem of the greatest Commanders of his Age. We must therefore tack the SOLDIER to the WIT; and look upon Mr. *de St. Evremond* as an Officer of Distinction, who ever loved Literature; and as a refined Courtier, who never wrote but either to amuse himself, or to entertain his Friends: Under which double Notion I shall endeavour to represent him.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* was descended of one of the best Families in Normandy, and the best related, both by the Women that married out of, and into it. GILES DE MARGUETEL, Castelan,

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Castelan, or Baron, of *St. Denis le Guast*, married *Magdalen Martel*, Sister to *Stephen Martel*, Bishop of *Contances*, of the Family of *Basqueville-Martel*. JOHN his Son, who took the Name and Coat of Arms of *St. * Denis*, married *Catherine Martel*, of the Family of *Fontaine-Martel*; by whom he had Six † Daughters, and Two Sons, viz. *Henry*, who died a Bachelor, and *Charles*. CHARLES de *St. DENIS* married *Charlotte de Rouville*, of the Family of the Counts de *Rouville-de-la-Cour*. She was Sister to the Count de *Rouville*, who had been named to be || Superintendent of the Finances of *France*, but died before he could take Possession of that Office. *Charlotte's* Mother was of the Family of *du Veneur*, Count de *Tilliere*, the eldest Son of that Family; and her Sister was the Heiress of the said Count, who became Countess of *Vaudemont*, from whom *Messieurs de Lorraine* are descended. CHARLES de *St. DENIS* had Seven Children, viz. a Daughter who died young, and Six Sons, *Francis*, called *de Hellande*; *John*, de *la Beloutiere*, Abbot; *Charles*, de *St. Evremond*; *Peter*, de *Grismenil*; *Henry*, de *la Neuville*; and *Philip*, le *Tanus*. Besides these Distinctions, taken from the Names of Mannors, belonging to the Castelan, or Barony, of *St. Denis*, a sort of Surname was given in the Family, to the Six Brothers, expressing their particular Characters; For the eldest was called *St. Denis*, the HO-

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* The Lordship of *St. Denis le Guast*, within three Leagues of *Contances*, in *Lower-Normandy*, was brought into the Family by his Mother, the Heiress of it.

† The five eldest Daughters married *Messieurs de Vierville*, de *Savigny Gambieres*, de *Tauville*, du *Mesnil Poisson*, and de *Fontenay-Haubert*. *Vierville*, du *Mesnil Poisson*, and *Fontenay*, were Protestants.

|| An Office like Lord High-Treasurer in England.

NEST MAN; the Abbot; the SUBTLE; St. Evremond, the WIT; *Grismenil*, the SOLDIER; *La Neuville*, the BEAU; and *Le Tannus*, the HUNTER.

- CHARLES de St. DENIS, SIEUR (or Lord) of * ST. EVREMOND, was born at St. Denis le Guast, on the First Day of April 1613. Being one of the younger † Sons, he was destin'd for the Gown; and as soon as he had reach'd Nine, 1622. was sent to Paris, to be bred a Scholar. He was admitted in the second Form in the College of Clermont; and in the Four Years time he continu'd there, went through Grammar-Learning and Rhetorick, under Father Canaye. He went next 1626. to the University of Caen, in order to study Philosophy: But continued there but one Year; and 1627. then returned to Paris, where he pursu'd the same Study one Year longer in the College of Harcourt: He distinguish'd himself no less by the Liberal Exercises, than by his Studies: And excell'd particularly in Fencing; insomuch that St. Evremond's Pass was talk'd of among the Masters of the Science. 1628. As soon as he had gone through Philosophy, and learn'd his Exercises, he began to study the Law: But whether his Relations had then other Views, or his Inclination bent him to Arms, he left that Study after he had followed it somewhat more than a Twelve-Month; and was made 1629. an Ensign before he was full sixteen Years of Age.

* St. Evremond is a Lordship within a League of St. Lo. Its name comes originally from St. Evremond (*Sandus Evermondus*) who lived in the VIIIth Century, and was Abbot of Fontenay-sur-Orme in the Bessin. His Relicks are kept at Creil, within Ten Leagues of Paris.

† His Share was 10000 Livres in Money, and a Pension of Two Hundred Crowns a-Year, which is a great deal, for a younger Brother, in Normandy.

Monsieur de St. Evremond.

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Age. After he had serv'd two or three Cam-
paigns, he was advanc'd to a Lieutenant's Com-
mission; and had a Company of Foot bestow'd
on him, after the Siege of *Landrecy*.

1632.

1637.

A Military Life did not hinder Mr. *de St. Evremond* from studying Religion, and cultivating Philosophy and Literature: And it soon fared with him, with regard to Philosophy, as it commonly does with Persons, who, in a riper Age, bethink themselves of making use of their own Reason. He, at first, examin'd whether his Masters had given him a true Insight into the Nature of Things; but, the farther he pursued his Inquiries, the more he was sensible of the Vanity of their Pretences: What they had laid down for most *evident Truth*, scarce appearing to him within the Verge of *Probability*.

' When I had reach'd, says he himself, ' that Period of a Man's Age, that ' fits his Understanding for the pursuit of Know- ' ledge, I had a curious Desire to comprehend the ' Nature of Things; and my Presumption soon ' persuaded me, that I was acquainted with it. ' The least Proof seem'd to me a Demonstration, ' and a Probability pass'd for a Truth: Nor can ' I express with what Contempt I look'd down ' upon those whom I thought to be ignorant of ' those Things, which I fancied my self to know ' perfectly well. At length, continues he, when ' Age, and Experience, which unhappily never ' comes before the other, had suggested to me ' serious Reflections, I began to lay aside the ' Study of a Science always contested, and about ' which the greatest Men ever had different Sen- ' timents. I knew from the Universal Consent ' of Nations, that *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Zeno*, and *Epi- ' curus*, had been the *Luminaries* of their Age: ' And yet there was nothing so contrary as their ' Opinions. Three Thousand Years after I found

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' them equally disputed : Sticklers on all Sides,
 ' but nothing of Certainty on any. In the midst
 ' of these Meditations, which insensibly unde-
 ' ceived me, I had the Curiosity to see *Gassendus*,
 ' the most knowing, and the least presuming of
 ' all Philosophers. After several long Conversa-
 ' tions, wherein he communicated to me all that
 ' can be attained by Reason, he lamented, That
 ' Nature had given so large a Scope to our Curiosity,
 ' and such narrow Bounds to our Knowledge ; adding,
 ' He did not say this to mortify the Presumption of
 ' others, or to make an Ostentation of his own Humi-
 ' lity, which is little better than downright Hypocrisy ;
 ' That, perhaps, he was not ignorant of what Judg-
 ' ment might be made of several Things ; but that he
 ' durst not be positive, he was thoroughly acquainted
 ' with the most inconsiderable. Upon this, adds
 ' Mr. de St. Evremond, a Science which I already
 ' suspected, appeared too vain for me to subject
 ' my self to it any longer ; I broke off all Com-
 ' merce with it ; and began to admire, how it
 ' was possible for a wise Man to spend his Life
 ' in unprofitable Inquiries. These were Mr. de
 ' St. Evremond's Thoughts about the empty, barren
 ' Speculations of Philosophy : But he entertained a
 ' far different Opinion of the Study of the Law ;
 ' which he judged to be not only useful, but even
 ' necessary for a Gentleman ; and ever delighted in
 ' cultivating it.

The advantageous Manner with which he made
 himself known in the Army, gained him the
 Esteem of several Officers of Distinction, such as
 the Mareschals *d'Estrées* and *Grammont*, Viscount
Turenne, &c. But particularly of Count *de Mios-*
sens, since known by the Name of Mareschal
d'Albret ; of Count *Palau*, afterwards Mareschal
de Clerembaut ; and of the Marquis *de Crequi*, who
 became also a Mareschal of France. He had a

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Monsieur de St. Evremond.

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Share in their Confidence, and as long as they lived, they gave him Marks of a sincere Friendship, which no Turns of Fortune were ever able to alter.

Mr. de St. Evremond assisted at the Siege of Arras in 1640; and the ensuing Year he got a Post in the Horse, which gave him fresh Occasions of signalizing himself. The Duke of Enguien (afterwards Prince of Condé) was so taken with the Agreeableness of his Conversation, that he bestowed on him the Lieutenancy of his Guards, that he might have him constantly near him. That young Prince had a great Penetration and Exactness of Judgment; was a great Lover of Literature; and you know, Sir, that upon the Death of Cardinal Richelieu, several Members of the Royal Academy designed to have chosen him for their Protector. The Reading of good Books was one of his most agreeable Amusements; and as he daily bestow'd some spare Hours on * Study, in Company with Monsieur de St. Evremond; so the latter made it his Business to instruct and delight him at the same time. Being sensible that Princes, whose Time is precious, ought not to Study after the common Method of other Men, when he read any Passages out of Ancient Historians, he left to Grammarians the scrupulous Explanation of Words and Phrases, and bent his whole Application to the unfolding and clearing the Meaning of the Authors; making Reflections on the Justness and Beauty of their Thoughts;

1640.

1641.

1642.

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* See *Histoire du Prince de Condé*, p. 8. of the Second Edition. Mr. de St. Evremond having perused that Work, told me, That except the Account of the Battle of Lens, which was somewhat defective, the Author (Mr. Coste) seemed to him to have been well informed of the Passages he relates, and that his Style and Narration were clear and elegant.

observing the Skill with which they represent Great Men, and the nice Differences they mark in their Characters. In short, he laboured to give a true Notion of the Posture of Affairs in the Times in Question; to penetrate into the different Views of Princes; and to discover the Springs of their Actions.

And, indeed, SIR, this is the Method, which not only Princes, but all Persons of Quality, who are arrived at the Age of Discernment and Reflection, ought to follow in the Reading of Ancient Authors: Tho' I must confess, at the same time, that 'tis no easie Matter for them to find Men capable to give them those useful Instructions. Commentators would, in some Measure, make up that Defect, had they turned their Views and Observations that way: But whether they thought themselves unequal to such a Task, or imagined it to be foreign to their Purpose, the Books they have hitherto published, seem very improper to improve that Study. Mr. *de St. Evremond* has so well observed their Imperfections, that I cannot forbear transcribing his very Words in this Place.

' I have seen within a few Years, *says he*, (in a Discourse address'd to the *Mareschal de Crequi*) abundance of Criticks, and but few good Judges. Now I do not affect that sort of Learned Men, that rack their Brains to restore a Passage, which is not mended by the Restitution. The whole Mystery of their Learning lies in what we might as well be ignorant of, and they are absolute Strangers to what's really worth knowing. As they are incapable of having nice Sentiments and Thoughts, so 'tis impossible for them to enter into the Delicacy of a Sentiment, or the Fineness of a Thought. They may succeed well enough in expounding Grammarians, who ap-

' plied

plied themſelves to the ſame Study, and whoſe Genius was the ſame: But they can never hit that of a polite well-bred Man among the Ancients, becauſe theirs is diametrically oppoſite to it. In Hiſtory, they neither mind Men, nor Affairs: They lay the whole Streſs on Chronology; and for the Date of a Conſul's Death, will neglect the Knowledge of his Character, and of the Tranſactions during his Conſulſhip. *Tully*, with them, will never be any more than a Declaimer of ORATIONS; or *Cæſar*, than a Writer of COMMENTARIES: The Conſul, and the General, eſcape their notice; the Spirit that animates their Works is unperceived; and the principal Matters, they treat of, unknown.

Mr. de St. Evremond had too refined a Taſte to be guilty of ſuch Faults: And one may judge of what he was able to perform in thoſe Matters, by ſome of his Compoſures; particularly his REFLECTIONS on the different Genius of the Roman People; his JUDGMENT on Petronius, Saluſt, and Tacitus; his DISCOURSE upon the French Hiſtorians; his REFLECTIONS on the Poems of the Ancients, &c.

After the Campaign of Rocroy, Mr. de St. Evremond made a kind of Satyr againſt the French Academy, intitled, THE COMEDY OF THE ACADEMICIANS. This Piece was a long while handed about in Manuſcript; and, as it generally happens on the like occaſions, every Body aſſumed the Liberty either of adding to it, or ſtriking out of it what he thought fit: Inſomuch that when it appeared in Print, in the Year 1650, Mr. de St. Evremond was himſelf a perfect Stranger to it. Nevertheleſs, Monſieur *Peliſſon*, in his Hiſtory of the French Academy, gives a tolerable

1643.

lerable Character of it : For having * taken notice, That the Abbot of *St. Germain's* was the first Person who openly attacked the Academy, he adds, ' That of all the other Pieces that were ' written against that Learned Assembly, he never saw but Three that deserve mentioning. The ' first, *continues he*, is that *Comedy of the Academy*, ' which having long been handed about in Manuscript, was at last printed in the Year 1650, ' with abundance of Faults, and without the ' Name either of the Author or Printer. Some ' would have father'd it upon one of the Academicians themselves, because that Piece does not ' ill agree with his Stile, Wit, and Humour; and ' because he is mentioned there, as † one who ' does not much value those Conferences: But ' some others have assured me, that it was written by a Gentleman of *Normandy*, named *Monsieur de St. Evremond*.——This Piece, tho' written without either Art or Rule, and which rather deserves the Name of a Farce, than a Comedy, is not altogether without Wit, and there ' are some very humourous Passages in it. This Piece had not yet been printed with the other Works of *Monsieur de St. Evremond*; and 'twas become so very scarce, that I should, perhaps, have never light upon it, had not you been so kind as to communicate it to me. *Monsieur de St. Evremond* would not own that printed Copy: And when I ask'd it of him, he told me, he had, at the Dutchess of *Mazarine's* desire, revised that Piece, and endeavoured to make it somewhat more correct; but that he had lost his Manuscript. I had the good Fortune to find it out; and there-
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* *Histoire de l'Academie Françoise*, p. m. 47, 48.

† He means *Mr. de St. Amand*.

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upon engaged him to revise it once more with me; but tho' that Play be now less irregular than it was when you saw it first, it is impossible it should meet with the same Approbation it might have had Threescore Years ago: Most of the Persons who are ridiculed in it being dead; and scarce any that knew them yet alive; so that the knowledge of the Humour that runs through it is, in a manner, * entirely lost. And this is the Fate of all Works of this Nature, whose Subject-matter is either too minute Circumstances, or Passages in which none but the very Persons hinted at are concerned.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* made the Campaign of *Friburg* in 1644; and the next Year received a dangerous Wound at the Battle of *Nortlingen*; where being ordered to Head a Squadron, and post himself below an Eminence, which was possessed by the Enemy, he was there exposed for three Hours together to the Fire of their small Shot, and of a Battery of four Field-Pieces; inso-much that he lost there most of his Men, and was himself wounded in the left Knee by a Shot from a Falcon. His Wound was thought so dangerous, that for six Weeks he was believed to be past Recovery: However, the great Skill of his Surgeons, and his good Constitution, got him off: But 'twas a long while before he could go. Thirty Years after that, his Wound opened a-fresh here in *London*; but it was so well looked after, that he felt no Inconveniency ever after, save only, that his left Leg was somewhat weaker than the other.

1644.

1645.

Not

* For this Reason we have thought fit not to print that Play in English.

Not long after his Recovery, the Duke of *Enguien* fell dangerously Ill: And as soon as he grew better, Mr. *de St. Evremond* endeavoured to divert him by the reading to him something gay and agreeable. He first pitched upon *Rabelais*; but soon finding his Highness had no great Relish for that Author, he then took up *Petronius*, with which the Duke of *Enguien* was extremely delighted. I only mention this Circumstance, to give you an Instance, that the most beautiful Strokes of *Rabelais* do not equally affect all Men of Wit. The Reason of this may be, either that those excellent Strokes being scattered up and down, and as it were confounded, through the whole Work, we are shocked at the Bad, before we come at the Good; or because a particular Taste, or Turn of Wit, is required to relish them. Another Reason may be assigned, which is the being ignorant of several particular Circumstances, to which that Author continually alludes: But this is foreign to my Purpose.

1646.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* was so happy in gaining the Esteem and Friendship of the Duke of *Enguien*, that his Highness did often communicate to him his most secret Projects, and entrusted him with Affairs of the greatest Moment. After the taking of *Furnes*, he pitched upon him to carry the News of it to † the Court; and having, at the same time, opened to him his Design of besieging *Dunkirk*, charged him to propose it to the Cardinal, and to settle with him all that was necessary for the Execution of so great an Undertaking. Mr. *de St. Evremond* was so dextrous in the Management of this Affair, that the Prime Minister

† See *Memoires du Comte de Bussi Rabutin*, Tom. I. p. m. 131.

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Minifter conſented to all the Duke of Enguien deſired.

Some time after this, Mr. de St. Evremond wrote two or three little Pieces, upon occaſion of ſome Diſcourſe that paſſed between him and his Friends: Such were his Reflections upon the following Maxims, *That we ought to deſpiſe Fortune, and not care for the Court: That Man, who is deſtrous to know all Things, knows not himſelf: That a Man ought never to be wanting to his Friends:* Which three Pieces were printed at Paris in 1668. but ſtrangely altered. Mr. de St. Evremond has reſtored the two firſt, which you will find at the beginning of the Firſt Volume of his WORKS; but becauſe he did not reviſe the laſt, We did not think fit to inſert it, becauſe he would not own it, as it is. He obſerves in the Second of theſe Pieces, that the Author of Nature would not allow Man to be well acquainted with himſelf; and that amidſt the Deſires of knowing every Thing, we are left in a fatal Neceſſity of being ignorant of our Selves. He maintains, *That no Man is ever convinced by Reason, either that the Soul is certainly Immortal, or that it is really annihilated with the Body.* He ſhews afterwards, That the moſt knowing Philoſophers, as Socrates, Plato, Epicurus, Ariſtotele, Seneca, and even Solomon, the greateſt of all Kings, and the wiſeſt of all Men, could never ſatisfy themſelves as to that Queſtion: And from the contrariety of their Opinions, concludes, *That unleſs Faith ſubjects our Reason, we paſs our Lives between Belief and Unbelief, in endeavouring to perſuade, while we are unable to convince our ſelves: It belongs, ſays he a little lower, to God alone to make Martyrs; and engage us by his Promise to leave the Life we enjoy, for another which we know nothing of. For a Man to pretend to convince himſelf of the Immortality of the Soul by Reason, is a kind of Diſtruſt of the Promise God has given us about it †;*

1647.

it †; and, in some measure, renouncing the *Only Thing* that may secure it to us. In the other Piece, Mr. de St. Evremond makes several Reflections on the Genius of Courtiers, how a Man ought to behave himself with respect to Favourites, and order his Conduct at Court. *An Honest Man*, says he, may be allowed to have his *Ambition* and *Interest*, but he ought not to pursue them by any other than lawful Means. He may have *Address* and *Skill*, without *Subtilty*; *Dexterity*, without *Déceit*; and *Complaisance*, without *Flattery*.

Not long after, an Accident happen'd, which obliged Mr. de St. Evremond to quit the Post he had near the Prince of Condé,* (for this was the Duke d'Enguien's Title, after his Father's Death, which happened about the end of 1646.) That Prince took great delight in finding out the *Ridicule* of Mankind; and he often shut himself up with the Count de Mioffens and Mr. de St. Evremond, to apply himself to that new sort of Study. One Day, as these two Gentlemen returned from a Conversation of this Nature, Mr. de St. Evremond chanced unawares to ask Monsieur de Mioffens, whether he thought his Highness, who was so exceedingly pleased with spying out the *Ridicule* of others, had no *Ridicule* himself? After they had, for a while, discours'd about it, they agreed that that very Affectation of searching out the *Ridicule* of others, was a kind of *Ridicule* of a peculiar Stamp. They made themselves merry for a considerable while with this Thought amongst their Friends: But these divulging the Matter, it came at last to the Prince's

† Mr. Locke has laid great Stress on this Thought, in his last Answer to Dr. Stillingfleet, late Bp. of Worcester.

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Prince's Ears. One may easily judge, how far his natural Impetuosity carried his Resentment. He took from Mr. de St. Evremond the Lieutenancy of his Guards, and would have no further Commerce with the Count de Miossens. However, 'tis likely, he would have restored them both to his Favour, had he not been wholly taken up with more important Affairs. The War of Paris being already kindled; and the Imprisonment of the Princes soon following upon it; the Prince took up Arms against the Court, and at last withdrew into the Low-Countries; where he was declared Generalissimo of the King of Spain's Armies. When he returned into France, after the Pyrenean Treaty, he shewed Mr. de St. Evremond much Kindness, and that he had not the least Resentment of what had past. He even offered him his Protection, and gave him afterwards, on several Occasions, many Assurances of the Esteem and Kindness he had for him.

In the Year 1649. Mr. de St. Evremond went into Normandy to see his Relations. The Parliament of Paris had, by this time, declared themselves against the Cardinal; and the Duke of Beaufort, the Prince of Conty, and the Duke of Longueville soon following their Example, the latter retired immediately to his Government of Normandy, where he was almost absolute. He assembled all the Nobility, and used all Endeavours to engage Mr. de St. Evremond in his Party; offering him, among other things, the Command of the Artillery, which he refused: As he tells us himself in the Satyrical Piece entituled, *The Duke of Longueville's RETREAT to his Government of Normandy*. They had a mind, says he pleasantly enough, to bestow the Command of the Ordnance on St. Evremond; and to speak the Truth, as he stood affected

1649.

affected for † *St. Germain's*, he could have wish'd to serve the Court, by accepting a considerable Employment, in which he had no manner of Skill. But having promised Count d'Harcourt not to serve at all, he kept his Word with him; both out of a Principle of Honour, and not to be like the Normans, most of whom had broke their Promise. Upon these Considerations, continues he, he generously refused the Money that was offered, but which would never have been given him. Cardinal Mazarin was extremely pleased with that Satyr; and thought the Characters of the Persons mentioned in it so well drawn, and their Ridicule exposed with so much Art and Delicacy, that he perused it several times: And even in his last Sickness, desired Mr. de *St. Evremond* to read it to him, when he could not rest.

Mr. de *St. Evremond* having staid some time at *St. Denys*, returned to *Roan*, and his Journey prevented the Duke of *Longueville's* small Army from being totally defeated by Count d'Harcourt, who commanded the King's Forces: For having met that Duke within three Leagues of *Roan*, he acquainted him, that Count d'Harcourt was advancing with all possible Diligence, in order to attack him, and would come up with him in less than three Hours. The Duke of *Longueville* being sensible, that he was not able to keep the Field, took presently the Alarm, and caused his Troops to make so expeditious a March, that they reached *Roan* almost as soon as Mr. de *St. Evremond*.

1650. The ensuing Year, the Princes of *Condé* and *Centy*, and the Duke of *Longueville* were arrested, and carried Prisoners to the Castle of *Vincennes* by the Count de *Miossens*, Lieutenant of the *Gensdarmes*. As soon as the Dutchess of *Longueville* was inform'd of

† The King was then at that Place.

of it, ſhe went into *Normandy*, to endeavour to engage the *Parliament of Roan*, and the whole *Province*, to ſide with the Princes, and to ſecure the Places belonging to her Husband's Government; particularly *Havre-de-Grace*. This obliged the Court to detach ſome Troops to drive that Dutcheſs from thence, and to take from the Creatures of her Family ſuch Towns as were in their Hands.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* made that Journey with the Duke *de Candale*, during which he had with that Lord that long CONVERSATION, which he afterwards ſet down in Writing; and in which he join'd to the Judicious Counſels he gave his Friend, the Characters of the Courtiers with whom he had the greateſt Intimacy; ſuch as the Dukes of *Epernon* and of *la Rochefoucault*; the Counts *de Paluau* and *Mioſſens*; and the Marquiſſes of *Crequi* and *Ruvigny*; to which he alſo added that of the Duke *de Candale*. This Piece alone ſhews how well Mr. *de St. Evremond* was acquainted with the Court, and the Genius of Courtiers; his Skill in drawing Characters; and his wonderful Addreſs in inſinuating himſelf into the Intimacy and Favour of Great Men.

You know, SIR, that the Duke of *Beaufort*, tho' a Man of no great Parts, had gain'd the Love of the *Parifians*; not ſo much by his Dexterity and Cunning, as by his vulgar Way of Speaking and popular Behaviour. And tho' he was afterwards reconcil'd with the Court, yet the Courtiers were ſtill endeavouring to turn him into Ridicule. The Duke *de Candale*, Count *Paluau*, Count *Moret*, Mr. *de St. Evremond*, and five or ſix more, being one Day merry after they had ſupp'd together, they made the Scheme of a Satyr againſt that Duke, which they call'd *The Duke of Beaufort's APOLOGY* againſt the Court, Nobility, and

People:

People : Every one of the Company clubbing what he thought most proper to expose him ; and Mr. *Girard*, who has given us the LIFE of the Duke of *Epernon*, was pitch'd upon to set it down in Writing. This ironical APOLOGY is not in Mr. *de St. Evremond's* Works, because he had but a small Share in it ; but you will find it with the best Pieces that are father'd upon him, which I have publish'd in *French*, with the Title of MELANGE CURIEUX, &c.

1652.

Not long after, the Civil War broke out ; and the King being acquainted with Mr. *de St. Evremond's* Merit and Bravery, and knowing, besides, he had constantly refused to side with those that were against the Court, made him a *Mareschal de Camp*, or Major-General, as appears by his Commission, dated the 16th of September 1652. and the next Day gave him a Warrant for a Pension of 3000 Livres a-Year ; the Originals of both which I have in my Hands.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* serv'd afterwards under the Duke of *Candale*, in the War of *Guienne* ; and if *Bergerac* had been besieg'd before *Bordeaux*, according to the Opinion of several Officers, he was to have been made Governour of that Place, in the room of the Marquis *de Bougi*.

1653.

After the Reduction of *Guienne*, Mr. *de St. Evremond* was committed to the *Bastille*, where he remained a Prisoner for two or three Months. Some Jest's that were pass'd upon Cardinal *Mazarin*, in a Company of which Mr. *de St. Evremond* was one, and in which he had no greater Share than the rest, were the Pretence of his Confinement ; but the true Reason of it was this : When they began to talk of an Accommodation with *Guienne*, the Cardinal desired that all the Application should be made to the Creatures he had in the Party of the Princes : But the Duke of *Candale*

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Candale thought that he ought to treat with the Bishop of *Agen*, and the rest who turned out the Duke of *Epemnon*: Rightly foreseeing, that as they were the strongest, their Opinions would prevail, which happened accordingly. This want of Deference touch'd the Cardinal to the quick; and concluding that Mr. *de St. Evremond* had suggested this Counsel to the Duke of *Candale*, he was resolved to punish him for it. Nevertheless, when Mr. *de St. Evremond* went to return him Thanks after his Enlargement, the Cardinal told him very obligingly, *That he was persuaded of his Innocence, but that a Man in his Station was obliged to hearken to so many Reports, that it was very difficult for him to distinguish Truth from Falshood, and not to deal hard, sometimes, with an honest Man.*

Mr. *de St. Evremond* serv'd in *Flanders* the next Year; during which Campaign, being one Day at Dinner with the Mareschal d'*Hoquincourt*, he was an Ear-Witness to the Conversation that General had with Father *Canaye*, a Jesuit, then Director of the Hospital of the King's Army: Which he found so entertaining, that he set it down in Writing some time after; and this is certainly one of his best Pieces.

The Court was then extreme Gay and Polite; and Love and Good-Cheer had an equal Sway in it. Mr. *de St. Evremond* had no extraordinary Inclination for the fair Sex; but yet he loved with all possible Tenderness some Ladies of distinguish'd Merit; and his Affection for them had an equal Period with his Life. You see, SIR, I have particularly in View Mademoiselle *de l'Enclos*, whom you shall be better acquainted with by the Encomiums Mr. *de St. Evremond* bestows upon her in his Works, than by any Thing of mine. I shall only say, That she was ever look'd upon as a Pattern of Politeness; That she had cultivated her

Mind, by the Reading of good Books ; That she distinguish'd her self by a constant, inviolable Friendship ; and that her House was the usual Rendezvous of the most *Witty* and *Galant* among the Courtiers. You will see by the Letters she wrote to Mr. *de St. Evremond*, that she really deserv'd the Title he gave her of *Modern Leontium*, by the good Use she made of the famous *Epicurus's* Maxims.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* was much more talk'd of by his Refining in *Good-Cheer*, than by his Passion for the Ladies : Tho' *Good-Cheer*, then among the Courtiers, consisted less in Magnificence than in *Niceness* and *Cleanliness*. Such were the Meals of the *Commandeur de Sourvère*, Count *d'Olonne*, and some other Lords who kept open Table ; and among whom there was a kind of Emulation and Contention about the Excellency and Delicacy of *Taste*. Monsieur *de Lavardin*, Bishop of *Mans*, and Knight of the Order of the Holy-Ghost, endeavour'd likewise to imitate them : And Mr. *de St. Evremond* being one Day at Dinner with him, that Prelate began to make merry with his *Niceness*, as well as Count *d'Olonne's* and the Marquis of *Bois-Dauphin's*. Those Gentlemen, said he, refine in every Thing ; They can eat none but River-Veal ; Their Partridges must come from *Auvergne* ; and their Rabbits from *Roche-Guyon* or *Versine*. They are no less Nice in Fruit : And as for Wine, they can drink none but what grows on the Three Hills (in French, *Trois Coteaux*) of *Ay*, *Haut-Villiers*, and *Avenay*. Mr. *de St. Evremond* did not fail communicating this Discourse to his Friends, who were glad of having so fair an Opportunity to ridicule the Bishop, of whose Way of Eating they had no great Opinion. They repeated so often what he had said about the Hills (*les Coteaux*) and made themselves merry with the Fancy on so

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many Occasions, that they were nick-nam'd LES TROIS COTEAUX.

This, SIR, is the true Origin of COTEAUX, which * has escap'd the Knowledge of abundance of People. The Abbot of *Bois-Robert* took the Bishop's Part, and wrote a kind of Satyr, intitl'd, *Les Coteaux*: But you'll give me leave to add in this Place, that the ill Character that Prelate got, did not proceed from his loving *Good-Cheer*, and Good Company; for as People live now a-days, that would have been a small Fault, if not accounted a good Quality. The Reason why he had so ill a Reputation, was his having frankly own'd, that he was not thoroughly convinc'd of the Truth of the Christian Religion: However, he had so great an Interest, that he was not call'd to an Account for it during his Life; but soon after his Death, which happen'd in 1671. upon the Testimony of several Persons who had heard him vent his Heretical Tenets, some Priests to whom he had given Orders were re-ordin'd; and among the rest, that famous Preacher, Father *Mascaron*. There was a Design to carry this Affair yet farther, and the famous Monsieur *Pavillon*, Bishop of *Alet*, being consulted about it, he said, That a Provincial Synod ought in the first Place to be conven'd, and that upon the Deposition of the same Persons who had inform'd against him, a Process should be made against his Memory; after which, Application should be made to the Pope for his Approbation of such a Process: But because the same would have made too great Noise, and given Offence to some Per-

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sons

* *Father Bouhours, Mr. Menage, and Mr. Boileau Despreux, have been mistaken about it. See the Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres, for August, 1704. p. 167, 168.*

† *He died Bishop of Agen in 1673.*

sons of eminent Merit and Distinction, who were related to the Bishop, that Design was * dropt.

1656. When Queen *Christina* was at *Paris*, there was no other Talk than about her *Abdication*, *Learning*, and *genteel Carriage*; which sometimes produc'd very comical and entertaining Passages. Such, for Instance sake, was the Dispute that arose one Day between Count *de Bautru*, the *Commandeur de Fars*, and the Bishop of *Mans*, three great Talkers, and all Three very Singular in their Kind; and Mr. *de St. Evremond*, who was Witness to their Conversation, found they had drawn their own Character so well in it, that it deserv'd to be set down in Writing; which he did accordingly, and sent it to his Friend Count *d'Olonne*. You will find that little Piece in the first Volume of his Works.

About that time, when *Paris* was pester'd with *Prudes*, he wrote a Satyr, entitl'd the CIRCLE, wherein he gives the Character of a *Prude*, a *Precise Lady*, &c.

1657. Not long after, as I take it, Mr. *de St. Evremond* fought a Duel with the Marquis *de Fore*; but I have not yet learnt the *Detail* of this Affair. I shall therefore content my self with saying, that notwithstanding all possible Care was taken to keep it secret, the Court had, nevertheless, notice of it, which oblig'd Mr. *de St. Evremond* to abscond in the Country, till his Friends had obtain'd his Pardon. I suppose 'twas during this Retirement he wrote the Discourse about *Pleasures*, which he sent to Count *d'Olonne*. He tells him at first, *That if a Man intends to live happy, he must*
make

* I learnt these Particulars of a Learned Gentleman who had a great Intimacy with Father Mascarón.

make but few Reflections upon Life, but must often depart, as it were, from himself; and amidst the Diversions which exterior Objects furnish him with, steal from the Knowledge of his own Miseries. He adds, That let our Stock of Wisdom be never so great, we shall find it stands us in small stead, when we are alarm'd with the Approaches of Death; That there is nothing that can effectually conquer the Horror of this Dissolution, but a firm persuasion of another Life; That 'tis next to impossible not to make some Reflections upon a Thing so natural; and that it would be a kind of Effeminacy not to think of it: But he would not have a Man make it his particular Study, because it must appal the Enjoyment of Life. After this he considers, how a Man must enjoy and manage Pleasures, in order to render them more quick and lasting; and concludes, with observing the Advantages which true Christians have over the Followers of Epicurus and Aristippus. In a LETTER which he wrote then to a Lady, who was inclin'd to take up with Devotion, he discovers the Motives upon which Women do generally turn Bigots, and the secret Springs that exalt their Devotion; and afterwards gives Advice to his Friend, to direct her Conduct in the new kind of Life she is ready to enter upon.

The Death of the Duke of Candale, which hap- 1658.
pen'd in 1658. prov'd a great Loss to Mr. de St. Evremond. That young Lord was entirely in the Cardinal's Favour; had very considerable Employments; and would, undoubtedly, have been advanc'd to the most eminent Stations, had he not been snatch'd away in his Prime: For he was but Seven and Twenty Years Old when he died; and yet he was General of the French Infantry, Governour of Auvergne, &c. An Amour he had at Avignon with Madam de Castelane, since Marchi-

oneſs of *Ganges*, ſo famous by her † tragical Death, threw him into a Fever, of which he died at *Lions*. Mr. *de St. Evremond* wrote an Elegy on the Duke's Death, wherein he introduces the Counteſs of *Olonne*, lamenting her ſelf on the Loſs of her Lover.

1659.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* continued in the Service in *Flanders*, till the Suspension of Arms that was agreed on between *France* and *Spain*, whilſt the Peace was negotiating. Cardinal *Mazarin* ſet out afterwards from *Paris*, with a magnificent Equipage, in order to go and conclude it with *Don Luis de Haro*, the King of *Spain's* Miniſter and Plenipotentiary; and was accompanied by a great many Courtiers, particularly by Mr. *de St. Evremond*. Before the latter left the Court, the Marquis *de Crequi* made him promiſe to give him a particular Account of what paſſ'd at the Conferences, and of the ſecret Managery of that important Tranſaction; and the Peace was no ſooner ſign'd, than Mr. *de St. Evremond* wrote him a Letter, wherein the Craft and Subtilty of the Cardinal were admirably well diſcloſed, and his intereſted Views ſet in their true Light. This Letter, which was written in an ironical Stile, with many ſharp, cutting Turns on the Cardinal's Conduct, had ſo great an Influence over the remaining Part of Mr. *de St. Evremond's* Life, that I cannot forbear inserting it here at length.

‘ I Wiſh I were able to gratify your Curioſity, ſays *Monsieur de St. Evremond* to the Mareſchal *de Crequi*, ‘ both as to the true Motives of the Peace, and about what paſſ'd at the Conferences :

† See *Les Histoires Tragiques de nôtres Temps*, compilées par François de Roſſet, p. 513. printed at *Lions*, in 1685.

ferences : But to deal frankly with you, you ought to have made Application to the Cardinal's particular Confidents, who by their long and familiar conversing with him, are fully instructed in all his Secrets. As for me, who was only a Spectator of what pass'd, and no more, I can entertain you with nothing but my own Conjectures, and lay some few uncertain Hints before you, for which I am wholly indebted to my Penetration. Such as they are, I freely offer them to you ; and the only Favour I ask of you, in return, is that whenever you find me praising the Cardinal, you do not impute it to Adulation. The Good I say of him, is sincere and real ; as not resulting either from the Hopes of his Favour, or Gratitude for Kindnesses receiv'd.

As 'tis the greatest Merit of a Christian to pardon his Enemies, and the Chastisement of those we love, is only the Effect of our Tenderness and Concern for them ; so 'twas for this reason that the Cardinal was induc'd to forgive the *Spaniards*, and to chastise the *French*. And indeed, the *Spaniards*, that were humbled by so many Misfortunes, and depress'd by so many Losses, were the proper Objects of his charitable Compassion ; and the *French*, grown no less insolent than powerful, by their great Successes in the War, did they not deserve to be mortified with the wholsom Rigours of a Peace ? His Eminence, without question, call'd to mind the merry Saying of the *Castilian*, who coming to strangle Don Carlos, by order of Philip II. cry'd out to him, *Cailla, Cailla, Senor Don Carlos, todo lo que se haze es por su bien* ; that is, Be quiet, Signior Don Carlos, be quiet, all this is for your Good : And pleas'd with so loving a sort of Punishment, after he had seiz'd upon the Goods of

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‘ of Private Men, and exhausted the Publick
 ‘ Treasure, he stifles our Groans, and suppresses
 ‘ our Murmurs, by saying to us with a Paternal
 ‘ Affection, *Cailla, Cailla, Senor Frances, todo lo que*
 ‘ *se haze es por su bien; Come, be quiet Gentlemen of*
 ‘ *France, be quiet, all this is for your Good.*

‘ I am inclin’d to believe, that some politick
 ‘ Considerations might mix with the Cardinal’s
 ‘ *Christianity*: I mean as to the Gentleness and
 ‘ Charity he shew’d to the *Spaniards*. *Augustus*,
 ‘ who thought it convenient to assign Limits to
 ‘ the *Roman Empire*, and leave it a just and pro-
 ‘ portion’d Grandeur at his Death, might very
 ‘ well furnish him with an Example to shew his
 ‘ Moderation in this Place.

‘ He was of Opinion, that *France* would better
 ‘ preserve it self, united as it is, and compact, as
 ‘ it were, within it self, than in a vast Extent;
 ‘ and he shew’d a Prudence, which few of our
 ‘ Ministers would have dreamt of, in thinking to
 ‘ cover our Frontiers, when it lay in his Power
 ‘ to have made an absolute Conquest of the *Low-*
 ‘ *Countries*.

‘ Who does not know that the Destruction of
 ‘ *Carthage* drew after it that of *Rome*? While *Rome*
 ‘ had a Rival to contend with, Virtue, Discipline
 ‘ and Obedience flourish’d within her Walls: But
 ‘ no sooner was she freed from an Enemy with-
 ‘ out, but she made one at home, and had just
 ‘ reason to apprehend Danger from her self, when
 ‘ there was no occasion for her to fear any thing
 ‘ from Abroad.

‘ His Eminence, who is Wiser than the *Scipio*’s,
 ‘ took care that we should not fall into any such
 ‘ Inconvenience, and taking wholsom Admoni-
 ‘ tion from the Faults of his Fore-fathers, pre-
 ‘ serv’d *Spain* on purpose to exercise the Valour
 ‘ of *France*, and to maintain its Empire for ever.

‘ Now

Now pray, Sir, observe what a vast difference there is between this profound Prudence, and that of Cardinal *Richelieu*! Methinks I see that immoderate Genius, not content with *Flanders* or the *Milanese*, but laying hold of a Conjunction, which had not happen'd since the Days of *Charles V.* remit Seven or Eight Millions to *Frankfort*, &c. send a mighty Army to the Banks of the *Rhine*, to revenge our Nation in the Person of *Lewis XIV.* for the Affront she formerly received in that of *Francis I.* Methinks I see him enter into a new Alliance with *Portugal*, after the Defeat of *Don Luis*, and joyn our Forces with those of that Kingdom, with design to drive the Catholick King from *Madrid*, without regard to a Sacred and Inviolable Person.

Nevertheless, it was the Part of a good *Christian* to forgive his Enemies; it was generous in him not to push on his Victories so far, as to ruin one of the finest Monarchies in the World; it was done like a good *Politician*, not to extend Frontiers too far, lest whilst our Foreign Acquisitions took us wholly up, we should neglect the main Business at Home.

I hear some of his Eminence's Enemies, who not daring openly exclaim against the Peace, condemn the manner wherein it was concluded; find fault with the *Suspension*, and his too great Easiness in condescending to come to Conferences, wherein every Article of the Peace was alter'd, tho' it had been ratified before.

I own, indeed, that Monsieur de *Turenne* did all that lay in his Power to dissuade this Suspension; but he did not thoroughly consider the true Motive of so glorious an Interview: And while this Great General projected in his Head the Conquest of *Flanders*, he knew not what the Cardinal proposed to himself, by a Contention

of

' of Wisdom and Reason. And, indeed, he la-
 ' bour'd at nothing so much, as to let all *Europe*
 ' see the Superiority of his Genius, nor was he
 ' mistaken in his Design; for he always got the
 ' better of Don *Luis's* Understanding, who frankly
 ' own'd the Ascendent of his Genius, and his
 ' Mastery in Politicks: But it unluckly so fell
 ' out, that the inflexible Stiffness of the latter
 ' proved, at last, too hard for the Resolutions of
 ' the former. Thus the *Spaniard*, with his gross,
 ' blunt way, carried those Points, which the *Ita-*
 ' *lian* contended for with Acuteness and Justice.
 ' Not that Don *Luis's* Obstinacy was always suc-
 ' cessful; for when he boasts that we abandon'd
 ' *Portugal*, and consented to the Restoration of
 ' the Prince of *Condé*, we may justly charge him
 ' with an Over-sight in the Ammunition he left
 ' us; and his Ignorance in Arithmetick in the
 ' Valuation of the Five Hundred Thousand
 ' Crowns that were assign'd for the Queen's
 ' Portion.

' Let Matters go as they will, his Eminence
 ' may secretly hug himself with the Thoughts,
 ' that he has made no unprofitable Steps; *Alsatia*,
 ' the Territories in *Italy*, the Abby of *St. Vast*, may
 ' well comfort him for the Pains he has taken;
 ' whereas the Chimerical Don *Luis*, who minded
 ' nothing but the publick Interest of his Coun-
 ' try, maintain'd himself all along at his own
 ' Expence.

' It was to no purpose for him to stand upon
 ' such haughty Terms, in the general Declension
 ' of their Affairs, since he sufficiently own'd their
 ' Weakness, so soon as the Peace was Signed.
 ' Come, Gentlemen, said he, Let us go and return God
 ' Almighty Thanks: We were undone, but now Spain
 ' is saved. His Eminence does not much value
 ' that noble Saying, which would have fitted the
 ' Mouth

Mouth of an old Citizen of *Lacedemon*; and looks upon theſe Exultations for the Safety of one's Country, to proceed from a Republican Principle. He judges aright, that a Peace, let it be huddled up how it will, is always good, when it gives a Man an Opportunity to hoard up Millions that were neceſſarily expended in the Proſecution of the War. Let the well-meaning Don *Luis* have no other End, than the Service of his Maſter, and the Publick Good; it is the Cardinal's Darling Maxim, *That a Miniſter ought leſs to regard the State, than the State the Miniſter*; and for this reaſon, if God grant him to live but a few Years, he will make the whole Kingdom his own private Fortune.

'I cannot but pity thoſe ſorry Haranguers, who reproach him for making a Peace, when we were in a fair way to carry all before us. I think I have ſufficiently juſtify'd his Moderation; but if that won't do, I can alledge other Reaſons in his Defence, and ſuch as he has often given himſelf.

'*The French*, ſays he, *always buſie themſelves Abroad, without conſidering how things ſtand at Home; and while they are wholly taken up with the Affairs of their Neighbours, neglect their own.* Some will alledge, perhaps, That after the Battle of *Dunkirk*, and the Deſeat of the Prince *de Ligne*; that after the Surrender of ſome of their Towns, and the Conſternation of the reſt, it was impoſſible for *Flanders* to have defended it ſelf; that the Affairs of the *Spaniards* were in no better Condition in the *Milanefe*; that the Overthrow of Don *Luis* had filled all *Spain* with Terror, which was equally exhausted of Men and Money; and, to ſpeak in the Language of Phyſicians, that its vital Parts were no leſs attack'd
than

' than its other Members : But they will not say
 ' a Word of Cardinal *de Retz's* mysterious Jour-
 ' ney into *Flanders*, which he left so secretly, that
 ' we don't as yet know the Place of his Retreat.
 ' They will maliciously pass over in Silence, that
 ' *d'Annery*, the Ring-leader of mutinous Assem-
 ' blies, had been lately tampering with the Gen-
 ' tlemen of *Vexin* ; that *Crequi-Bernieulle* had been
 ' seen near *Hedin* ; that *Gratot*, the *Montresor* of the
 ' Country, had lately made very Politick Ha-
 ' rangues at *Coutance*, about the Publick Welfare.
 ' Nor will they take notice, that *Bonnefon* had
 ' armed the Mobb of *Sologne*, and encourag'd that
 ' dangerous Party that was forming against the
 ' State.

' There was something yet more pressing, which
 ' nothing but the Cardinal's own Conscience can
 ' testify. What a cruel Mortification must it be
 ' to a great Minister, who govern'd all the Court,
 ' to see, nevertheless, three Governours of his
 ' own making, get prodigious Sums of Money
 ' out of *Flanders*, without going snacks with
 ' them ? If we consider the generous Temper
 ' of his Eminence, we may easily believe that he
 ' could sooner chuse a thousand Times to give
 ' up *Corbie*, *Peronne*, and *St. Quintin*, to the En-
 ' my, than suffer others to enrich themselves
 ' by the Contributions of *Arras*, *Bethune*, and *la*
 ' *Bassée*.

' A Man must dive into his very Soul, to know
 ' what a Vexation it must needs be to him, to be
 ' disappointed in his Designs upon *St. Venant*, when
 ' his Project of raising a Million from thence
 ' came to nothing, by the ill Management of *La*
 ' *Haye*. *Oudenard*, *Ypres*, and *Menin*, did, in truth,
 ' maintain a great Body of Men ; but when that
 ' was done, there was scarce enough to fill the
 ' Purse of Monsieur *Lange* : I go farther, and put the
 ' Case

Case that all *Flanders* had been surrender'd to us, yet alas! we must have preserv'd their Priviledges, and contented our selves with a *wretched Hundredth Penny*, which would scarce have been worth our while.

'No, no, Sir, you are mistaken, if you think so solid a Minister is to be satisfied with Titles and Lordships; with him nothing passes for a true Conquest, but a real Acquisition of new Treasure: And, in his Opinion, the reducing the Number of Governours, the breaking their Troops, the retrenching all Expences, yet lessening none of our Taxes, is Conquest in a literal Sense, and as good as gaining a new Kingdom. If this be allow'd him, I dare engage he will freely leave *Spain* in Possession of their Provinces, and religiously promise not to disturb them in the War against *Portugal*. The *Indies* are the only Spot of Ground which he envies *Spain*; but 'tis some Consolation to him, however, that the *Spaniards* are at all the Drudgery in getting of Silver, while he has the greatest Share of their *Flota*.

'Thus, Sir, I have laid before you the Mystery of our Conferences, and the most secret Thoughts of the Cardinal. If you would have me tell you the same Truth seriously, and in another manner, you are to know that the *Spanish* Monarchy had been ruin'd, in case the War had continued; nay, we had sufficiently humbled Her by the Peace, if the Cardinal had not manag'd it by himself, without advising with any Body. 'Tis a plain Case, that he knew nothing of the Enemy's Weakness, and the Extremities they lay under; and what Monsieur de *Turenne* talk'd to him, upon this Subject, he look'd upon to be nothing else but the Discourse of a General, that only consulted his own Interest, and had

‘ had a mind to keep off the Peace, in order to
 ‘ maintain his Interest by the War.

‘ The Ancient Reputation of the *Spaniards* kept
 ‘ their present Misery from his Sight ; not being
 ‘ able to comprehend how a Nation so formidable
 ‘ heretofore, could now be so near its Ruin.
 ‘ *Spain, Italy, Germany, the Neiberlands*, which in
 ‘ effect were little better than pompous Names,
 ‘ gave him always a great *Idea* of their Ancient
 ‘ Power : He did not sufficiently consider what a
 ‘ Condition we were in, while his Thoughts
 ‘ were wholly taken up with the former Condition
 ‘ of our Enemies.

‘ The Heroick Valour of the Prince of *Condé*,
 ‘ tho’ incapacitated to act ; the Remembrance of
 ‘ Cardinal *de Retz*, tho’ miserably lurking for the
 ‘ Security of his own Life, reviv’d in his Mind
 ‘ the *Idea* of late Commotions, and made him ap-
 ‘ prehensive of new Revolutions.

‘ He fancied Three *Norman* Gentlemen, wan-
 ‘ dring from Place to Place, and a few poor Pea-
 ‘ sants of *Sologne*, who had got together, to be an
 ‘ Insurrection of all the Nobility, and a Revolt
 ‘ of the whole Kingdom. He imagin’d that all
 ‘ the World attack’d him, because he knew him-
 ‘ self to be obnoxious to all the World.

‘ As there was in him a mixture of different
 ‘ Thoughts, we ought to consider how the Mo-
 ‘ tive of Interest worked upon him, after the Mo-
 ‘ tive of Fear. Nothing sat so near his Heart, as
 ‘ the unavoidable Expences of the War ; and it
 ‘ was his chief Ambition to make himself Master
 ‘ of the Publick Revenue, without being necessi-
 ‘ tated to employ it in the Publick Service. In
 ‘ such a Case, he concluded that all the Treasure
 ‘ and Finances were entirely his own ; and this
 ‘ was one of the principal Motives that induced
 ‘ him to the Peace. The Independance of the

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Governours appear'd likewise to be one of his strongest Reasons for it ; and he always reckon'd those Towns, which the *Spaniards* left us, as Places that were restor'd to the King, but of no Benefit to himself. But to speak soberly, the vast Contributions that were rais'd, provok'd his Avarice ; and since he could not have his Share of them, it was no little Pleasure to him, to hinder others from reaping those Advantages, for which he was not the better.

'Tis probable that the last Campaign of Mr. de *Turenne* might give him some secret Jealousy ; particularly those Successes wherein his Vanity could not Interest it self, as it had ridiculously done in the Battle of *Dunkirk*. Such extraordinary Advantages, without doubt, set him upon Neglecting, having always entertain'd those Thoughts, after the most prosperous Events ; in order to let the Generals know the uncertainty of their Condition, and keep them in Dependance, even in the midst of their Conquests. Besides, he was afraid, that being incommoded with the Gout and Stone, and consequently not in so good a Condition to follow the King, they might easily do without him in the Field. The remembrance of the late Exploits made him apprehensive of new ones ; and to rid himself of this Uneasiness, he was desirous to conclude the War, by a Peace of his own making, rather than behold Conquests after Conquests, wherein he had no Share.

Moreover, he began to repent of his ill-usage of the Prince of *Condé* ; and as his Indignation had exhausted it self at long run, he entertain'd some Thoughts of his return : nay, sometimes he flatter'd himself with the Pleasure he should have to see him abandon'd by the *Spaniard*, and humbled before him. He expected to find a

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' general Submission at the Conference, and to
 ' dispose there the Fate of the whole World at his
 ' Pleasure. But Don *Luis*, who was tractable
 ' and easy, in order to hook him in, became
 ' haughty, and stood upon high Terms when he
 ' had him fast in his Hands; and by his Stiffness in
 ' the Treaty, resolv'd to retrieve the Reputation
 ' he had lost by his want of Spirit in the Prose-
 ' cution of the War. And truly 'tis very surpris-
 ' ing, that the *Grandeess* of *Spain*, who were de-
 ' scrib'd to us so wonderfully Haughty and Arro-
 ' gant, should be brought to acknowledge the
 ' Superiority of our Nation, by paying such De-
 ' ference to the *French*, that rather argu'd Subje-
 ' ction than Civility; and that the Cardinal, who
 ' alone was entrusted with the Honour and Right
 ' of *France*, should, notwithstanding the Power
 ' he had in his Hands, and the Reasons on his
 ' Side, submit himself to another. He might have
 ' obtain'd every thing in the World, had he vi-
 ' gorously insisted upon it; but by endeavouring
 ' to gain his Point by Dint of Persuasion, and
 ' suffering Don *Luis* to assume the Ascendant over
 ' him, the *Spaniards* made the Peace exactly,
 ' if they had been in our Room, and we received
 ' Conditions from them, as if we had been
 ' theirs. I have been inform'd by some of them
 ' that Monsieur *de Lionne* had prov'd a terrible
 ' Thorn in their Side, if his Superiour had not
 ' remov'd all the Obstacles which thwarted the
 ' Conclusion of the Peace.

' This great Condescension in him, made me
 ' reflect upon the different Conduct of these Two
 ' Ministers; and I find that in private Affairs the
 ' Cardinal was full of Difficulties, Dissimulation
 ' and Artifice, with his best Friends; but that in
 ' publick Treaties, even with our Enemies, he
 ' was Open-hearted, Sincere, a Man of his Word.

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as if he had a Mind to rectify with Foreigners, the Reputation he had with us; and cast off the Vices of his Constitution upon our Nation. As for *Don Luis*, he was Affable and Civil with private Men; Frank and Free with his Friends, and Kind to his own Creatures; but in Publick Negotiations, he cover'd a deep Design to cheat, under an Appearance of Simplicity; and had indeed but little Honesty, tho' he pass'd universally for a Man of Probity.

I need not make it out to you, SIR, that Mr. *de St. Evremond* made a right Judgment of his Peace: For your self has observ'd, That the Cardinal * concluded it so advantageously for Spain, and so disadvantageously for France, that the most penetrating believ'd he did it at the Desire, or by the Command of the Queen-Mother, whom the King, her Consort, had ever observ'd to be affected and partial to Spain. However, this Letter being fallen into the Hands of the Cardinal's Creatures, some time after his Death, the same was represented as a high Crime and Misdemeanour, which oblig'd Mr. *de St. Evremond* to fly his Native-Country. That Affair happen'd in this manner.--- You know, SIR, that the King set out for *Britany* some Days before Monsieur *Fouquet* was put under Confinement; and Mr. *de St. Evremond* being one of those whom his Majesty himself nam'd to accompany him in his Progress, he left in the Hands of Madam *du Plessis-Belliere*, Mother to the Marchioness *de Crequi*, a strong Box, with Money, Notes, and several Letters. As soon as Monsieur *Fouquet* was arrested, the King's Officers

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* See Baile's Dictionary, Art. of Lewis XIII. Remark V. 1905. of the 2d Edit.

ficers were not contented with seizing his Papers but likewise search'd the Houses of all such as were thought to be his Confidants; and did not fail making a Visit to the Lady *du Pleffis-Belliere* who was too great a Friend to the Superintendent to be forgotten. There they seiz'd, among other Things, Mr. *de St. Evremond's* strong Box, in which they found a Copy of the Letter before mention'd, relating to the *Pyrenean Treaty*, which had been communicated to none but the *Mareschal de Clerembaut*, and two or three other Persons: And Messieurs *le Tellier* and *Colbert*, who were the Cardinal's Creatures, thought this a proper Opportunity to testify to the King the great Esteem they retain'd for the Memory of their Benefactor. They read the said Letter to his Majesty, and, at the same time, represented to him the great Zeal his Eminence had ever shewn for his Interest, and the signal Services he had done the State, in the most difficult Times. They added, That Letter was the more Criminal, in that all the Invectives contain'd in it against the Prime Minister, reflected on the Regency of the Queen-Mother, and even on the King's Reign, since his Majesty had thought fit to pursue the Scheme and Maxims the Cardinal had left behind him. And, in short, that if private Men were allow'd to judge of State-Affairs, according to their Caprice; and, with Impunity, to censure the Conduct of Ministers, no one could be secure against Slander and Detraction, though never so well affected, and zealously devoted to his Majesty's Interest. And, undoubtedly, they fail'd not taking Advantage of the friendly Correspondence which Mr. *de St. Evremond* had ever entertain'd with the Superintendent, whose Ruin had been resolv'd upon.

These Insinuations made the greater Impression on the King, by reason that Prince retain'd a lively, grateful Sense of the Services the Cardinal had done him, and had a real Value for his Memory. Mr. *de St. Evremond* being inform'd of what was hatching against him, absented himself from Court, and went first to the Mareschal *de Clerembaut's*, where he continued one Month; after which he retir'd into *Normandy*, where he absconded for some time. He was in Hopes that the impending Storm would be dispell'd: But his Friends having acquainted him, that the Ministers still endeavour'd to render him obnoxious, and even that there was a Talk of committing him to the *Bastille*, he privately convey'd himself to the Frontiers of the Kingdom; and, at last, resolv'd to go to *Holland*, where he arriv'd about the latter end of the Year 1661.

This, SIR, is the true Cause of Mr. *de St. Evremond's* Disgrace, of which you tell me you never had a right Information. Methinks he was too hardly dealt with: Tho' I must confess the invidious Turns and Reflections of that Letter ought to have been more soften'd, and more tenderly express'd: But then, again, it is to be observ'd, that Mr. *de St. Evremond* spoke to his Friend with the same Freedom and Openness, as he would have done in a private Conversation: Nor could it ever enter his Thoughts, that his Letter should become publick. On the other hand, he preserv'd a Resentment against the Cardinal, ever since his Eminence had caus'd him to be imprison'd in the *Bastille*; so that it is not to be wonder'd, that he did not spare him on this Occasion. If to these Considerations you add what I laid down before, *viz.* That the Ground Work of the Letter in Question was solid and judicious, you will, I hope, agree with me; that they ought

not to have treated so severely a Gentleman of Distinction, who had ever well serv'd his Prince, and whose only Crime was, his being over-zealous for the Honour of his Country, and too well acquainted with its true Interest. 'Tis certain, that Mr. *de St. Evremond* would never own he had committed a Fault, or that he had a wrong Notion of that Treaty, as you will see by the Sequel of these Memoirs.

1663. Mr. *de St. Evremond* had too many Friends in England, to make a long stay in Holland. He therefore cross'd the Sea, and was no less welcome at the King of Great Britain's Court, than he had been a Year before: For I forgot to mention, that as soon as King *Charles II.* had ascended the Throne of his Ancestors, the French King sent the Count *de Soissons* over into England, to congratulate his Majesty's Restoration. Several Persons of Quality, who had the Honour to be known to King *Charles*, during his Abode in France, made use of that Opportunity to see England, whereby that Embassy became one of the most magnificent that ever was seen. Mr. *de St. Evremond* was one of that Number; and during the six Months he stay'd at London, he renew'd the Acquaintance he had in France with several English Lords, and contracted Friendship with others: Insomuch that when he came hither the second time, he was no Stranger to our Court. The Dukes of *Buckingham* and *Ormond*; the Earls of *St. Albans* and *Arlington*; My Lord *d'Aubigny*, Uncle to the late Duke of *Richmond* and *Lenox*, and my Lord *Crofts* were his best Friends; but he was most intimate with the Duke of *Buckingham* and My Lord *d'Aubigny*: The first was a refin'd Courtier, who lov'd Literature, and the Liberal Arts, and divided his Time between Reading, ingenious Conversation, and good Fellowship. He publish'd some Writings which were universally

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admired; and among the rest, his Play call'd
THE REHEARSAL is an excellent Criticism
 upon some of Mr. *Dryden's* Plays, and other Dra-
 matick Writers of those Days. All Men of po-
 lite Parts were always welcome to his House; and
 as he was for some time the King's Favourite, he
 did not want Means to indulge his generous In-
 clinations of rewarding them. He obtain'd for
Martin Clifford the Place of Master of the *Charter-*
House, London, and engaged him to publish his
Treatise, concerning *Human * Reason*. *Clifford* dedi-
 cated that Piece to his Benefactor, who sent him
 a Letter, in which, after he had foretold him,
 what Success his Book should meet with, he made
 several excellent and curious Reflections upon the
 Spirit of Prepossession and Persecution, with
 which most Christians are, now a-days, anima-
 ted. His Grace knew so well what Misfortunes
 generally attend Persecution, that when the Par-
 liament had address'd King *Charles II.* for re-
 calling the Proclamation, whereby he had granted
 Liberty of Conscience to all his Subjects, he ad-
 vis'd his Majesty, rather to venture all, than re-
 cede from what he had done; and sometime after
 publish'd a small Treatise, entitled, *A short Discourse*
upon the Reasonableness of Men's having a Religion, or
Worship of God; the principal Drift whereof was,
 to assert *Toleration*. To sum up the Duke of *Buc-*
kingham's Character, in a few Words, I'll only
 add, that he was extreme Polite, Affable, Gene-
 rous, and Liberal: But that he suffer'd his easy
 Temper and Supineness to have too great an
 Ascendant over him: For those that manag'd his
 Domestick Affairs, abusing his Easiness, ran him
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* This Piece was publish'd in 1674. and the Author died
 in 1677.

out of his Estate to such a degree, that from one of the richest Peers in *England*, he became one of the poorest.

My Lord *d'Aubigny* having been sent into *France* at Five Years of Age, was educated at the College of *Port-Royal*; went young into Holy Orders, and was made a Prebendary of *Nôtre-Dame* in *Paris*. After the Restoration, he return'd into *England*, and the King having married the *Infanta* of *Portugal*, My Lord *d'Aubigny* was made Lord-Almoner to the Queen. He was a Man of great Abilities, and frank easy Nature, which made the Duke of *Buckingham* and Mr. *de St. Evremond* extreme fond of his Conversation. Being often together, they discours'd about all manner of Subjects, but chiefly about the Dramatick Pieces of several Nations. Mr. *de St. Evremond* not understanding the *English* Tongue, those Gentlemen acquainted him with the best Strokes in our most celebrated Plays; of which he retain'd a clear Idea to the very last, and from these ingenious Conversations resulted his *Reflections on the English Stage*, which are extant in his Works. To the same *Witty Triumvirate* we owe also the Play call'd *SIR POLITICK WOULD-BE*, towards which each of them clubb'd part of the Characters, which Mr. *de St. Evremond* reduc'd into Form. Those who shall find that Play a little too long, must consider, that 'twas written after the *English* Way; and besides, it is to be observ'd, that as it never was design'd to be presented on the Stage, they made it rather their Business to draw full Characters, than to animate the Action by a variety of surprizing Intrigues, and an unexpected unravelling of the Plot: Which those who peruse that Play ought to consider, before they pass their Judgment upon it.

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Some time before, one of his Friends having ask'd him, *What Sciences a Gentleman may apply himſelf to?* He ſent him a ſhort Diſcourſe, wherein he reduces them to *Morals, Politicks, and Literature.* He wrote afterwards his JUDGMENT upon *Cæſar and Alexander*, wherein he makes a Compariſon of thoſe two Heroes, with reſpect to their Birth, Manners, natural Parts, Actions, and Conduſt.

The Diſpute between the *Jefuits* and *Janseniſts*, making then a great Noiſe in the World, and Mr. de St. Evremond having one Day related to My Lord d'Aubigny the Converſation he had with Father Canaye, about the Animofity with which both Parties proſecuted their Quarrel, My Lord d'Aubigny was very much taken with the *Jefuit's* Frankneſs; and to ſhew that there was no leſs Candor among the *Janseniſts*, diſclos'd to him the whole Secret of their Cabal. The Converſation Mr. de St. Evremond had with My Lord d'Aubigny upon that Subject, is alſo to be ſeen in his Works; and I don't doubt, SIR, but the peruſal of it will afford you a great deal of Pleaſure.

1663.

Not long after, he wrote his JUDGMENT upon *Seneca, Plutarch, and Petronius*: Wherein, in the firſt Place, he takes notice, That *Seneca's Latin* comes far ſhort of that of the *Auguſtean Age*; That there is *nothing eaſie or natural*; but all made up of *pointed, and ſtrain'd Witciſms*. What he likes beſt in the Works of that Philoſopher, are the *Examples and Quotations which he intermixes throughout his Works.* He owns he had a great deal of Wit, and a competent Stock of Knowledge; but that *his Stile did not at all affect him*; and he thought it very ridiculous that one, like *Seneca*, who liv'd in Plenty, and was ſo tenderly careful of his own Perſon, ſhould preach up nothing but Poverty and Death. He afterwards compares him with *Plutarch*, and obſerves,

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observes, that the *Opinions* of the latter are more palatable, and better calculated for Society, than the other's; that he sweetly insinuates Wisdom, and endeavours to reconcile Virtue to Pleasures. He is charm'd with the LIVES of illustrious Men of that Author, which he looks upon as his Master-Piece. Mr. de St. Evremond proceeds afterwards to Petronius, and shews, That he was not so possess'd by his Pleasures, as to be an Enemy to publick Employments; That he had the Merit of a Governour, in his Government of Bithynia, and the Virtue of a Consul, in his Consulship. He does not forget Petronius's Death, which he takes to be the most Glorious of all Antiquity; and shews, that it has something more Great and more Noble in it, than either that of Cato or Socrates. Petronius, says he, leaves us nothing at his Death, but an Image of his Life; no Action, no Word, no Circumstance, shews the perplexity of a dying Person: 'Tis with him properly, that to dye is to cease to live. He speaks afterwards of Petronius's * Satyr, of which we have some Fragments left, and of which he discovers the principal Beauties. He admires the Purity of his Style; the Delicacy of his Sentiments; but above all,

* Mr. de St. Evremond thinks, that that Piece was written by the same Petronius mention'd by Tacitus, wherein he follows the general Opinion; which, however, I do not think to be extremely well grounded. For 'tis plain by the Manuscript of Traw, which is now in the Most Christian King's Library, that what's now extant of that Work, are only Fragments of the 15th and 16th Books; whereas, in my Opinion, it appears by the Passage of Tacitus, on which the common Opinion is grounded, that Petronius did not begin to describe the Debaucheries of Nero, till he had caus'd his Veins to be open'd; that is to say, a very little while before his Death. A curious Description of that Manuscript is to be found in a Memoire of Mr. Clement, Keeper of the King's Library, inserted in the Journal des Savans, of the 27. August, 1703.

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his great Easiness in giving us ingeniously all sorts of Characters. He does not doubt but 'twas his design to expose the Debaucheries of Nero; but he does not think that he wrote that Satyr with the same Intention that Horace writ his. He rather looks upon him as a nice Courtier, that turns every Thing into Ridicule, than as a publick Censor, who makes it his Business to expose Immorality: He seems to be persuaded, That if Petronius had design'd to give us an ingenious Moral in the Description of Pleasures, he would have endeavour'd to create in us some distaste for them: Nor would he have represented Vice with so much Agreeableness; and he should, at least, have given us some Instance or other, either of Divine or Human Justice on the Persons of his Debauchees.

The REFLECTIONS upon the different Genius of the Roman People, which Mr. de St. Evremond wrote afterwards, have met with universal Applause, and obtain'd a sort of Distinction over all his other Works. He begins the same with Remarks on the fabulous Original of the Romans, and the Genius of that People, under the first Kings. He speaks afterwards of the Genius of the Ancient Romans, in the First Times of the Republick, and in their first Wars. He afterwards confutes Livy, who thought that the Romans would have vanquish'd Alexander the Great, if he had made War against them; and shews, that the Consuls, at that time, had neither so good Troops, nor so great Skill in the Military Art, as that Conqueror. After this, he describes the Genius of the Romans, when Pyrrhus wag'd War against them; he speaks of the first, and second Punick (or Carthaginian) War; considers the Genius of the Romans towards the End of the latter; and last of all, the Government of Augustus, and Tiberius, their

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their Genius, and that of the *Romans*, who liv'd under the Reign of those two Princes. There runs such a Vein of sound Judgment, Penetration, and solid Reasoning, throughout this whole Work, that I may easily adventure to say, it is the best Performance yet extant about the *Roman History*. Mr. de St. Evremond has so well hit the Genius of those Ancient *Romans*; so artfully unravell'd the different Motives and Concerns that acted them; and so well penetrated into the private Views of the Generals, and Designs of the Consuls, that whoever reads his Reflections, is apt to think that he liv'd amongst them, and had a Share in the Management of their Affairs. But almost one half of this excellent Work was unfortunately lost, as you have undoubtedly observ'd by the short Account I have given of it. The intermediate space between the End of the second *Carthaginian War*, and the Government of *Augustus*, was fill'd up by the Contest of *Gracchus* with the Senate; by Reflections on the Genius of the *Roman People*, when *Jugurtha* possess'd himself of the Kingdom of *Numidia*; on the sordid Interest which was then predominant; on the infamous Character of those who were first employ'd in that Affair; And on the Temper of *Scaurus*. Then follow'd the War manag'd by *Metellus*; His Character, and that of *Jugurtha*; and some Strokes of the Pride and Haughtiness of the Nobility. Then came on the Character of *Marius*, with some Reflections on the Arrogance of that Consul; the Genius of the People, who had assumed a tyrannical Superiority over the Senate, which went near to prove fatal to the Commonwealth. Mr. de St. Evremond gave, after that, the Character of *Sylla*, who freed the Senate, and oppress'd the People; and then spoke of *Pompey* and *Sertorius*. He afterwards consider'd

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the State of *Rome*, and the Genius of the *Romans*, at the time of *Catiline's* Conspiracy; whose Character he describ'd, with that of *Clodius*, and *Cicero*, and mention'd the Banishment of the latter. Next to this he represented the State of *Rome*, when the Government was divided between *Pompey*, *Cæsar*, and *Crassus*; And, in the last Place, unfolded the Motives of the Civil War between *Pompey* and *Cæsar*; Drew the Characters of those great Men; Shew'd how the Senate was affected to *Pompey*, and the People to *Cæsar*; Discover'd the Sentiments of the former, concerning the Republick, and how his Power was establish'd at the Expence of the publick Liberty; and represented *Cæsar's* politick and gradual Steps towards absolute Sway. Mr. de St. Evremond had handled all these great Subjects: But this Part of his Labours is lost; and he would never take the Trouble to write it over again, as I shall more particularly relate in the Sequel of these Memoirs.

Mr. de St. Evremond was too great a Lover of Literature, to neglect holding a Correspondence with the Learned Men and Wits of *England*. He had frequent Conversations with Sir *Kenelme Digby*, the famous Mr. *Hobbes*, and more particulary with Mr. *Cowley* and Mr. *Waller*, who had an infinite deal of Wit, and a most delicate Taste, as appears by the Poems they have left behind them. Mr. de St. Evremond and Sir *Kenelme Digby* being one Day discoursing about Philosophy, the latter said, That having formerly perus'd Mr. *Des-Cartes's* Writings, he resolv'd to go over into *Holland* to see him; and having repair'd to his Retirement at *Egmond*, and discours'd a long while with him, without discovering himself, Mr. *Des-Cartes*, who had read some of his Works, told him, He was sure

1644.

sure he was the * celebrated Sir Kenelme Digby Well, reply'd Digby, *if you were not the famous Monsieur Des-Cartes, I should not have come on purpose from England, to have the Pleasure to see you.* He told him afterwards, That 'our Speculative Knowledge was, indeed, noble and entertaining but that, after all, it was too uncertain and unprofitable to take up a Man's Thoughts That Life was so short, that we had scarce time enough to be well-acquainted with necessary Things; and that it was much more worthy of him, who knew so well the Frame of the Human Body, to apply himself to the Means of prolonging its Duration, than to give himself up to the bare Speculations of Philosophy Mr. Des-Cartes assur'd him, That he had already meditated on that Matter: And tho' he could not promise himself to render a Man Immortal, yet he was sure he might go so far as to make him as long-liv'd as the Patriarchs. When Mr. de St. Evremond acquainted me with this Passage, he added, That this Opinion of Des-Cartes was very well known in Holland, and that he had been told of it by several Persons, who had had an Interview with that Philosopher. He acquainted me likewise, 'That Des-Cartes's Friends in France were not ignorant of this his Sentiment; and that the Abbot Picot, both his Disciple and Martyr, was so strongly persuaded of his Master's great Skill in that Particular, that 'twas a long time before he could believe him to be dead; and when he was convinc'd of it,

* Mr. Baillet was mistaken in Mr. Des-Cartes's Life, when he says, (Tom. II. p. 244.) That Sir Kenelme Digby was an Earl and Knight of the Garter. I suppose he has confounded him with the Lord Digby, Earl of Bristol, who died in 1677. He was also unacquainted with the Journey which Sir Kenelme Digby took, to go and see Mr. Des-Cartes,

me Digby he cry'd out, *We are all undone, the World will soon
mous Mon be at an End.*

There was, at that time, a great Talk in Eng- 1665.
land, about an Irish Man, *Greatrak's* by Name, who
perform'd wonderful, and almost miraculous Things.
He was of a good Family; had been a Lieutenant
during the Irish War; had born some Offices in
the County of Cork; and the apparent Simplicity
of his Manners, was attended with a great shew
of Piety and Religion. He has himself acquainted
us, That in the Year 1662. an inward Inspiration
made him believe, that he had the Gift of curing
the *King's-Evil*; which Persuasion grew so strong
in him, that he touch'd several People, and cur'd
most of them. Three Years after, a feverish Di-
stemper being become Epidemical in his County,
a new inward Suggestion persuaded him, that he
might cure it; whereupon he try'd the Experi-
ment, and he assures us, that he cur'd as many
as were presented to him. In the last Place, he
had in the Month of April 1665, another sort of
Inspiration, which inclin'd him to think, that he
had likewise the Power to cure Wounds and Ul-
cers; which, he says, was still confirm'd by Ex-
perience; and he even found, That he cur'd Con-
vulsions, Dropsy, and several other Distempers.
People flock'd to him from all Parts, and his Re-
putation encreas'd to that degree, that a Lady of
great Quality in England, having been Sick a long
while, engag'd him to come over to attend her.
As he advanc'd towards that Lady's Country-Seat,
the Magistrates of several Cities and Towns invited
him to pass thro' the same, to cure their Sick; and
the King being inform'd of it, commanded the Earl
of Arlington, Secretary of State, to order his im-
mediate Repair to *Whitehall*. The Court gave no
great Credit to his pretended Power of working
Miracles: However, not being forbidden to go
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on with his Shew, he repair'd daily to *Lincoln's Inn-Fields*, whither incredible Numbers of Persons of all Ranks and Sexes flock'd from all Parts, expecting from him the Restoration of their Health. All he did, was only to *Stroak* the Patients; and thereby all Pains, Gout, Rheumatism, Convulsions, &c. were remov'd from one Part to the last Extremities of the Body, after which they entirely disappear'd: Which made him be call'd the *Stroaker*. He ascrib'd several Distempers to Evil Spirits; and he fancied he had made Observations that confirm'd him in that Opinion. However, every Body would not believe his miraculous Gift; and severe Reflections were publish'd against him; but he found zealous Sticklers, even among the Physicians. He publish'd himself a Book intitled, *A Brief Account of Mr. Valentine Greatracks, and divers of the strange Cures by him perform'd: Written by himself, in a Letter address'd to the Honourable Robert Boyle, Esq; whereunto are annex'd the Testimonials of several eminent and worthy Persons of the chief Matters of Fact therein related.* Among those who subscrib'd the said Testimonials, were the Hon. Mr. Boyle, Dr. Whichcot, Dr. Cudworth, and Dr. Patrick, famous Divines; but, nevertheless, his Reputation scarce lasted any longer than that of *James * Aymar*; for it appear'd, at last, that so many miraculous Cures as were ascrib'd to him, were entirely owing to the Credulity of the Publick. It was even observ'd, That this Impostor stroak'd the Women more feelingly than the Men; and People did afterwards make themselves merry with some Passages relating to the great Familiarity

* *A Peasant of Dauphiné, who some Years ago made a great Noise in France, by the wonderful Performances of his Divining Rod.*

Familiarity he took with the fair Sex. The Noise this Pretender made, furnish'd Mr. de St. Evremond with Subject Matter for a NOVEL, entitled, the *Irish Prophet*; wherein he ingeniously exposes the People's Credulity: And the comical Story which he relates on that Occasion, shews, That all the Witch-Craft in the World is not capable to conjure that kind of Devil, which sometimes sets Husbands and Wives at Variance.

About that time Mr. de St. Evremond receiv'd a Letter from the Mareschal de Grammont, who charg'd him with neglecting his own Affairs, and disregarding those Friends he had left in France; and blamed him for not pressing them to endeavour his Reconciliation with the Court; whereupon he thought fit to write the following Answer to that generous Friend.

YOU expostulate with me for not acquainting my Friends with my present Condition; to which I answer, That a Man must first know who they are, before he can write to them. When the World frowns upon us, we shall find our selves exceedingly mistaken, if we lay any great Stress upon an old Acquaintance, which we fondly call by the Name of Friendship: We frequently endeavour to make our selves remembred by certain Persons, who are desirous to forget us, and in whom we rather create a Disgust, than an Inclination to do any good Offices. In effect, those that are really willing to serve us in our Disgraces, are impatient to shew us the Desire they have to do it, and their Generosity spares a Gentleman the secret Pain which he always finds in himself, to explain his Necessities.

As for those who expect to be courted, we may take it for granted, that they look upon our most reasonable Requests, as so many trou-

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blesome

' blefome Importunities. To apply this general
 ' Maxim to my own particular Cafe, I will ac-
 ' quaint you, that I fuppofe I have already heard
 ' from all thofe that intereft themfelves in my Be-
 ' half; and it wou'd be to no purpofe to trouble
 ' thofe with my Letters, who have not yet
 ' thought fit to let me have any from them.
 ' Among thofe Friends, whom I have really found
 ' to be fo in my ill Fortune, fome I obferv'd were
 ' full of Warmth and Tendernefs; others did not
 ' want Friendfhip, but had a lively Senfe of their
 ' Incapacity of ferving me; and as they were lit-
 ' tle concern'd to find themfelves without Credit
 ' upon this Occafion, they fairly left me to bear
 ' all my Misfortunes by my felf. However, I am
 ' oblig'd to them for the good Opinion they have
 ' of my Patience, 'tis a Virtue to which we re-
 ' concile our felves as well as we can; but wou'd
 ' willingly leave the Practice of it to our Enemies.
 ' In the mean time, we ought to be content with
 ' the Services that are done us, without complain-
 ' ing of thofe that are left unperform'd; and di-
 ' veft our felves as much as poffible, of the Sug-
 ' geftions of *Self-Love*, which make us think Peo-
 ' ple more oblig'd to ferve us than really they are.
 ' Ill Fortune is not content with bringing us into
 ' calamitous Circumftances, but makes us more
 ' tender, and more apt to receive the Impreffions
 ' of every thing that offends us; and Nature,
 ' which ought to refift her, is in Confederacy
 ' with her, and gives us a more exquisite Senfe of
 ' our Misfortunes. In my prefent Condition, 'tis
 ' my greateft Care to fortify my felf againft fuch
 ' Impreffions. Altho' I fhew Concern enough, I
 ' have, indeed, brought my felf to a kind of In-
 ' fenfibility; and my Soul, which b holds the
 ' moft doleful Accidents with Indifference, is af-
 ' fected with nothing but the good Offices, and
 ' constant

constant Kindness of some of my Friends. For these four Years, since I came out of *France*, I have from six Months to six Months, undergone new Hardships, which I alleviate as much as I can, by bearing them. I don't love to make an unprofitable Resistance, which instead of preserving us from Misery, does only retard that Familiarity, which, sooner or later, we must contract with it.

‘ Besides, those in whose Power it is to do all they please, are not so severe upon us, as otherwise they might be; when they see us patiently submit to their Orders. Opposition does but inflame their Anger, without lessening their Power. This Submission to my real Superiours disposes me insensibly to bear with those who are not so. I hear my self frequently censured without Reason, and after a slight Justification, because I would not incense the World by too full a Vindication of my self, I patiently expect that People will at last undeceive themselves; and, in truth, while our Disgrace is recent, 'tis much better to wait for a favourable time, than trouble the World with our Apology. Some think it a Trouble to make it, and others to hear it; but upon any Change either of Interest or Humour, a Man is sometimes extolled to the Skies for that very thing, which occasion'd his Misfortune. There are few Persons at Court whose Reputation I have not observ'd to vary twice a Year, either through the Levity of our Judgments, or the Diversity of their Conduct. I am so vain as to hope that the same thing may befall me; but rather by the Reflections of others, than any Alteration in my self. One Day or other, perhaps, I shall be accounted a good *Frenchman*, for the very same Writing which has drawn an *Odium* upon me;

' and if the *Cardinal* were still alive, I should have
 ' the Satisfaction to know that he justified me in his
 ' Conscience : For I have not said one Syllable
 ' of him, which he has not said inwardly to him-
 ' self a Thousand times. As I was jealous of the
 ' King's Honour, and of the Glory of his Reign,
 ' I had a mind to describe the Condition we were
 ' in before the Peace, that all other Nations
 ' might be sensible how much we were superior
 ' to them ; and imputing the ill Success of the
 ' Negotiation to a Foreigner, might reflect on no-
 ' thing but our Advantages in the War.

' I shall conclude this melancholy Letter : 'Tis a
 ' common, but ridiculous Practice of People in
 ' Disgrace, to infect all Discourses with the Re-
 ' cital of their Misfortunes ; and as they are
 ' wholly taken up with these Thoughts, to endea-
 ' vour to possess every Body else with them.
 ' The Company of My Lord *d'Aubigny*, which I
 ' am going to enjoy, saves me this Impertinence,
 ' and you the Fatigue, which you must otherwise
 ' have expected. With him Joy is of all Coun-
 ' tries and Conditions ; insomuch, that by the In-
 ' fluence of his Conversation, an unfortunate
 ' Man becomes too gay, and loses that serious
 ' Air, which we ought, in good Manners at least,
 ' to preserve in our Misfortunes.

1665.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* was thus alleviating the Sor-
 rows of his Disgrace, when he was seiz'd with
 Vapours that cast him into a sort of Melancholy
 which weakned him very much. The Physicians
 told him, that nothing but the changing of Air
 was like to do him any Good ; and that if he
 could not go to *Montpellier*, he would do well,
 however, to cross the Sea, and stay some time at
 the *Hague*. He closed the more easily with this
 last Advice, because they began to be sensible at

London

London of that infectious Air, which soon after occasion'd the most furious Plague that ever raged in England.

As soon as he was arriv'd at the *Hague*, he wrote a Letter to the Marquis de Crequi, wherein in the first Place, he tells him, That *after having lived in the Constraint of Courts, he takes up with the Comfort of ending his Days in the Freedom of a Commonwealth, where if nothing is to be hoped for, there's at least, nothing to be feared.* He afterwards speaks in Praise of the Government of *Holland*, and of the Pensionary de Wit; gives the Character of the *Dutch Ladies*, and makes a short Description of the fine Things and agreeable Places at the *Hague*. Nor does he forget the Prince of *Orange*, who, at the Age of Fifteen, gave early Indications of that Greatness of Soul and heroick Virtue, of which he gave such noble and signal Proofs, in the Remainder of his glorious Life: *We go now and then, says Mr. de St. Evremond, to make our Court to the Young Prince, who will have Reason to complain of me, for telling you only, that a Person of his Age and Quality, was never Master of so good a Turn of Wit.*

My Lord d'Aubigny was some time before gone to *Paris*, and had written to Mr. de St. Evremond, that before he went back to *England*, he would take a Turn to *Holland*, from whence they Two would go to see the principal Courts of *Germany*: But in the mean time, as he had no less Interest in *France* than in *England*, such earnest Sollicitations were made in his Favour at the Court of *Rome*, that he was advanc'd to the Cardinalship, preferably to the Abbot Montague, who was also powerfully recommended. 'Tis true, he had not the Satisfaction to enjoy long his new Dignity: For he died in the Month of *November 1665*, not many Hours after the Arrival of the Courier, who brought him the Cardinal's Cap. Mr. de St. Evre-

mond. was sensibly affected with my Lord d'Aubigny's Death ; and to give his Grief some Diversion, he set down in Writing the Conversation he formerly had with the Duke de Candale, as was before mention'd. I do not pretend, says he in the Beginning of that Piece, to entertain the Publick with my private Concerns. It little imports others to know my Affairs and Disgraces ; but 'twould be ill Nature not to allow me to reflect on my past Life, and to divert my Mind from melancholy Thoughts, to others not altogether so disagreeable. However, as it is ridiculous for a Man ever to speak of himself, altho' it were to himself, several Persons will be introduc'd in this Discourse, which will afford me more Satisfaction than I can find in any Conversation, now I have lost that of my Lord d'Aubigny.

1666.

Mr. de St. Evremond was not long in Holland, before he made himself known to the Persons of the highest Distinction in that Country. He also was intimately acquainted with Foreign Ministers residing at the Hague, such as the Baron de Lisola, the Emperor's Ambassador ; Count d'Estrades, whom he had known in the War of Guienne, and who was then Ambassador of France ; the Conde de Melos, Ambassador of Portugal, and, in particular, with Count de Lionne, First Gentleman of the Horse of the Great Stable, and Nephew to the Marquis de Lionne, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. This Lord was so taken with Mr. de St. Evremond's Wit and engaging Ways, that he assur'd him, That as soon as he should be in France, he would use his best Endeavours to procure him leave to return thither.

Mr. de St. Evremond took likewise a great deal of Pleasure in conversing with some Learned Men, and celebrated Philosophers, who were then at the Hague, particularly Messieurs Heinsius, Vossius, and Spinoza. The latter (said he to me

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one Day) ' was of a middle Stature, and pleasing Countenance : His Learning, Modesty, and * Disinterestedness gain'd him the Esteem and Affection of all the ingenious Persons then at the Hague, who were fond of his Conversation, by which it did not appear that he had those Sentiments that were afterwards found in his POSTHUMOUS WORKS. He admitted a Being distinct from Matter, who had wrought Miracles by natural Means, and ordain'd Religion for the better practice of Justice and Charity, and for the enforcing Obedience : Which, added Mr. de St. Evremond, he afterwards endeavour'd to prove in his POLITICAL DIVINITY. This seems, indeed, to be the plain Drift of that Book: But, upon a strict Examination, it will soon appear, that he strikes at Religion it self. 'Tis true, Spinoza was not presently found out: For he still us'd some Caution, in common Conversation, when Mr. de St. Evremond was in Holland : But, if we may credit Monsieur Stoup, not many Years after, he said openly, in Discourse, That God is not an intelligent † Being, &c. And I don't doubt, SIR, but you have observ'd the same Thing in his Works. His POLITICAL DIVINITY contains the Seeds of his *Atheistical Tenets*, tho' in some measure wrapt up and conceal'd ; and 'tis only in his POSTHUMOUS WORKS where he may be said to have cast off the Mask. I know not whether you will be of my Opinion ;

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but

* See Spinoza's Life, by Mr. Colerus, a Lutheran Minister at the Hague.

† Religion des Hollandois, Letter III. p. 65. & seqq. Note, that Mr. Stoup having written this Book, with design to cast an Odium on the Hollanders, what he says is not altogether to be depended upon ; particularly in Matters of Religion. See the Answer which Mr. Le Brun, better known by the Name of Braunius, has written to that Libel.

but methinks this last Work of his cannot be confuted, without over-throwing his Grand-Principle, viz. *That there is but One Substance*: For this is the main Hinge his whole System turns upon; 'tis therefore on that side he must be attacked; and whoever shall go about it another way, will never do him much Hurt. But what think you, SIR, of those Philosophers who maintain, *That we have no Idea of Substance, but only of its Modes and Relations*? Do you believe them as proper to encounter *Spinoza* as others? But Metaphysics are foreign to our Subject—

1667.

To return to Mr. de St. Evremond: Mr. de Lionne was no sooner arriv'd at Paris, than he acquainted him, by Letter, that he had mention'd his Affairs to several Persons of Distinction, who seem'd disposed to do him all manner of good Offices; naming, in particular, the Marquis de Lionne, and Count de Lauzun, who was then in Favour with the King. Some time after, Count d'Auvergne and Count d'Estrades having assur'd Mr. de St. Evremond, from the Prince de Turenne, that his Highness would be glad of an Opportunity to serve him: Mr. de St. Evremond did not fail to return him Thanks; and to beseech him to continue him the Honour of his good Graces.

In the mean while Mr. de St. Evremond spent his Leisure, partly in conversing with his Friends, partly in composing some little Work or other. He diverted himself with writing the Picture of an accomplish'd Person; and chose rather a WOMAN, than a Man, because, as he himself says, 'There's still wanting in the Conversation of Men, something of that Sweetness which we meet with in that of Women; and because it seems less impossible to find in a Woman the strongest and soundest Reason of Men; than in a Man

not be conſider'd as a Man thoſe Charms and Endearments that are ſo natural to Women. Which Piece is entitled, *The CHARACTER of a Woman which is not to be found.* The Converſations he had with Monſieur Voſſius, gave him the Thought of writing ſome *Reſlections* or OBSERVATIONS on *Saluſt* and *Tacitus*, which he addreſs'd to that great Man, whom he call'd his *Literary Friend*. Count de Lionne, who had ſeen ſome of theſe Pieces, believ'd Mr. de St. Evremond to communicate the ſame to him; but he ſent him only at firſt, *The Character of the Woman that is not to be found.*

Mr. de St. Evremond ſpent ſome time at *Breda*, whiſt the Peace between *England* and *Holland* was negotiating at that Place. He went afterwards to the *Spaw*, and from thence to *Brussels*, where he ſaw the Princeſs of *Iſenghien*, and Don Antonio de *Cordua*, Favourite to Don Juan, and Lieutenant-General of the *Spaniſh* Horſe, who had a great deal of Wit. In his return to the *Hague*, he went through *Liege*, where he got acquainted with Mr. *Sluſius*, a Canon of *St. Lambert*, ſo Famous for his great Knowledge of the Civil Law, and the Mathematicks.

Some time after, Count de Lionne inform'd him, That he was charg'd, by the Marquis of that Name, to acquaint him, That he was much concern'd at his *Diſgrace*: Adding, That Miniſter advis'd Mr. de St. Evremond to write to him a Letter that might be ſhewn to the King; promiſing him, at the ſame time, to back it with his Maſteſty. Hereupon Mr. de St. Evremond addreſs'd to that Miniſter the following Letter:

DO not imagine, SIR, that I am over-fond of foreign Countries, becauſe you ſee me employ ſo little Care and Induſtry to procure my Return to my own. It proceeds not from

' from Supineness; neither is it occasion'd
 ' a great Affection to the Places I am in,
 ' an Aversion to that where you are. The Tru
 ' is, I would not beg of the King the least Al
 ' viation, before I had suffer'd what I ought
 ' undergo, for having been so unfortunate as
 ' displease him. But, after so many Years M
 ' fortunes and Indispositions, I hope I may
 ' allow'd to lay before you, in what manner
 ' have fail'd; or, if I dare speak it, clear my
 ' of an apparent Fault.

' As the blaming of those that are opposite
 ' us, is the most nice Commendation that can
 ' given us, I thought I did artfully contribute
 ' the Glory of the Genius that reigns at presen
 ' by exposing the Weakness of that which g
 ' vern'd heretofore. Not but that the Cardin
 ' (*Mazarin*) had commendable Talents: But tho
 ' Qualities which would have been applauded
 ' Men, consider'd in themselves, are become co
 ' temptible by the Opposition of those of t
 ' King: From whence it comes to pass, That
 ' lerably great Actions are eclips'd by othe
 ' more shining; That a less Merit, when set ne
 ' a greater, looks like a Defect; and consequen
 ' that the King's Glory ruins the Reputation
 ' his Minister: So that to find Fault with the d
 ' spising what his Eminency has done, little d
 ' fers from being sorry, that what his Majest
 ' performs, is admir'd.

' I own, that if the Maxims that were the
 ' follow'd, were now put in practise, it wou
 ' look as if an Approbation of them should
 ' requir'd; and we should immediately give ou
 ' out of respectful Duty: But since they are pu
 ' posely laid aside, and even the most opposit
 ' Schemes pursu'd, there's room for some scrup
 ' lousness, in not approving what's avoided, an

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a Piece of Prudence to reject what so *Wise*
KING thinks not fit to do.

Don't urge to me, that 'tis a Crime to attack
the Reputation of a dead Person: For if that
be admitted, he who ruins it, would be the first
and the greatest Criminal himself. When he
humiles the Haughtiness of the *Spaniards*, and
the Pride of the *Germans*; when he checks
me, and submits himself to the Church; when
he supports the Empire against the Power of the
Turk, at the same Time that the King of *Spain*
abandons the Emperor, and leaves the Domi-
nions belonging to his Family expos'd to the
Invasion of the Infidels; when he makes War
with so much Conduct and Valour, and Peace
with so much Spirit and Wisdom: What does
he do, *I beseech you*, but condemn by *his Actions*,
what I have blam'd by *Writing*; and pass a more
severe and more positive Censure upon it before
the whole World?

Never doubt it, SIR, 'tis the KING him-
self who has done the Cardinal the Injury that
is charg'd upon me: His Majesty's shining and
amirable Qualities; His Actions; His Admi-
nistration; His Counsels; have suggested to me
the small Idea I have of his Eminence: So that
in my present Condition, I must ask Pardon
for a Thing which 'tis not in my Power to re-
pent of. But what Subject-Matter of Complaint
has the Cardinal, which is not common with
him and all our *former Kings*? Have not their
Reigns the same Fate with his Ministry? Are
not their Atchievements drown'd, and their Re-
putation eclips'd, like his?

In former Times, we thought it sufficient to
maintain our selves against one Nation in War
with us: But now a-days, all *Europe*, if one may
speak it, in Confederacy, does not find it self
capable

' capable to resist us. Heretofore we accounted
 ' that a glorious Peace, by which some Place
 ' other was restor'd to us ; now the *Spaniards* see
 ' their Safety in the yielding up of whole Pro-
 ' vinces : And if *Justice did not ever regulate*
 ' *Pretensions*, what they yield up would be more
 ' considerable, than what they retain. Formerly
 ' our Allies murmur'd for being ill-supported in
 ' the War, or abandon'd in the Peace : But in
 ' our Days, those who were fallen through their
 ' own Fault, have been rais'd up again by our
 ' Assistance ; and the influence of our Power has
 ' made up the whole Greatness of others : To
 ' adhere to us, is a certain Advancement ; to
 ' divided from us, almost a certain Fall.

' As long as the KING shall act as he does,
 ' he authorizes me to speak as I speak : If the
 ' will have me recant, let him grow remiss ; let
 ' abandon his Allies, and suffer his Enemies to
 ' retrieve their Forces. In such a Case, I should
 ' become favourable to the Cardinal, and cry out
 ' the same Things I have run down : But at this
 ' time, when the Nations who adhere to our
 ' Friendship, behold with Pleasure our *present*
 ' *Government* ; and, on the contrary, the Nations
 ' opposite to our Interest, regret, with Grief, our
 ' *last Ministry* ; all my Reflections confirm me
 ' what I have said ; and my Mind being steady
 ' in its first Opinion, cannot be diverted to other
 ' Thoughts.

' If the KING's Tenderness continu'd to the
 ' Memory of a Person who was dear to him ; if
 ' the Constancy of his Affection for a dead Man
 ' have inclin'd him to take ill what I thought
 ' much to his Advantage, I beseech him to con-
 ' sider, that my Intentions were disappointed.
 ' I did not think to offend the Niceness of his
 ' Friendship, but rather fancy'd, that I had ex-

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quisite Thoughts for the Advantage of his Glory.
In all Things Mistakes are excusable : But an
Error that proceeds from so noble and so ex-
cellent a Principle, leaves no room for Resent-
ment. Do not think, however, that I hereby
design to give Lessons, instead of putting up
most humble Prayers, and instruct His MA-
JESTY of his *Duty*, instead of submitting to
his *Will* : I expect, with a perfect Resignation,
his Orders about my Fate ; and I prepare my self,
either to acknowledge the *Pardon*, or patiently
to suffer the *Punishment*.

If he be so Gracious as to put an End to my
Miseries, he will add the Dependance of a *Crea-
ture*, to the Obedience of a Subject, and soften
the Constraint that binds us, by the Affection
which begets our Devotion. But I little con-
sult my Thoughts, when I speak at this rate :
The Obligation in which, I was born, is to me
the strongest Devotion in the World ; and *Duty*
has the same Charms for me, as Favours might
have for others. In most Men, *Subjection* is
only an *apparent Docility* ; which, while it affects
a submissive Air, stirs up inward Murmurings ;
and with an humble Look endeavours, by a se-
cret Resistance, to preserve a remainder of Li-
berty. It is not the same with me ; Nature
keeps nothing in reserve for it self, when Obe-
dience comes in Question : The King's Orders
meet with no Sentiments in my Soul, that do
not either prevent them by *Inclination*, or sub-
mit to them, without Constraint, by *Duty*. What
Severity soever I undergo, I seek a Comfort
for my Sufferings, in the good Fortune of him
who is the Cause of them ; I alleviate the
Hardships of my Condition, by the Felicity of
his ; and nothing can render me Unhappy,
since nothing can alter the Prosperity of his
Affairs.

About

1668. About the Beginning of the Year 1668, the admira Prince of *Tuscany* came to *Holland*; and as he sign'd to make some stay at the *Hague*, he had there a House, in which Mr. *de St. Evremond* had an Apartment, as well as some other Persons of Quality, who thereupon were oblig'd to look for other Lodgings. Mr. *de St. Evremond* was preparing to remove like the rest, but that Prince (present Duke of *Tuscany*) not only desir'd him to stay, but likewise to use his Table, whilst he continu'd at the *Hague*; and ever since honour'd him with his Esteem and Affection: Insomuch that he sent him a yearly Present of the best Wines from *Italy*.

Count *de Lionne* us'd all his Endeavours to engage Mr. *de St. Evremond* to communicate to him all the Works he had compos'd in *Holland*; and in particular, wrote to him a second time, to desire him to transmit to him his OBSERVATIONS on *Salust* and *Tacitus*; adding, that Mr. *de Lionne*, the Secretary of State, would be glad to peruse them. Mr. *de St. Evremond's* modesty being offended at the Praises with which this Request was accompany'd, expostulated with the Count in this manner: 'I desire you, said he, not to jeer me at this rate, by bestowing excessive Commendation upon Trifles, which are the result of Idleness, and on which I set no other Value, than with relation to the Amusement they afford me, during some very tedious and melancholy Hours. I wish they may prove likewise an Amusement to you: And such as they are, I'll not fail sending you by the next Post the *Observations* on *Salust* and *Tacitus*, which I mention'd to you. The First ascribes all the Faults of Nature: With him all Events are the Effects of Men's Tempers; wherefore 'tis his chiefest Care to give us a true Knowledge of Men,

the admirable Characters he has left us. The
Other, turns all into Politicks, and makes a
Mystery of every Thing, ascribing all to Craft
and Address, and little or nothing to a Man's
Constitution. From thence I consider how dif-
ficult it is to find in the same Person, a perfect
Knowledge of Men, and a profound Skill in Bu-
siness; and in eight or ten Lines I shew, that
Mr. de Lionne, the Minister, has reconciled two
Qualifications, generally divided, which are
found in him in the highest Perfection. The
OBSERVATIONS on Salust and Tacitus
do not come short of the best Performances
of Mr. de St. Evremond: And if our 'Gram-
marians, says a learned * Critick, knew how to
discourse and write, after this manner, on the
Antients, they would beget in every Body a
Desire of studying them; but their Science con-
sisting in the Knowledge of Words, Customs, and,
most, of Chronology, with a blind Admira-
tion of all they read, gives Gentlemen a Disgust for
Literature.

Mr. de St. Evremond sent also to Mr. de Lionne
a DISSERTATION he had made some time
before on Mr. Racine's Tragedy, call'd *Alexander
the Great*; desiring him to communicate it to none
but his intimate Friends, and above all things,
not to suffer it to be copied out; but 'twas not long
before Mr. de Lionne acquainted him, that that
Piece had for some time, been handed about in
Manuscript; and that the Sieur *Barbin*, a famous
Bookseller, was about printing it, with some other
Works that were father'd upon him. Adding, that
Mr. de Racine's Friends were extreamly dissatisfied
with that critical Dissertation, being apprehensive
that

that it would injure his Reputation. Mr. de
Evremond was very much surprized at this Piece
 News: ‘ *Madam Bourneau*, (said he in a Letter
 ‘ *Mr. de Lionne*) has serv’d me a very scurr
 ‘ Trick in shewing a confused Notion I had se
 ‘ her about the Tragedy of *Alexander*. This W
 ‘ man, whom I often convers’d with in *Englan*
 ‘ and who had a great deal of sound Wit, sent m
 ‘ that Piece of *Racine*, with a Desire to give h
 ‘ my Judgment upon it; which I did in hast
 ‘ without allowing my self sufficient time to pe
 ‘ use that Play with Attention. I desired her,
 ‘ earnestly as possible, not to shew my Letter
 ‘ But being less scrupulous than your self, in fo
 ‘ lowing the Advice of Friends, I find she h
 ‘ shewn it to all the World, and has now broug
 ‘ me into the Perplexity you mention. I ha
 ‘ extreamly, adds Mr. de *St. Evremond*, to see m
 ‘ Name tofs’d about, particularly with things
 ‘ this Nature. I am unacquainted with *Racine*
 ‘ but as he is a great Wit, I wish it were in m
 ‘ Power to serve him; and yet his greatest En
 ‘ nemies could not have done worse, than what
 ‘ have done without Design. However, Sir,
 ‘ as you tell me, ’tis not possible to hinder th
 ‘ printing of those collected Pieces, ’tis bett
 ‘ they should be printed by the Copy you have, an
 ‘ as correctly as possible, than in such a Confusio
 ‘ as they have been handed about to the Printer
 ‘ But pray take Care that my Name be not put
 ‘ them. ’Tis very probable, that Mr. de *Lion*
 had no manner of Share in the Edition of som
 of Mr. de *St. Evremond*’s Works, that came o
 about that time; for had he had a Hand in
 they would not have been so faulty; nor wou
 he, undoubtedly, have suffer’d them to be bo
 mangled, and stuffed with *Interpolations*.

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To return to the *DISSERTATION* on the Tragedy of Alexander, I ſhall obſerve in few Words, That Mr. de St. Evremond owns, that there are in ſo lofty and bold Thoughts, and Expreſſions agreeable to the Loſtineſs of the Thoughts: But ſays that Mr. Racine has not hit well the Characters of *Porus* and *Alexander*. He finds that inſtead of conſulting their Temper, and making them ſpeak conſonantly to the Genius of their Age and Nation, he has given them the Temper and Manners of French Men; charges him with the Deſign of giving a greater Idea of *Porus* than of *Alexander*; and of having enſlav'd thoſe two Heroes to Chimerical Princeſſes; blames him for making *Porus* wholly with his Love, juſt before a Battle, which was to decide his Deſtiny; and for making *Alexander* quit the Field, when the Enemy begin to rally. In the ſame Piece he examines the Uſe that ought to be made of Love in Tragedy, and ſhews that *Corneille* has been no leſs ſucceſſful in that Particular, than in the Character of all his Heroes: Wiſhing that Mr. Racine would imitate him, and learn of him the Art of repreſenting Great Men. Mr. *Corneille* was ſo ſenſible of the Commendations Mr. de St. Evremond had given him on this Occaſion, that he thought himſelf oblig'd to return him his Thanks, which he did in a Letter of a nice and delicate Turn; and the Answer which Mr. de St. Evremond wrote to him, ſhews yet better than the Diſſertation before-mention'd, what Eſteem he had for that celebrated Poet.

About that time the Count de Lionne acquainted Mr. de St. Evremond, that his Letter had been read to the King, but without the Succeſs that was expected from it; that the Miniſters who had declared againſt him, could not be prevail'd upon; and that having a great Influence over the King,

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they still oppos'd his Return ; but that however there were some Hopes, his Majesty having given no positive Answer. ' I knew nothing, (said Mr. de St. Evremond in his Answer to the Count) of what you write to me, none of my Friends having been forward, any more than your self, in giving me a melancholy Piece of News : But this Discretion, as obliging as it is, gives me to understand, that they have an ill Opinion of my Constancy. Seven full Years of Misfortunes ought, at least, to have inur'd me to sufferings, if they have not been able to form in me a Virtue superior to them. To end a more Discourse, impertinent in him that makes it, and too severe for him we entertain, I'll tell you in few Words, that I should have been glad to see again the pleasantest Country I know of, and in it some Friends, as dear to me for the Demonstrations of their Friendship, as in Consideration of their Merit. However, a Man must not be driven to Despair because he lives in a Nation where Delights are scarce. I content myself with *Indolence*, where I cannot enjoy *Pleasures*. I had still five or six Years to re-lish Plays, Musick, and good Cheer, and I must take up with Policy, Order, and Oeconomy, and form to my self a languishing Amusement from the Contemplation of the grave *Dutch Virtues*. He promises in the same Letter to transmit to Mr. de Lionne three little Discourses he had made in England, on *sordid and base Interest* ; on *pure and solid Virtue* ; with the *Thoughts of a Gentleman, who keeps a Medium, and draws from both, what ought to enter civil Intercourse*. These are the Titles he gives himself to these three Pieces.

1669. Not long after, Mr. de Lionne having acquainted him, that he continued powerfully to solicit all those who were concern'd for him, particularly

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early Madam ----- and Count *de Lauzun*, Mr. *de St. Evremond* return'd him Thanks for his good Offices ; but, at the same time, desir'd him not to be too importunate with his Friends, in his Behaviour. ' I am infinitely oblig'd, *said he*, to Madam ----- for her Kindness, and to you for your zealous Endeavours : But I should be glad, that, for the future, no body would stir up Count *de Lauzun* to serve me ; for I am sure he'll do, of his own accord, all that shall lie in his Power for me, without doing himself Hurt ; and I should be sorry to draw upon him the least Mortification. He ought to entertain his Master with nothing but what's agreeable ; and hear nothing from him but what brings him some Satisfaction : For when a Master has once begun to refuse, he easily gets a Habit of not granting what's asked of him. I have heard a great Courtier say, that a Man ought very carefully to avoid the *first Repulse* ; and I should be extream sorry to have occasioned one to a Person I honour so highly as I do Count *de Lauzun*. Not but that I lie under a sort of Necessity of going to *France* for two Months, unless I will resolve to lose the *Little* I have there, and *All* that makes me subsist in a foreign Country. There is, as I take it, about Forty Thousand Livres still due to me, of which I can get nothing : However, I fear more than Want, the Relief of *Nature*, which might put an End to the ill Treatments I receive from Fortune.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* had no other Thoughts than quietly to pass the Remainder of his Days in *Holland* ; when Sir *William Temple* delivered to him Letters from the Earl of *Arlington*, by which he was inform'd, that his Friends, and King *Charles* himself, earnestly desir'd his Return to *England*. Hereupon he cross'd the Sea once more : But tho'

1670;

the King was so generous as to bestow upon him a Pension of Three Hundred Pounds a Year, yet Mr. de St. Evremond still preserv'd his Desire of seeing his Native Country. 'I am return'd to a Court, said he to Count de Lionne, after having lived four Years in a Republick, without Pleasure or Entertainment; for, in my Opinion, the Hague is the true Seat of Indolence. I know not how I put new Life into my Sentiments: But however, the Fancy took me to feel something more quick and lively; and a fond Imagination that I might return to France, made me pitch upon London, as a Medium between the French Courtiers, and the Dutch Burgomasters. Hitherto I was contented to take up with the *Hearvinefs*, or to speak more obligingly, the *Gravity* of the Gentlemen of Holland; but as I do not find myself much nearer France than I was; so I find that the *Vivacity* I have studied is very injurious to my Repose; since it draws me out of *Indolence*, without advancing me to *Pleasure*. That, I mean, which I fancied to my self in seeing you at Paris: For, to speak the Truth, I find here a great deal of *Disversion*, amongst abundance of Men of Honour.

Madam de Queroualle being, about that time, come over into England, Mr. de St. Evremond sent her a Problem, in Imitation of the Spaniards, wherein he puts the Question, Which of the Two is more Injurious to the Happiness of the Fair Sex, either to abandon themselves wholly to their Inclinations, or to follow all the Dictates of Virtue; And whether their indulging their Passions be attended with more Misfortunes, than they are depriv'd of Pleasures, by the Constraints they lay on themselves. He adds, That as he has met with Amorous Ladies lamenting themselves for the Contempt which Love had drawn upon them, so he had found Prudes, who groan'd under the Severities of Virtue; and who endeavoured,

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by Sighs, to ease their Heart of the secret Torment they endured by not daring to Love. He concludes, that such a Woman is happy, as knows how to behave herself discreetly, without laying any Constraint upon her Inclinations : For if it be a Disgrace for one of her Sex to abandon herself to Love, without any Regard to her Fame ; on the other side, a great Mortification to pass her Life without an Amour. Then addressing himself to Madam de Queroualle, he assures her, That to avoid this last Misfortune, she'll do well to follow an Advice, which he designs freely to give her. Do not, says he, too severely reject Temptations, which in this Country offer themselves with such Modesty, that a Maiden may hearken to them without a Blush. You may, perhaps, be so vain as to be pleased with no Body but your self, but you'll be soon weary of being pleased and loved by no body else ; and whatever Complacency there be in Self-Love, you will stand in need of another's Love for your real Satisfaction and Entertainment. Yield therefore to the Sweets of Temptations, instead of consulting your Pride. The latter would soon persuade you to return to France, and France would throw you into some Nunnery, according to the Destiny of many others. He afterwards lays before her the Inconveniencies that attend a Convent, and the Disgusts she would be sure to have in such a melancholy Retirement : But there was little Reason to fear that Madam de Queroualle would dispose of herself that way. Those who directed her Journey hither, had it far enough from their Thoughts to make a Nun of her ; and it appear'd afterwards that she was not unworthy of the Part she was to act. The great Passion King Charles II. had for that Lady ; the Title of Dutchess of PORTSMOUTH, which he bestow'd upon her ; the Treasure he lavish'd for her Entertainment ; and the Deference he shew'd to her Counsels, even in his most important Affairs of State, are a pregnant Proof of it.

1671.

In the Year 1671, Count *de Lionne* informed Mr. *de St. Evremond*, that the *Marquess de Lionne* was dead, and that Count *Lauzun* was * confined to the Citadel of *Pignerol*: At which News he was the more concern'd, in that he had a particular Esteem for those two illustrious Friends, and depended much on their Credit, and the Affection they bore him. The *Mareschal de Crequi* having about that time, asked him *what Temper his Mind was in, and what he thought of Things in general in his Old-Age?* He sent him a pretty long Discourse, containing several Reflections on the different Tempers of a Man's Mind, according to the different Periods of his Age; on the Reading and Choice of Books; on Poetry; on the best Spanish, Italian, and French Authors; on Conversation; on Literature, and Civil Law; on Ingratitude; and in the last Place, on the particular Spirit that distinguishes the Roman Catholick Religion from the Reformed. Of all the Works of Mr. *de St. Evremond*, none better expresses his Turn of Wit and Genius, than this excellent Piece.

1672.

The next Year Mr. *de St. Evremond* wrote some Reflections on the ancient and modern Tragedy; wherein he observes, That Aristotle's Treatise of Poetry is an excellent Work; but that there's nothing so perfect in it, as to be a Standard for all Ages, and Nations; That the Gods and Goddesses brought about every thing that was great and extraordinary on the Theatre of the Ancients; but that all those Miracles being now a-days look'd upon as fabulous, if an Author, in Imitation of the Ancients, would introduce Angels and Saints upon our Stage, he would offend the Devout, as prophane, and be accounted weak by the Libertines. He

adds,

* This happened on Account of his endeavouring to marry Mademoiselle, only Daughter of Gaston Duke of Orleans.

adds, that even supposing, that this sort of Subject should be allow'd, yet they could not produce a good Dramatick Piece; because the Spirit of Religion is entirely opposite to that of Tragedy; and because the Humility and Patience of our Saints, cannot consist with those Virtues which the Theatre requires.

He is of Opinion, That the Histories of the OLD TESTAMENT would suit much better to our Stage; but is apprehensive that the Representation of them would make them lose part of their Dignity, and diminish that Veneration they ought to inspire us with. He says afterwards, that tho' he is not willing to compare the PHARSAALIA to the AENEIS, 'tis certain, however, that there is something greater and nobler in the Ideas which Lucan gives us of Great Men, than in those which Virgil gives us of his Deities. The latter, says he, has cloath'd his Gods with our Infirmities, to adapt them to the Capacity of Men; the other has rais'd his Heroes so, as to bring them into Competition with the Gods themselves.

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed Victa Catoni.

In Virgil, continues he, the Gods are not so valuable as the Heroes; in Lucan, the Heroes ballance the Gods. Mr. de St. Evremond observes afterwards, That the Tragedy of the Ancients might have suffered a happy Loss in the Banishment of its Gods, Oracles, and Soothsayers; for it proceeded from thence that the Stage was sway'd by a Spirit of Superstition and Terror capable of infecting Mankind with a thousand Errors, and overwhelming them with more numerous Mischiefs. For as Tragedy consisted in excessive Motions of Fear and Pity, the Theatre became a School of Terror and Compassion, where a Man learn'd to be affrighted at all Dangers, and to abandon himself to Despair upon every

Misfortune: Which softned the Courage of the Athenians, and even occasion'd sometimes the Defeat of their Armies. 'Tis true, that *Aristotle* being sensible of the Prejudice which this Terror and Pity might do, endeavour'd to prevent it by establishing I know not what *Purgation*, which no body has yet well explain'd: But *Mr. de St. Evremont* thinks, that it was ridiculous to form a Science, which infallibly caused the Distemper, only to set up another, which doubtfully endeavour'd to cure it. He afterwards extols the Advantage of our Representations over those of the Ancients, and shews that they are not subject to the same Inconveniencies; that the Motions of Pity and Fear are much better manag'd; and that even Love, which we mingle in the new Tragedy, contributes to its Perfection, provided we make not an ill use of this noble Passion; than which nothing excites us more to every thing that is generous. He adds, That our Stage has, at least, this Advantage, that the Gods do not either favour, or commit Crimes upon it, and that we are allow'd the Liberty to inspire Horror for Vice, and Love for Virtue. He concludes with what he calls a bold and new Thought of his own, which is, That we ought in Tragedy, before all things whatever, to look after a Greatness of Soul well express'd, that excites a tender Admiration; by which our Minds are in a kind of Rapture; our Courages elevated; and our Souls affected.

He wrote also about that Time, some Reflections on the Characters of Tragedies, which he begins with a pretty remarkable Particular. I formerly design'd, says he, to write a Tragedy; but what I found most difficult in it, was to defend my self from a secret Suggestion of Self-Love, which will not easily suffer a Man to lay aside his own Temper, to take up that of another. I remember that I drew my own Character, without ever designing it; and that the Heroe dwindled insensibly

into

of the little Merit of St. Evremond, whereas St. Evremond ought to have raised himself to the great Virtues of his Heroe. It fell out with my Passions, as it did with my Character; for I expressed my own Motions, while I endeavoured to express his. If I was in an amorous Fit, I turned every Thing upon Love; if I found my self inclined to Pity, I was not wanting to provide Misfortunes for my Compassion. In short, I made the Actor speak whatever I found within my breast at Home; and represented my self under the Name of another. From this he concludes, That we must not quarrel with some Heroes of our Tragedies, for being too liberal of their Tears, which they should only shed upon proper Occasions; for they are only the Poet's own Tears, whose natural Temper being too compassionate, he cannot resist the Tenderness he has form'd within himself. He afterwards observes, that the Poet ought to shew an equal Management in the Affliction of the Heroe, and the Tenderness of the Spectators, and express Passion in such a manner, as that it be not too violent, nor too ingeniously counterfeit. He wonders, that in our Age, when all Dramatick Pieces turn upon Love, we should be so grossly ignorant of its Nature and Motions, which last he reduces to Three principal Heads, viz. To love, To burn, and To languish; and, having critically explained them, shews that our best Tragick Poets employ sometimes one Passion for another; making it to be Grief, where it ought only to be Tenderness; and Despair, when it should be no more than Grief.

A certain Author having asked his Opinion of one of his Tragedies, Mr. de St. Evremond returned him an Answer, That he would like it pretty well, if he had managed the Tears of his Heroine with more Frugality. He afterwards shews how the Passions of Grief and Despair ought to be managed; and takes this Occasion to bestow great Com-

Commendations upon *Corneille*; than who, he says, no Man better understood Nature; tho' he has described it differently, according to the different Periods of his Life.

1673.

The Discourse which Mr. de St. Everemond wrote upon the French Historians, cannot be read with too much Attention, by those who apply themselves to the Writing of History. He observes in the first Place, that most of our Historians are Men of such indifferent Merit, that he once thought this Defect was to be charged upon our Language; but that he was of another Opinion when he considered our excellent Translations of Latin and Greek Authors, which make him believe, That the Meanness of our Genius falls short of the Majesty of History. He adds, That altho' we had among us some Persons of an elevated Mind, and great Abilities, yet they would want other Things that are no less Necessary, and too many to be met with in one and the same Person. A pure and noble Style is not sufficient: For, besides that, an Historian ought to be thoroughly acquainted with the Laws, Customs, different Interests, State of Religion; and, in particular, all that belongs to the Military Art. All this he proves by a pretty long Detail; and shews, in relation to this last Particular, That the celebrated *Grotius*, after he had performed so well in all the other Parts of his HISTORY OF THE NETHERLANDS, had miserably miscarried, as soon as he began to open the Scene of War, speak of the Movements of Armies, describe Sieges, and relate Battles. He says afterwards, That the Latin Historians knew how to mingle admirably well all the different Parts of Knowledge, that are requisite in an Historian; the Reason of which is, That whereas now-a-days every Profession takes up a Man entirely, there were few great Men at Rome, that

not successful of the Command of the Art Charac- tations there tent the es, in g- ween ea- e, they- d daring- scribe th- d Daring- nce of f- In the- TRANS- nds, in- r. d'Ab- ing faith- rable F- However, for these A- he translat- as in his- lws his o- Reflection- nds, Tha- no great l- Accompli- cent Stoc- his own. in partic- Lucan's .P- Sgrais of- passes to t- and shews- ue Hero- did

he say not successively pass through the First Dignity of the Priesthood, and the Senate, and the Command of Armies. He then shews with how much Art and Fineness the *Latin* Authors drew the Characters of Men; how agreeable their Comparisons are; and how much Vehemence and Force there is in their Speeches. They do not content themselves with describing Virtues and Vices, in general; but mark a certain Difference between each Virtue, or Vice. If, for Instance, they draw the Character of some ambitious and daring, or moderate and prudent Man, they describe the particular Nature of the Ambition and Daringness, or of the Moderation and Prudence of such a Man.

In the REFLECTIONS upon the *French* TRANSLATORS, Mr. de St. Evremond commands, in the first Place, the Translations of Mr. d'Ablancourt, not so much on Account of their being faithful and exact, as by reason of the admirable Force, and Justness of his Expressions. However, he is of Opinion, That he is obliged for these Advantages to the Stile of the Ancients he translates; for he does not find the same Beauties in his Prefaces and Letters, wherein he follows his own Genius. He afterwards makes some Reflections on the Usefulness of *Translations*; and adds, That the bare Talent of a *Translator* merits no great Esteem, unless it be attended by other Accomplishments, that shew a Man has a sufficient Stock and Capacity to make Composures of his own. Then Mr. de St. Evremond examines, in particular, Mr. de Brebœuf's Translation of *Lucan's PHARSALIA*, and that of Mr. de Sgrais of *Virgil's ÆNEIS*: From whence he passes to the Character that *Virgil* gives of *Aeneas*; and shews that it falls infinitely short of that of the Heroes, who are described with great Elevation

tion and Nobleness by *Homer*; and conclude with reflecting, *how much we ought to admire the Poetry of Virgil, since, in spite of the superlative Virtues of the Heroes of Homer, the best Criticks are of Opinion, that the Latin Poet is not inferior to the Greek.*

1674.

Count *d'Olonne*, *Mr. de Vineuil*, the Abbot *d'Effra* and two or three more, having been banish'd the Court of *France*, in 1674. for having talked too freely of the King, as soon as *Mr. de St. Evremond* had notice of the Disgrace of his Old Friend Count *d'Olonne*, he wrote to him, to acquaint him with his deep Concern at it; and being afterwards, informed, that he was permitted to leave *Orleans*, where he was, at first, confined, and to retire to his Country-Seat of *Montmirail* near *Villers-Cotterets*, he sent him a second Letter wherein he advises him to be carefully upon his Guard against Sorrow, and its melancholy Attendants, at a time when it was not in his Power to relish Joy. As he was thoroughly acquainted with *Mr. d'Olonne's* Humour and Genius, so he adapts to them the Advice he gives him of Entertaining himself with the Conversation of polite Gentlemen; and if there were none in his Neighbourhood, to supply that Defect, by Good Cheer, and the Reading of such Books as may divert his Mind from all sad and serious Thoughts, and give him none but pleasant and agreeable Ideas: For which purpose, he thinks that *Petrarch*, *Lucian*, and *Don Quixot*, are to be preferred before *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, and even *Montaigne*. He afterwards obviates an Objection which *Mr. d'Olonne* might have made: 'You will tell me, perhaps, (*says Mr. de St. Evremond*) That I was not of so gay a Humour in my own Misfortune, as I appear to be in yours; and that 'tis ill-breeding in a Man to bestow all his Concern

upon

upon his own Misfortunes, and be indifferent to, nay, and even merry with the Calamities of his Friends. I should agree with you in that, if I behav'd my self so : But I can honestly affirm to you, that I am little less concern'd at your Exile, than your self ; And the Mirth which I advise you to, is in order to have a Share of it my self, when I shall find you capable of receiving any. As for what relates to my own Misfortunes, if I have formerly appear'd more afflicted under them, than I seem to you at present, 'tis not because I was so indeed. I was of Opinion, that Disgraces exacted from us the *Decorum* of a melancholy Air ; and that this apparent Mortification was a Respect due to the Will of our superiours, who seldom punish us without a Design to afflict us. But then you are to know, that under a sad Outside, and a mortified Countenance, I gave my self all the Satisfaction I could find in my self ; and all the Pleasure I could take in the Conversation of my Friends. He afterwards advises him about Good-Cheer, and the Choice of the most excellent Wines, and of the wholesomest and most delicate Meats. When the Marquis de Croissy was Ambassador at the Court of England, Mr. de St. Evremond desir'd him to write in his Behalf to Monsieur Colbert his Brother, Prime Minister of France, which he did accordingly ; But Mr. Colbert return'd him an Answer, That having contributed to Mr. de St. Evremond's Disgrace, and ever oppos'd his Return, he could not speak in his Favour to the King ; but, however, he would not be sorry for his Return, nor oppose the Sollicitations of others in order to it. Had Mr. le Tellier entertain'd the same Thoughts, Mr. de St. Evremond's Disgrace would soon have been at an End ; but that Minister having no favourable Disposition towards him, he was oblig'd to take up with Resignation and Patience.

The

1675.

The Dutcheſs of *MAZARIN* came, ſome time after, into *England*. You, undoubtedly, ſpect, SIR, that there was a Myſtery in her Journey, and that 'twas not meerly to be near the Dutcheſs of *York*, her Relation, that my Lady *Mazarin* came hither. Since your Conjecture ſo right, I will communicate to you what I know about it; but I muſt trace up Things ſomewhat higher, and put you in mind of what I told you before, concerning the great Interſt of the Dutcheſs of *Portsmouth* had at the Court of King *Charles* the Second. The natural Inclination of that Prince, and the paſſionate Inclination he had for the Fair Sex, entirely enſlaved him to his Miſtreſſes; but none had ſo great an Aſcendant over him, as the Dutcheſs of *Portsmouth*, who was the *Favourite-Miſtreſs*. She governed him, both in the Management of Affairs of State, and the Choice of his Miniſters. The firſt Places and Offices of the Kingdom, were given, or taken away, according to her Inſinuations; which thoſe who were not of her Cabal, and were thereby ſhut out of Employments, which they had, at leaſt, as good a Title as her Creatures, could not obſerve without Concern and Indignation; nor were they leſs offended to ſee that the Miniſters of State acted rather according to the Inſtructions which a Foreign Court ſent to the Dutcheſs of *Portsmouth*, than conſiſtant to the true Interſt of their Native Country. After having try'd ſeveral Methods to remedy theſe Diſorders, and found them ineffectual, they at laſt, concluded, that there was no other Courſe to take, than to work the Dutcheſs of *Portsmouth* out of the King's Favour, by ſetting up againſt her, a Rival who ſhould be in their Interſt. The Dutcheſs of *Mazarin* was thought very fit for their Purpoſe; for ſhe out-ſhined the other, both

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ne, for Wit and Beauty; and King Charles had more
 edly, than once demanded her in Marriage, while he
 her Jovial in France.

near to you know, SIR, that that exiled Monarch
 my Laing repaired Incognito to Fontarabia, in the
 jecture for 1659. when the Peace between France and
 t I know was treating there, he could not engage
 omewh Cardinal Mazarin to grant him an * Interview,
 at I thought that all he was able to obtain, was, that his
 erness should one Day meet, as by Chance,
 court with the Marquis of Ormond, and confer with him.
 al Ind the Marquis made several Overtures to him, to
 Incline him to espouse the Interest of his Royal
 enslav after; and, among other Things, propos'd a
 great Match between that Prince and Hortençca Mancini,
 of Portugal Cardinal's Niece, afterwards Dutches of Ma-
 She gassin; but that Minister, who thought the King
 of Affairs England's Restoration desperate, would not
 ers. Tharken to it. However, King Charles II. was
 m, was discouraged by this Denial; and observing
 Insinuate that the Cardinal had concluded the Peace so
 er Cabach to his own Satisfaction, he thought he
 nents, would now be more tractable. The French Court
 le as he was then returning to Paris; but King Charles
 Conce would not wait till they had reached that Place;
 offende as soon as they came to Thoulouse, he dispatch'd
 rather a Mr. Berkley, afterwards Earl of Falmouth, to the
 gn Court Cardinal, to propose the fore-mentioned Match
 a conf second time. Mr. Berkley applied himself to
 Countr Monsieur de St. Evremond, who introduced him
 remed to

See HISTOIRE du Traité de la Paix conclüe sur la
 Frontiere d'Espagne, entre les deux Couronnes, en l'an 1659.
 2. & seqq. of the Cologne Edition of the Year 1665. See
 Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, Vol. III. p. 538.
 tis to be wonder'd, that this Noble Historian takes no
 notice of King Charles's Advances, to marry the Cardinal's
 Niece.

to the Cardinal: But that Minister was so roughly persuaded, that his *Britannick* Majesty would never be restor'd to his Kingdoms, that he wav'd all Overtures of that kind. However, soon as he saw him settled on the Throne of his Ancestors, he repented the having rejected the Offer of a Match so glorious to his Family, and so advantageous to his Niece; and endeavour'd to renew the Negotiation about it. The better to succeed in it, he engag'd the Queen Mother of *England* to cross the Sea, under Pretence of a congratulatory Visit, upon the Restoration of the King her Son; but, in reality, to acquaint him. That the Cardinal was entirely dispos'd to grant him all he could desire. King *Charles* look'd upon this Change in the Cardinal, as an additional Happiness, which Fortune had in Store for him, and entertain'd with no less Satisfaction, the Thoughts of a Portion of above Twenty Millions of Livers, than of enjoying one of the most beautiful Persons of the Age; when he saw all his Hopes dash'd of a sudden. For a strong Opposition was form'd, on this side, against that Match as below so great a Potentate, and inconsistent with his Interest: So that, in short, to use Mr. *St. Evremond's* † Expressions, *A King Restor'd remembred the little Regard that had been shewn to a King Dethron'd; and they rejected at London, the Offer that was not accepted at St. John-de-Luz.*

Nevertheless, 'twas well known that King *Charles* still preserv'd an Inclination for that Lady, and the Dutcheß of *Portsmouth* not enjoying then a perfect Health, his Majesty seem'd not to have for her the same Passion as before. All these Circumstances were industriously improv'd, to

bespeak

† See *Madam de Mazarin's Funeral Oration.*

so the bespeak from him a kind Reception of Madam
Mazarin, whom her Husband's Ill-usage had forc'd
that to withdraw out of France, and, at last, to retire
ever, into the Duke of Savoy's Dominions. She pitch'd
e of upon Chambery for the Place of her Residence;
ted th and had, for the space of three Years, liv'd
ily, an there in a kind of Solitude, when she had an
eavour invitation to come to England, which she ac-
e bette cepted the more readily, by reason of the
Mothe death of the Duke of Savoy, that happened at
ce of at very time. We are informed in Madam de
a of th Mazarin's MEMOIRS, That that Prince had
int him merly design'd to * marry her; and, indeed, he
o gran ve her, during her Exile, so many Marks of
ok'd up Favour, that the Dutcheffs of Savoy conceiv'd
ditiona ne Jealousy of it. That Prince, says † Mr. de St.
r him Evremond, had entertain'd the same Sentiments about
on, th as did All that beheld her. He had admir'd her at
Million Paris; and this Admiration, with the Dutcheffs of
ft beas Savoy, pass'd for downright Love. A jealous and mo-
all hi Impression, produc'd a disobliging Usage of her who
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* I shall quote the whole Passage the more willingly, because
confirms Part of what I said. Fortune, says Madam de Ma-
zin, who had a Mind to make me the most unfortunate
son of my Sex, began with a Shew of raising me to a
throne, and did all she could to make me hate the Match
design'd for me, by the Comparison of those with which
flatter'd me at first. However, I may say, I was not daz-
ed by those illustrious Matches that were offer'd me; and
Mr. Mazarin dares not say, he ever observ'd in me the least
vanity above my Condition. All the World knows the
overtures, which, at several Times, were made to marry me
with the King of England; And as for the Duke of Savoy,
you know what was mention'd about it, in the Journey to
 Lyons; and that the Business broke off, only upon the score
of the Cardinal's obstinate Refusal to abandon Geneva, in
consideration of this Marriage. MEMOIRES de Madame
Duchesse Mazarin, p. 11, 12.

† See Madam de Mazarin's Funeral Oration.

caus'd it ; and this was a sufficient Reason for Madam de Mazarin to leave a Country, where the new Regent was absolute. She arriv'd in England, towards the End of the Year 1675. and the King no soon saw her, but he was struck again by her Beauty and more in Love with her than ever. He immediately bestow'd upon her a Pension of Forty Thousand Pounds a Year; and she would soon have gain'd the Ascendant over the Dutcheſs of Portsmouth, and her Cabal, if, through a Weakness, which is but too common with her Sex, she had not been betray'd by her own amorous Inclination.

1676.

The Prince of Monaco came about this Time into England; And being young, handsom, genteel, amorous, and accomplish'd in all the little Arts of pleasing the Ladies, he became a passionate Admirer of Madam de Mazarin. 'Twas not long before Mr. de St. Evremond observ'd, that he was not indifferent to her; and being, on the other Hand, privy to the Mystery of the Dutcheſs's Journey hither, and even somewhat concern'd in it, he omitted nothing to prevent so fatal an Amour; and represented to Madam de Mazarin in lively Colours, the Perplexities into which she was going to plunge her self. But, because what we take in by Reading makes generally a deeper Impression, than a transitory Conversation, he address'd to her a Discourse on FRIENDSHIP wherein he artfully insinuates himself into her Confidence, and endeavours to shew her what Course she ought to steer. He illustrates, in the first Place, the Power of Friendship, by the Example of Agesilaus, King of the Lacedemonians, who recommending his Friend's Case to another, desired him, by all means, to acquit him. He thinks this Passage the more remarkable, in that he believes, that the Distance between a Sovereign, and a Subject

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Subject, does not admit that Union of Affections which is necessary to beget true Friendship; After which he explains the Nature of the ordinary Intimacy between Kings and their Courtiers; takes notice of the Reasons which oblige Princes to have about them that sort of Friends and Confidants call'd Favourites; and shews how ticklish and dangerous it is to be a Favourite. From hence he proceeds to more particular Considerations on Friendship, and having enlarg'd on the Excellence of that virtue, he declares how happy he was in the Confidence of his Friends. 'As I have, says he, no shining Merit to boast of, I hope I may be allow'd to mention one, upon which Men do seldom value themselves; which is, the having gain'd the entire Confidence of my Friends; and the best Counsel-Keeper that ever I * knew, was only reserv'd with others, that he might be the more open with me. He conceal'd nothing from me, as long as we convers'd together; and he would, perhaps, have been glad of an Opportunity to tell me every Thing, when we were asunder. The remembrance of such an endearing Confidence is very sweet to me; but the Thoughts of the Condition he is in, is still more grievous. I have contracted a Familiarity with my own Misfortunes, but never shall with his; And since I can bestow nothing but Sorrow on his Disgrace, no Day shall pass, but I shall grieve, and lament it.

Mr. de St. Evremond shews afterwards, that true Friendship ought to be free from all Dissimulation; and that 'tis no less inconsistent with too rigorous Justice, than with over-cautious Wisdom. He does

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* I suppose Mr. de St. Evremond means Mr. de Fouquet, who died a Prisoner in the Citadel of Pignerol, in 1680.

not find fault with Friends having different Opinions ; But he would have *Disputes* to be *Conferences* to clear *Doubts*, and not *exasperating Contentions*. He thinks, however, that Friends ought not to have very clashing Opinions in Religion ; and that a Man who subjects all to Reason, and one who depends wholly upon Authority, will hardly agree together. Mr. de St. Evremond adds, that nothing could come in Competition with a friendly Intercourse with a beautiful, ingenious, and judicious Woman, if one could depend on its Duration ; and he is of Opinion, that the only Reason why the Fair Sex are excluded from the Management of publick Affairs, is because they were thought to be too weak, too irresolute, and too much sway'd by their natural Frailty. What would not, continues he, have Madam de Chevreuse, the Countess of Carlisle, and the Princess Palatine, have brought about, had they not spoil'd, by their Inclination, all they might have done by their Wit ? He shews, that the Errors of Affection, are far more dangerous than the Extravagances of Imagination ; he relates what Mademoiselle de l'Enclau told him one Day, That she return'd God Thanks, every Night, for her Wit, and pray'd him, every Morning, to preserve her from the Follies of her Heart ; And having commended Madam de Mazarin's Beauty, and elevated Mind, which made her despise false Gallantry, and the insipid and tedious Tittle-Tattle of other Women, 'Add, Madam, says he, the 'Merit of the Heart, to that of the Soul and 'Mind : Defend that Heart of yours against 'officious Fops ; those busie Fellows, who are ever 'ready to shut a Door or a Window, and to take 'up a Glove or Fan. Love does not hurt the 'Reputation of Ladies ; but the slender Merit 'of their Lovers disgraces them. You'd do me 'wrong, Madam, continues he, if you thought me

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an Enemy to Tenderneſs: For, as Old as I am, I ſhould be ſorry to be free from it. We Love as long as we can draw Breath. What I deſire in Friendſhip, is that Knowledge ſhould go before Affection, and that an Eſteem, juſtly form'd in the Mind, ſhould animate it ſelf in the Heart, and receive there ſuch Warmth as is neceſſary for *Friendſhip*, as well as *Love*. Love therefore, Madam, but Love no Objects but what are worthy of you. If my Wiſhes could take place, you ſhould be ambitious, and govern thoſe that govern others. Either become Miſtreſs of the World, or remain Miſtreſs of your ſelf; not in order to paſs tedious Days in that ſad and melancholy Indolence, which ſome would trump up for Virtue; but to have an abſolute Sway over your Affections, and over-rule your Pleaſures.

But all theſe Inſinuations were ineffectual: The Prince of *Monaco* had the Preference; And *Madam de Maxarin*, regardless of the great Part ſhe might have acted in the *British* Court, did ſo far engage with him, that the King's Patience was wr'd out; and that Monarch carried his Reſentment ſo far, as to cut off the Penſion he had given her. Mr. de *St. Evremond* jeer'd her very ingeniouſly about the Fickleneſs and Indiscretion of her Conduct, in the following Verſes, which you could not have underſtood, without the foregoing Key:

*Il ne vous reſtoit plus qu'à regner ſur les Mers ;
Vôtre nouvel Empire embrasse l'Univers,*

*Et de nos Iſles fortunées
Vous pourriez des Mortels régler les Deſtinées:
Plus puiffante aujourd'hui que n'étoient les Romains,
Vous feriez des Sujets de tous les Souverains,*

*Si vous n'apportiez pas plus de soin & d'étude,
Pour vôtre Liberté que pour leur Servitude.*

The Empire of the Sea alone remain'd,
And that you've in your New Dominion gain'd
The Universe is yours; Our happy Isles
Their Fate attend, or from your Frowns or Smiles
More Pow'rful than the *Romans* were of Old,
All Kings alike you'd in Subjection hold,
But that you strive, with greater Care and Pains
Your Freedom to preserve, than fix their Chains

However, the Sollicitations of her Friends, together with the Affection the King retain'd for her, prevail'd so far with that generous Prince, that he settled again the same Pension upon her; so that she appear'd at Court, with all the Splendor and Satisfaction she could desire. Her House was the usual Rendezvous of the politest Persons of both Sexes in *England*: The greatest Lords, the foreign Ministers, and the Ladies of the first Quality, met constantly there; and in these Assemblies the People of Fashion found an agreeable Amusement; and the Learned, an excellent Pattern of Politeness and Good-Breeding. *Madam Mazarin* had bestow'd a great deal of Time upon Reading, during her Abode at *Chambery*, where she had with her the Abbot of *St. Real*, who compos'd her MEMOIRS, from the Particulars she told him of her Life. You * once thought, SIR, that she was her self the Author of them; but I can assure you, that she only furnish'd the Subject-Matter of them. She did not write well enough to digest them into Form; and if they are bet-

* See Mr. Baile's REPONSE aux Questions d'un Provincial. Tom. I. p. 182.

ter turn'd than the other Works of Mr. de St. Real, 'tis because he bestow'd more Pains and Study upon them: For Love makes every Thing easie.

My Lady *Mazarin* had a great and generous Soul, a just Discernment, a Memory well stored, and such easie and graceful Carriage, that the most insensible were touched with the Charms of her Conversation. All manner of Subjects were discours'd upon at her House: Philosophy, Religion, History, Poetry, Dramatick Pieces, other ingenious Composures, and the Niceties of the *French* Tongue, afforded Matter of Debate; And these witty Conversations gave Mr. de St. Evremond occasion to write several Pieces; such as, his DEFENCE of several Plays of Mr. *Corneille*; his REFLECTIONS on the *French*, *Spanish*, *Italian*, and *English* Tragedies and Comedies; and on Operas; his COMEDY of the Opera; A DIS-SERTATION on the Word VAST; and several others, which I shall mention hereafter.

He begins his REFLECTIONS upon Tragedies, with commending those of *Corneille*, and even prefers some of them before all those of Antiquity. He adds, That the Ancient Tragick Writers were far more successful in expressing the Qualities and Accomplishments of their Heroes, than in representing the Majesty and Magnificence of Great Kings; And more happy in the drawing of Characters, than in discovering the hidden Springs of the Motions of the Heart, and the Principles of Men's Actions; which is one of *Corneille's* Excellencies. However, he does not pretend, that none but his Pieces deserve Applause on our (*French*) Theatre. He owns, the Publick have been pleased and affected with the *MARIANA* of *Tristan*; the *SOPHONISBA* of *Mairet*; the *ALCYONEA* of *Du Ryer*; the

the WENCESLAUS of Rotrou; the STILICICO of Mr. Corneille, Junior; the ANDROMACHE and BRITANNICUS of Mr. Racine, and several others. He says afterwards, That the Tragedies of the *Italians* are so very mean, that 'tis not worth the while to speak of them; and observes, that there are some old English Tragedies, (such as the *Catiline* and *Sejanus* of Ben. Johnson) which, by the Retrenching of a few Things, might be made admirable Plays. He disallows the Condescension which the English Dramatick Writers have for the People, in presenting them with bloody Objects; and concludes with this Observation, That if, on the one hand, the French object to the English, upon very good Ground, that they allow too much to their Senses upon the Stage; They must also, on the other hand, bear with the Reproach the English return upon the French, of passing to the other Extream, when they admire Tragedies for the little Tenderness of Passion, which make not an Impression strong enough upon the Mind.

In his OBSERVATIONS upon our Comedies, Mr. de St. Evremond takes care to advertise his Readers, in the very Title, That his Criticisms are not levell'd against those of Moliere, wherein, says he, the true Spirit of Comedy is found. As for the other French Authors, he takes notice, that altho' Comedy ought to be the Representation of Human Life; they have made it run altogether upon Gallantry, in Imitation of the Spaniards. He afterwards compares the French and Spanish Comedies, and shews, that our Poets having borrow'd most of their Plots from the Spaniards, have been oblig'd to fill them with passionate and amorous Discourses, to adapt them to the Humour and Manners of our Nation. This gives him occasion to relate a witty Story, which he heard from the Princess of Isenghien; A Spanish Lady, says he, not long ago, was

reading

STILL reading the Romance of CLEOPATRA, and after
 DROPPING a tedious Recital of Adventures, falling upon a nice
 of Mr. de St. Evremond, who was one of the pret-
 afterwards, Conversation between a Lover and his Mistress, who
 so very were alike passionate, What a deal of Wit ill-em-
 peak of ploy'd is here, said she ; and to what end so many
 old Eng- the Speeches, when they are got together? This,
 Sejanus continues Mr. de St. Evremond, was one of the pret-
 ing of a most Reflections that ever I heard made in all my Life ;
 ys. He and Calprenede, tho' a French-Man, ought to have
 English remembred, that Lovers, born in a hotter Climate
 in pre- than that of France, need but few Words on such Oc-
 concludes sions. He afterwards affirms, That there is more
 e hand, Regularity and Probability, in the Gallantry of
 Ground, French Comedies, than in that of the Spaniards :
 e Stage, Which still proceeds from the different Manners,
 with the and Customs, of those two Nations ; And, in
 of pas- the last Place, he observes, That as Comedy is
 tragedies mainly calculated to please, Poets ought not to be
 e not an cramp'd by too exact and rigid Rules.

Mr. de St. Evremond proceeds afterwards to the
 Italian Comedy, and having acquainted his Reader,
 That he will not speak of the *Amynta*, *Pastor-Fido*,
 and other Comedies of that Nature, he adds,
 That what was seen 'in France upon the Italian
 Stage, was not, properly, Comedy, since there
 was no true Plot ; no Coherency in the Subject ;
 no Character strictly observ'd ; nor any Compo-
 sition wherein a happy Genius is, at least, gui-
 ded by some Rules of Art. In short, says he, 'tis
 nothing but a kind of ill-form'd Consort amongst several
 Actors, each of whom furnishes, out of his own Head,
 what he judges proper for the Part he acts : To take
 it rightly, it is no more than a Medley of impertinent
 Concetti (pointed-Witticisms) in the Mouth of
 Lovers, and silly Buffoonries in that of their Zanies,
 or Harlequins. He grants that their Buffoons are in-
 imitable ; but is of Opinion, That, at long run,
 they grow no less tiresom than all the other Ita-
 lian

lian Parts, which are always forc'd, except that of *Pantalon*. Mr. de St. Evremond gives afterwards in few Words, the History of the Tragedy and Comedy of the ancient *Romans*; marks their Origin, Progress, and Declension; and, having observ'd how vastly the Genius of the *Italians* differs from that of their Ancestors, he commends the Actors of the *Italian Company* of Players, that acted then in *Paris*.

From the *Italian*, Mr. de St. Evremond passes on to the *English Comedy*; and, in the first Place, takes notice, That there is none more conformable to that of the Ancients, in what relates to the Manners. It is not, says he, a meer Piece of Gallantry, full of Adventures, and amorous Discourses, as in *Spain* and *France*; it is the Representation of the ordinary Way of Living, according to the various Humours, and different Characters of Men. He says afterwards, That in the Opinion of the *French*, these Characters are carried on too far, as those that are to be seen upon our Stage, are a little too faint to the Relish of the *English*; and shews, that the Reason of that is, because the *English* think too much, and the *French*, commonly, not enough. The Truth is, adds he, I never saw Men of better Understanding, than either the *French*, who consider Things with Attention; or the *English*, that can disengage themselves from their too deep Meditations, and attain that Facility of Discourse, and Freedom of Wit, which, if possible, a Man should always be Master of. The finest Gentlemen in the World, continues he, are the *French* that think, and the *English* that speak. After this, Mr. de St. Evremond proceeds to the Difference that is to be found between the *English* and the *French Comedies*; and shews, that the first are as agreeable and entertaining, tho' not so regular and exact, as the latter.

Mr. de St. Evremond compos'd, about this time, an IDYL, which he ſet himſelf to Muſick; and this Piece was ſung at Madam *Mazarin's*, before a great many Perſons of Diſtinction. This gave, afterwards, the Company occaſion to talk of Plays with muſical Entertainments, and in particular of OPERAS, which made then ſo much Noiſe in *France*. Mr. de St. Evremond gave but an indifferent Character of thoſe Compoſitions; but not having had time to ſpeak fully his Thoughts about them, he wrote, a few Days after, a Diſcourſe upon that Subject, which he addreſs'd to the Duke of *Buckingham*, who had his Share in that Converſation. But before I give you the ſubſtance of that Piece, give me leave, Sir, to ſet down here a ſhort Account of the Settlement of our Operas.

OPERAS, that is, Dramatick Pieces ſet to Muſick, accompanied with Dances, Machines, and Decorations, or fine Scenes, are come from *Italy*. Cardinal *Mazarin* endeavour'd to introduce them into *France*, whither, in 1647. he ſent for a Company of Players from beyond the *Alps*, who acted an Opera in *Italian Verſe*, call'd ORPHEO E EURYDICE. This Shew was no leſs ſurprizing by its Novelty, than by the Excellence of the Voices, the Variety of Airs, the Shifting of Scenes, the wonderful Turns of Machines, and the Magnificence of the Cloaths. The Succeſs that attended this Piece, occaſion'd the Preſentation of another of the ſame kind, at the King's Eſpouſals in 1660, under the Title of ERCOLE AMANTE, which was printed with a *French* Tranſlation, in favour of thoſe that did not underſtand *Italian*. This rais'd a general Deſire to ſee *French* Operas; but as they wanted good Muſicians, and fine Voices, ſo they were prepoſſeſs'd, that *French* Words did not admit of the

the same musical Graces and Ornaments as the *Italian*. However, the Abbot *Perrin*, who had been Master of the Ceremonies to *Gaston of France*, Duke of *Orleans*, undertook to surmount all these Obstacles; and, in order to that, compos'd a Pastoral, which he caus'd to be set to Musick by *Cambert*, Master of the Musick to the Queen Mother, and Organist of *St. Honore's Church*. This Piece was first sung at *Iffy* in the Year 1659; but without either Machines or Dances; notwithstanding which, it met with so universal an Applause, that Cardinal *Mazarin* caus'd it to be presented several Times before the King at *Vincennes*. This was, says, Mr. de *St. Evremond*, as it were, an *Essay of an Opera*, which pleas'd by its Novelty; But, adds he, what was still better, was the *Consorts of Flutes*, which had not been heard upon any Stage, since the *Greeks and Romans*. This Piece was soon follow'd by another, entitled *ARIADNE*, the Verses whereof, compos'd by the Abbot *Perrin*, were but indifferently well lik'd. It was rehearsed several times, but the Cardinal's Death hindred its being acted; and, for some Years, suspended the Progress of the New-born Operas. In the mean time, the Abbot *Perrin* left no Stone unturn'd, to bring to bear an Undertaking, which had been so happy in its Beginning; And, in the Year 1669, obtain'd Letters Patent, for the Erecting of an *Academy of Operas in the French Language*; But not being able to bear alone the Trouble and excessive Expence of such a Settlement; he took in Partners, viz. *Cambert*, for the Musick; the *Marquis de Sourdeac*, for the Machines; and one *Champeron*, for the necessary Charges. As soon as this Agreement was concluded, they sent for the most celebrated Musicians from some Cathedrals in *Languedoc*, with whom *Cambert* join'd the best Voices he could find in other Places;

ces;

es; and so the Opera of POMONA was presented at *Paris* on the Theatre of *Guenegaud*, in the Year 1671. The Verses were also of the Abbot *Perrin*'s composing, but were not better lik'd than those of *Ariadne*. However, that Piece was presented eight successive Months, with a general Applause: But, during that Interval, the Marquis de *Sourdeac*, under Pretence of the Money he had advanc'd, seiz'd upon the Theatre; and to make shift without the *Sieur Perrin*, employ'd Mr. *Gilbert*, who compos'd the Opera call'd LES REINES ET LES PLAISIRS DE L'AMOUR, (*The Pains and Pleasures of Love*) which was afterwards acted on the said Theatre of *Guenegaud*. In the mean time, *John-Baptist-Lully*, a Native of *Florence* in *Italy*, Super-intendant of the King's Musick, taking Advantage of the Misunderstanding that was crept among the Partners of the Opera, obtain'd, by the Interest of the Marchioness of *Montespan*, that the Abbot *Perrin* should make over his Patent to him, for a certain Sum of Money: Which Alteration oblig'd *Cambert* to go over into *England*, where he died in 1677, Super-intendant of King *Charles* the Second's Musick. *Lully* took into Partnership the *Sieur Gigarini*, the King's Machinist, and fix'd his Theatre at the Tennis-Court of *Bel-Air*; where, in the Year 1672. he presented the Publick with LES FESTES DE L'AMOUR ET DE BACCHUS: (*The Festivals of Love and Bacchus*;) Which was a Pastoral, made up of Fragments of several Interludes; the Musick whereof was compos'd by *Lully*, for the King, to Words made by Mr. *Quinault*. This Piece was follow'd by the Operas of CADMUS, ALCESTE, THESEUS, ATIS, ISIS, and a great many others, that need not be mention'd here. Let's return to Mr. de *St. Evremond*.

He

He begins his Observations on Operas, with saying, That though the Senses be agreeably surpriz'd by the Pomp and Magnificence of those Spectacles, yet, as the Mind finds nothing in them, that can either affect it, or fix its Attention, it is impossible not to be tir'd with such an Entertainment. But what offends Mr. de St. Evremond most, in Operas, is the singing of the whole Piece, from the Beginning to the End; as if the Persons represented, had ridiculously agreed to treat in Musick, both the most common, and the most important Affairs of their Lives. Is it to be imagin'd, adds he, That a Master calls his Servant, or sends him on an Errand; That one Friend imparts a Secret to another; That Men debate in Council; in short, That Orders are given in Battle, SINGING; And that Men are melodiously kill'd with Swords and Darts? Not that he pretends to banish all manner of singing from the Stage: For he very judiciously observes, that all that relates to the Service of the Gods, was ever sung; and that the Passion of a Lover; the Irresolution of a Soul toss'd by different Motions; and other Subjects of this Nature, are proper enough for Musick; But he is of Opinion, 'That all that belongs to Conversation and Conferences; all that relates to Intrigues and Affairs; all that concerns Counsel and Action, is proper for Actors to rehearse, and ridiculous in the Mouth of Musicians that sing it. The Grecians, adds he, made admirable Tragedies, where they had some Singing; the Italians, and the French, make bad ones, where they sing all. This gives him occasion to define an Opera, an odd Medley of Poetry and Musick, wherein the Poet and Musician, equally confin'd one by the other, take a world of Pains to compose a wretch'd Performance. He shews afterwards, how Comedies might be contriv'd, where Dances and Musick might be introduc'd, that would not

the least hurt the Representation: And then proceeds to some Reflections on the different Genius of Lully and Cambert. He compares the Italian with the French Operas, and maintains, that as for the manner of Singing, which we call in France, Execution, (or Performance) no Nation can easily vie with us. He afterwards examines the different Manner of Singing of the Italians, the Spaniards, and the English, and concludes, That *Volus Gallus cantat*, none but the French-Man sings. He backs his Opinion by the Authority of the famous Luigi, who could not endure that the Italians should pretend to sing his *Airs*, after he had heard them sung by the best Voices of Paris; and said openly in Italy, that to make fine Musick, Italian *Airs* must come out of a French Mouth. Mr. de St. Evremond acknowledges, at the same time, That no People have a slower Comprehension, both for the true Sense of Words, and for humouring the Thought of the Poet, than the French; and that there are but few that less understand the Quantity, and that with greater Difficulty find out the Pronunciation; But when, by long Study, they have surmounted all these Difficulties, and are Masters of what they sing, nothing makes like them. He then proceeds to the Machines of Operas, and spares them no more than the other Irregularities he has observ'd in those Musical Representations; and concludes, That the Constitution of our Operas must appear altogether extravagant to those who are true Judges of the Probable and the Wonderful. 'Nevertheless, adds he, one runs a Risque of having his Judgment call'd in Question, if he dares declare his Good-taste; and I advise others, when they hear any Discourse of Operas, to keep their Knowledge a Secret to themselves. For my part, (continues he) who am past the Age and Time of signaling my self by any new Modes or Fancies, I am

' am resolv'd to strike in with Good-sense, and to
' follow Reason, tho' in Disgrace, with as much
' Zeal, as if it were still in as much Vogue as
' formerly.

Mr. de St. Everemond was so offended, to see
that every Thing, even the most familiar Dis-
courses, and the most trivial Affairs, were sung in
Operas, that the better to expose the Ridicule of
such a Practice, he diverted himself with the
Writing a Comedy, called the OPERA, where-
in he introduces a young Woman, who by the
Reading and Singing of Operas, is arrived at that
pass, that she will not condescend to speak with
any Body, but in Metre, and Singing. In a
Scene of this Piece, he brings in a short Criticism
on the Operas that had then been represented,
such as the Pastoral of ISSY, POMONA,
THE PAINS AND PLEASURES OF
LOVE, ARIADNE, CADMUS, AL-
CESTA, THESEUS, and ATHYS. He
gives, at the same time, the Character of Cam-
bert, and does not omit giving Mr. Quinault the
Praises he has so well deserved.

I shall add in this Place, that some great Italian
Musicians being come into England not many
Years after, some of Mr. de St. Everemond's Friends
endeavoured to engage him to recant what he
had said in his Reflections on Operas, in fa-
vour of the French Singing: Whereupon he wrote
a small Piece, entitled, AN ECLAIRCIS-
MENT; but with such an ironical Turn,
that he does but confirm what he had before
advanced.

16, 7.

I shall now acquaint you how he came to write
his DISSERTATION on the Word VAST.
Some Body having, amongst other Praises, said
of Cardinal de Richelieu, that he had a vast Mind,
or Genius, without adding any other Epithet, Mr. de

St.

Evremond maintain'd, That that Exprefſion
 as not juſt; That a VAST GENIUS was
 ken either in a good or bad Senſe, according
 the other Adjectives that attended it; That a
 ſt, wonderful, and penetrating Genius, denoted an
 mirable Capacity; and that, on the contrary,
 waſt and immoderate Genius, was a Genius that
 ſt it ſelf in rambling Thoughts; in fine, but
 ry Ideas; in Deſigns too great, and not at all
 oportion'd to the Means that may render 'em
 ſucceſſful. The Dutcheſs of Mazarin oppos'd
 r. de St. Evremond's Opinion; and after a long
 ſpute, they both agreed to refer the Matter to
 e Deciſion of the Gentlemen of the French
 CADEMY. The Abbot de St. Real, who
 ter he had accompanied that Lady into En-
 nd, and ſtaid here a few Months, was re-
 rn'd to Paris, having been deſired to conſult
 em, they gave their Judgment in favour of My
 dy Mazarin: But altho' Mr. de St. Evremond
 d already paſſ'd Condemnation, yet when he
 w their Deciſion, he declared, That his Recanta-
 n was not ſincere, but a meer Effect of Complaiſance;
 d a voluntary Submission of his Thoughts to thoſe of
 adam Mazarin. Hereupon, he not only re-
 m'd the Opinion he had at firſt maintain'd, but
 ſolutely denied that the Word *Vaſt* can ever
 e a Commendation, and aſſerted, That nothing
 capable of rectifying that Quality. He urged that,
 reat is a Perfection in Mind, *Vaſt*, always a Re-
 oach; That a juſt and regulated Extent made the
 reat; and an immoderate Greatneſs the *Vaſt*. All
 his he proves by Examples drawn out of the beſt
 ncient Writers; after which, he Examines the
 VAST GENIUS which is aſcrib'd to Homer
 nd Aristotle; and the VAST SOUL which is
 tributed to PYRRHUS, CATILINE,
 HARLES V. and Cardinal de RICHELIEU;
 H

LIEU; and then shews, that the best Works of those celebrated Authors, and the most shining Achievements of those great Captains, ought to be assign'd to the other Qualities of their Minds, and their Errors and chimerical Designs, imputed to that of *Vast*. Thus Mr. de St. Evremond found an ingenious Way of inserting the Characters of those Great Men, in a Work which any but himself would have fill'd up with bare Grammatical Enquiries and Remarks.

1678. The Duke of Nevers used frequently to send the Dutchess of Mazarin, his Sister, some Copies of Verses of his own making; having a Genius for Poetry, tho' he gave too great a Loose to his rapturous Fancy, and did not sufficiently correct his Composures. Nevertheless, there being something New in his Thoughts, and in the Turn he gave 'em, his Works were agreeable and entertaining. Madam Mazarin having communicated to Monsieur de St. Evremond an Epistle, which the Duke of Nevers had address'd to the Abbé Bourdieu, desiring him to give her his Judgment upon it; Mr. de St. Evremond return'd her an Answer, That there were in that little Piece, some Verses of a high and noble Strain, as he had seen a long while before in our Language. I Value them the more, adds he, because there's Novelty and good Sense, which are not easily match'd. For our Novelties have often a Cast of Extravagance; and the good Sense which is found in our Writings, is generally borrow'd from Antiquity, rather than of our own Growth. I could wish We should be inspir'd by the Wit of the Ancients, but would not have us steal it, and pass it for our own. I would have 'em teach us to think well, but hate to make use of their Thoughts. What remains of their Works has the Advantage of Novelty, when they wrote it; whereas, what we borrow from them now, is grown Obsolete from Age to Age; and is fallen, as it were, dead and

extirpated

Works distinguish'd into the Brain of our Authors. What have we to do with a New Author, who puts forth nothing but Old Productions; who sets himself out with the Fancies of the Greeks, and imposes on the World their Knowledge for his own? A vast number of Rules, made three Thousand Years ago; are set up to be the Standard of what's Writing now-a-days; without considering, that either the Subjects to be treated, nor the Genius to be regulated, are the same. If we should make Love, like Anacreon and Sappho, nothing would be more Ridiculous; if like Terence, nothing more Plebeian, or Citizen-like; and if like Lucian, nothing more Gross and Lewd. All Ages have a peculiar Character proper to themselves: They have their Politicks; their Interests; their Affairs; and in some measure their Manners, having their particular Virtues and Vices. I own 'tis all Humanity still; but Nature is various in Men; and Art, which is nothing but an imitation of Nature, ought to vary as that does. Our Impertinencies are not the same which Horace ridicul'd; nor are our Vices the same which Juvenal rebuked: We must therefore, make use of other Banters and Reproofs.

Answer After the Peace of Nimeguen, Mr. de St. Evremond wrote an EPISTLE in Verse to the King, wherein he indirectly asks Leave to return to his Native Country. Count D'Olonne having bestow'd great Praises on that Piece; 'I know not,' says Mr. de St. Evremond, in his Answer to him, why you should admire my Verses, since I don't admire 'em my self: For I must inform you, That in the Opinion of a celebrated Master* in the Art of Poetry, a Poet is always the most Affected with his own Composures. For my part, I find a great many Faults in mine, which

' I might Correct, if Exactness were not extream-
 ' ly Troublesome to my Humour, and did not
 ' take up more Time than a Person of my Age
 ' can spare. Besides, I have another Excuse to
 ' make, which, if I am not mistaken, you will ad-
 ' mit of. *Essays* are seldom *Master-Pieces*; and the
 ' Praises I bestow upon the King, being the first
 ' true and sincere Commendations I ever gave, I
 ' can be no Wonder I had no better Success. As
 ' for those you bestow upon me, they are an in-
 ' genious *Irony*, of which Rhetorical Figure, I was
 ' formerly so great a Master, that the *Mareschal*
 ' of *Clerembaut* thought no Body but my self capa-
 ' ble to vye with you in it. *However*, You ought
 ' not to have employ'd it against a Man, who has
 ' lost the Use of it, and who is so entirely your
 ' Humble Servant as I am.

1680.

He afterwards compos'd a little Piece upon
 FRIENDSHIP, which *Madam Mazarin* caus'd
 to be printed in *London*, and maliciously En-
 titled it, *FRIENDSHIP without Friendship*, De-
 dicated to the *Earl of St. Albans*. *Mr. de St. Evremont*
enquires, in the first Place, into the Reason
 why the greatest Men of Antiquity, such as *Alci-
 biades*, *Agessilaus*, *Alexander*, *Scipio*, and *Julius Cæsar*,
 were so little addicted to the Love of the Fair Sex,
 whilst that Wise and Learned King, *Solomon*, made
 it the constant Amusement of his Life. He afterwards
 endeavours to Justify that Prince's Conduct; and
 supports his Arguments by the Examples of *Syphax*,
 the Emperor *Augustus*, *Mr. de Senecterre*, and the
Mareschal d' Estrées, who, even in their Old Age
 abandon'd themselves to the Love of Women.
However, adds he, notwithstanding these Absurdities,
 I should highly Value a Man, who should have such
 strength of Judgment, as to preserve the Relish of Liber-
 ty to the end of his Life. Not that an absolute Inde-
 pendence is commendable neither: For it generally pro-
 duces

es Indifference and Ingratitude. Let us therefore
ally avoid Slavery, and entire Liberty, and content
selves with a sweet and civil Affection, as agreea-
to our Friends, as to our selves. If one requires of
more than a warm Concern, for the Interests of those
Love; more than my little Assistance, as inconsidera-
as it is, in their Necessities; more than Discretion in
Conversation, and Secrecy in Confidence; let him
art other Mens Friendship; for mine can afford no-
ing more. He shews afterwards, what Disorders
sometimes produc'd by what is call'd Friend-
; and makes it appear, that there are diffe-
rent sorts of Friends, equally dangerous and trou-
esome. He gives the true Character of Friend-
; and observes how much that Virtue has
been recommended by the Philosophers and good
Men of all Ages. In the last Place, he takes No-
tice of the Inconveniencies that arise from too
great a Number of Friends; both in relation to
our selves, and with respect to those we profess to
love.

Mr. de St. Evremond used to pass the Summer
season with the Court at Windsor; where he often
convers'd with Mr. Vossius, who being come over
into England, in the Year 1670, had receiv'd his
Degrees of Doctor at Law, and whom the King
made one of the Prebends of Windsor, in 1673.
Madam Mazarin was also very much pleas'd with
the Conversation of that Learned Man; who of-
ten eat at her Table, and of whom She used to
ask Questions, on all manner of Subjects. I shall
take this Opportunity to give you a Sketch of
Isaac Vossius's Character, which you have desir'd of
me. He Understood most European Languages;
and Spoke well none of them. He had an im-
mense Stock of Learning; a critical and profound
Knowledge of the Genius and Customs of ancient
Nations: But was entirely Ignorant of the Man-
ners

ners of his Cotemporaries. He was Pedantic and Unpolite, even in his ordinary way of Speaking; expressing himself in Conversation, as he might have done in a Comment upon *Juvenal*, or *Petronius*. At the very time he was Writing Books to prove that the Version of the *Septuagint* was of Divine Inspiration, his private Discourses intimated that he believed no Revelation at all. The unedifying manner in which he * died, leaves no room to doubt his being of that impious Opinion. For notwithstanding all the Care and Endeavours that were used, he could never be induced to acknowledge, tho' in general Terms, the Truth of Christianity; about which he obstinately persever'd a profound Silence. And yet, which is hard to be comprehended, He had a childish and foolish Credulity for any thing that was uncommon, fabulous, and past Belief. These are the very Words of Mr. de St. Evremont, † who had long enough convers'd with *Vossius*, to know him thoroughly. After this, how can any one pretend, That the Free-Thinkers, have refin'd Minds; wean'd from Prejudice; and which admit nothing but what is exactly True, and palpably Evident!

1681.

Mr. *Justel* retir'd, with his Family, into England, towards the end of the Year 1681, in order to enjoy here the Liberty of his Conscience, and was, some Time after, made the King's Library-Keeper at St. James's. Nevertheless, he still regretted the Sweets of Life he had left behind him in France, and often lamented himself upon

* *Isaac Vossius* died at London, the 20th of Febr. 1688. Mr. Wood is mistaken in his *Athena Oxonienses*, wherein he says, he died at Windsor.

† In his Discourse to the *Mareschal de Crequi*, before mention'd. Pag. LXX.

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f *Mazarini*
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* Mr.
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Pedantic upon that Subject ; which gave Mr. de St. Evre-
 of Spea and occasion to write to him a pretty long Let-
 n, as he r, wherein he defends the Romish Church like a
 urvenal, gentleman, with a great deal of Wit and Polite-
 ing Book ells ; and without engaging himself in the liti-
 int was ous Subtleties of the Divines.

Not long after, Mr. Morin, a Man of obscure
 intimat birth, and who had no other Merit, than his be-
 The up ing a great Gamester, brought over Basset into En-
 leaves g and ; and generally kept a Bank at the Dutchess
 Opinion of Mazarin's who loved that Game passionately.
 ndeavour Mr. de St. Evremond wrote thereupon several Pic-
 ed to a es, wherein he complains, That Basset suppress'd
 Truth the Reading of Good Books, and spoil'd agreeable
 uly pre Conversation. Here follow some of those Verses,
 which which you will find the Characters of the Learn-
 ildish and d Men, who then made up part of that Lady's
 mmon, fo Court.

1682.

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HAPPY the Time when Reason rul'd your House,
 The kind Companion of your softer Vows :
 Wisdom and Pleasure, did your Hours employ,
 To Learning those were gi'v'n, and these to Joy.
 Of China, * Vossius a grave Treatise brings,
 Divine the Nation, and her Thousand Kings :
 Old Rome, as in his spacious Chart design'd,
 You Forty Times as big as Paris find.
 Justel crys up the Critick, Learn'd and Clear,
 Where the Dark Prophets in such Light appear,
 That the Old Law may Vindicate the New ;
 Invited by your Fame, applies to you.

H 4

Here

Mr. 1688
 herein he
 before

* Mr. Vossius was extremely prepossess'd in favour of China ;
 pretending, That the Chinese excell'd all the Europeans in
 Wit, Arts, and Sciences. Nor was his Prejudice less extraor-
 dinary as to the Bigness and Number of Inhabitants of ancient
 Rome.

Here safe Pere Simon's † Works he may display,
 And give to Light, what France forbade the Day.
 Leti * the Life of the Fifth Sixtus brings,
 For you th' Historian Writes, and Poet Sings;
 From Leti you may Hope another Name;
 His narrow Talent will enlarge your Fame.
 What do these Scholars by their Learning gain?
 What by the Labour's of their working Brain?
 Of late a Nod they scarce receive, and now
 'Tis much, if they a Curts'y meet, or Bow:
 Neglected now on Mazarin they look,
 For now Basset's, alas! her only Book.
 She knows them not, and if she knows, regards;
 Basset's her Study, and her Book's the Cards.
 Aside are Plutarch, and Don Quixot thrown,
 Racine disgusts, and Montaign's Credit's gone;
 Patru's Impertinent, and la Fontaine,
 Has the same Fortune, with his sporting Vein.

1683.

There happen'd in the Year 1683, an Accident, with which the Dutches of Mazarin was extremely affected. Baron Banier, a Swedish Gentleman, fell passionately in Love with that Lady, who was not Cruel to him: At which Prince Philip of Savoy, her Nephew, conceiv'd so great Jealousy, that he fought a Duel with the Swedish Baron, and gave him a Mortal Wound, of which he died a few Days after. His Relations fail'd not Prosecuting Prince Philip, who was possess'd

† The CRITICAL HISTORY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT was in the Year 1678, prohibited at Paris; and Father Simon despairing to obtain a Privilege for his CRITICK on the New Testament, design'd to send it to his good Friend Mr. Justel, to have it Printed at London.

* Signior Gregorio Leti, Author of the Life of Sixtus the Vth, and an infinite Number of other Historical and Political Pieces, was at that time in London.

Monsieur de St. Evremond.

cv

Several great Benefices in *France*; so that as
Madam *Mazarin* was disconsolate for the Loss of
her Lover, she was no less apprehensive for her
ephew, lest he should be condemn'd, and lose
his Church Preferments. She caus'd her A-
partment to be hung with Black: and hardly ad-
mitted the Visits of her best Friends. In short,
she express'd such a solemn Sorrow, that Mr. *de St.*
Evremond did make no doubt of her leaving *En-*
land, in order to return into *Spain*, and pass the
remainder of her Life in the same Convent with
the Constable *Colonna's* Lady, her Sister. This
appear'd the more likely, because the Duke of
Mazarin had sent over into *England*, Mademoiselle
du Ruz, formerly a Retainer to his Dutchesse,
who used all her Endeavours to entertain and
cherish her Grief, and engage her to retreat into
a Monastery: Whereupon, Mr. *de St. Evremond*
wrote Three or Four Letters to Madam *Maza-*
rin, wherein he omitted nothing that might afford
her Comfort, and divert her Thoughts from a De-
sign so inconsistent with her Happiness and Re-
pose. He made to her a lively Representation of
all the Inconveniencies and Disgusts of such a So-
litude; and told her, That in the present Dispo-
sition her Mind was in, it would be impossible for
her to bear with them. 'Indeed, *says he*, if you
were touch'd and acted by a particular Grace,
that should devote you to GOD's Service, the
Hardship of your Condition might be excus'd
by the Ardour of your Zeal, which would make
every thing insupportable to you: But you
are neither Convinc'd, nor Affected; and you
must even learn to believe in him whom you are
going to serve so austerely. You will not only meet
with all the Hardships that attend Nuns, but
will miss the Spouse that comforts them. The
being one Day in Doubt about the Happiness
of

of another Life, is sufficient to cast into Despair the chafteft Maid in a Nunnery : For Faith alone strengthens her, and makes her capable to support the Mortifications she undergoes. Who knows, Madam, whether you will believe but one Quarter of an Hour, what she must ever believe to avoid being Unhappy ? Who knows whether the Idea of a promis'd Felicity, will ever be powerful enough to beat you up against the Sense of present Ills ? That in the midst of the Universe where the Contemplation of the Wonders of Nature will lead you to his Knowledge, on whom it depends. The Sight of the Sun will make you comprehend the Greatness and Magnificence of Him that form'd it; That wonderful and just Order which knits and entertains all Things, will bring you acquainted with his Wisdom. In short, Madam, in this World which you design to quit, GOD lies all open and ready explain'd to our Thoughts : Whereas He lies so close in Monasteries, that He rather conceals, than discovers Himself; and is so disguis'd by the mean and unworthy Forms under which He is represented, that the most Inlighten'd, have much ado to Know Him.

You will not Wonder, SIR, to find, that *Madame de St. Evremond* allows the Dutchess so small a Stock of Devotion, if you reflect that in her MEMOIRS we are assured, That Cardinal *Mazarin* had early perceiv'd her Inclination to Irreligion. One of the things, says the Dutchess, she was most dissatisfied with us * for, was Devotion. You

cannot

* Meaning, the Dutchess of Mazarin, her self; her Sister, who afterwards married the Constable Colonna; and her Brother the Duke of Nevers,

cannot imagine how much he was concern'd at our having little on't ; Nor did he omit any Argument he thought proper to Inspire us with it. Among the rest, complaining once to us, because we did not hear Mass every Day, he told us, we had neither Piety, nor Honour : At least, said he, if you don't hear it for GOD's sake, hear it for the † World's. But if these were the Dutcheſs of Mazarin's Sentiments, when she was hardly past a Child, there's no doubt to be made, but her Irreligion increas'd by the Duke her Husband's extream Bigotry and fantastical superstition ; and afterwards gather'd Strength in her Travels, by her Conversation with Men of Wit and Learning, who entertain'd very free Thoughts about Religion. 'Twas, therefore, upon good Ground, that Mr. de St. Evremond represented to her, That she had need of more Knowledge and Grace, before she should think of turning Nun. She follow'd the Advice that was given her ; her Nephew was clear'd ; and Time having moderated her Sorrow, she had no further Thoughts of leaving Great-Britain.

The Dutcheſs having recover'd a great Fit of Sickness in 1684, said one Day, jesting, She should be glad to know, what People would say of her, after her Death ? This was sufficient to engage Mr. de St. Evremond to write her Panegyrick, under the Title of FUNERAL ORATION on the Dutcheſs of Mazarin : Wherein he takes notice of her Birth ; of the Illustrious Persons that demanded her in Marriage : Of the Motives that induc'd the Cardinal, her Uncle, to bestow

† See Madam Mazarin's Memoirs. pag. 15, 16.

bestow her on the Duke of la * Meilleraye, and what Judgment the Court pass'd upon it ; of the Duke's foolish and ridiculous Devotion ; of the Usage Madam Mazarin receiv'd at his Hands which at last, forc'd her to go away from him and to sacrifice all her Riches to her Liberty and Reason ; of the several Journeys she was oblig'd to take ; of her return to Chamberry ; of her coming into England ; of her kind Reception, and of her noble and agreeable Way of Living here. Madam Mazarin, says he, is no sooner arriv'd in one Place, than she sets up a House in it, which causes all the others to be abandon'd : One finds there the greatest Freedom in the World, and yet all observe an equal Discretion : Every one has there more Conveniencies than at Home, and more Respect paid him than at Court. 'Tis true, People dispute there often ; but with more Knowledge than Warmth : Not so much with design to contradict Persons, as to clear Matters, and rather to enliven Conversation, than raise the Spleen. What they play for is inconsiderable, and as they play only for Diversion, you cannot discover in the Faces of those that play there, either the Fear of Losing, or the Sorrow for having Lost. Nay, some are so far disinterested, that they are found Fault with for Rejoycing at their Losses, and concern'd at their Winnings. Gaming is relieved by most delicious Repasts ; in which one finds all that comes from France, for the Nice ; all that's brought from the Indies, for the Curious ; and the most common

* He did it on Condition, that he should take the Name and Coat of Arms of Mazarin.

common Meats become Rarities, by the exquisite Way in which they are dress'd.

He wrote afterwards Two little Discourses on RELIGION: In the first of which, he shews the unhappy State of those who live in Doubt; the Advantages of the sincerely Devout; and the various Judgments that are pass'd on those who leave the World, for a retir'd or recluse Life. He endeavours to shew in the other Piece, That Religion is our last Love; and that a Converted Sinner, generally intermixes the Idea of his worn-out Passions, with the most tender Sentiments of his Devotion.

Mr. de St. Evremond made about that Time some OBSERVATIONS on the Taste and Judgment of the French. He observes in the first Place, that tho' the Genius of the French seems generally to be what it is, it is certain, that those who distinguish themselves among them, are capable of the most Noble Productions: But, adds he, when they know how to perform, we know not how to admire them; and if we have done Justice to some excellent Work, our Levity does not suffer it to enjoy long the Reputation we have given it. He wonders, that in so Polite a Court as that of France, Good and ill Taste, True and False Wit, should, like Fashions in Cloaths, be in Vogue by turns. He gives some Instances of these odd and unaccountable Changes; adding, That the Ignorant or prejudic'd Multitude, generally drowns the small Number of true Judges. There is no Country, continues he, where Reason (or Sence) is scarcer than in France; but when 'tis found there, none puter in the whole Universe. He says afterwards, That the Caprice of the French has something so Noble in it, that Foreigners forego their good Sence, to follow that; and takes notice of the considerable Advantages France draws from that Prepossession in their Favour.

Mr.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* sustain'd a great Loss by the Death of King *Charles II.*; and as he did not so much rely on the Affection of King *James*, altho' this Prince had shewn himself extream Kind to him, he desired his Friends to renew their Endeavours to procure his Return to *France*. The *Mareschal de Crequi* advis'd him to write to the King, and promis'd to deliver his Letter, and to back it to the utmost of his Power; but it had no more Effect than the former. We did not find that Letter in Mr. *de St. Evremond's* Papers; but here follows that which he wrote, at the same time to the *Mareschal de Crequi*.

‘ I send you herewith, my Lord, the Letter you have advis’d me to write to the King, and which you have so obligingly, promis’d me to deliver to His Majesty. You will find in it a perfect Submission, and a sincere Repentance of a Fault, of which I have no other Knowledge than by the Punishment I undergo for it. This alone, is to me a Conviction of my Crime : I did not know that the King punishes no Body that has not deserv’d it, I should be still unsensible of my having offended. As the Affections of the Heart cast a Cloud before the Understanding ; so the Zeal I felt within me for every thing that concerns the King, did not suffer me to believe that I could displease him. A little less Confidence in my Zeal, and more Precaution, would have made me stay in France, where I should have had the Honour to converse with your Lordship ; which would have been the greatest Happiness of my Life. But a Man must adapt himself the best he can to the State he is in, without seeking a vain Comfort in the Remembrance of his past Condition. After all, I cannot account my self very Unhappy : If Fortune has depriv’d me of a small Estate

Estate, she has afforded me a glorious Trial : I mean, my Lord, the Proofs I receive of your Friendship, which I find as Warm and Hearty, after Five and Twenty Years Absence, as it could have been if I had the Honour constantly to be with your Lordship.

As for the Advice you give me to Praise HIS MAJESTY, you will give me Leave not to follow it. Your Affection for me, makes you fancy, that I could give an agreeable Turn to his Praises : But I know how dangerous it is to commend a Prince, who has more Taste and Discernment, than those who commend him have either Wit or Genius. Most Praises are Gross, and therefore Fulsome ; Affected, and so Disagreeable ; Far-Fetch'd, and consequently Ill-Suited with the Subject : I must have fallen into one or other of these Inconveniencies ; and I chuse rather not to praise at all, than not praise well. 'Tis a great Presumption for a Man to think, he can set off Things, that sufficiently set off themselves. They need but be named, to make an Impression on Men's Minds. When ever they are mention'd, I am the first that's affected with them ; But I do not venture to launch out into Praises, that might wrong them ; and I think I do more in their behalf, by carefully avoiding to daub them, than others by curiously endeavouring to heighten them.

Mr. de St. Evremond wrote about this Time, his REFLECTIONS on the Poems of the Ancients, and on the Wonderful which is found in them. He shews in that first Piece, That how admirable soever Homer's Poems be, yet a Man would be ridiculous if he should write one after that Model in our Age, wherein every thing is chang'd, as Religion, Politicks, Manners, Taste, and Ways of

of Living. In the other Piece he shews, That the *Wonderful* in the Poems of the Ancients, abstractedly consider'd in it self, is little less strange and odd, than that of *Knight-Errantry*; and that the Poets have committed the most infamous Actions to the Management of their Gods and Goddesse. This gives him occasion to examine Two Maxims that seem to contradict one another: The one That Poetry is the Language of the Gods; the other That there is not such a Fool in Nature, as a Poet.

Mr. Bernier came about this Time into England and Conversing often with Mr. de St. Evremond, the Esteem they had both for *Gassendi*, the Restorer of the Philosophy of *Epicurus*, generally led their Discourse to the Doctrine of that ancient Philosopher. This gave Mr. de St. Evremond occasion to write a little Piece, wherein after having acknowledg'd, That of all the Opinions of the Philosophers about the *Summum Bonum*, or the Supreme Good, none appears to him so reasonable as that of *Epicurus*: He adds, that it is, however, no easy matter to determine, what he means by the Word *Voluptuousness*: Such is the variety of Opinions among the Ancients, about the *Morals* of that Philosopher. He afterwards relates the Judgments that have been pass'd upon him, both by his Enemies and Partisans; and without giving absolute Credit to either, examines himself what can be most rationally asserted upon that Subject. He does not believe that *Epicurus* design'd to introduce an austere and insensible Voluptuousness, consisting in the Mortification of the Senses: For he thinks that such a Voluptuousness is more rigid than the Virtue of the Stoicks; and he cannot apprehend, That a Philosopher, who did not believe the Immortality of the Soul, and knew no other Felicity than that of this World, should be willing to mortify his Senses, and chuse

Diet upon Bread and Water, in order to attain the Supreme Happiness of Life. I wonder, adds he, they don't determine the Voluptuousness of such an Epicurus in Death; For to consider the Misery of his Life, one could be apt to think that his Supreme Good must be the ending of it. Mr. de St. Evremond is of Opinion, that Epicurus was a very wise Philosopher, who, according to different Times and Occasions, loved either Voluptuousness in Quiet, that is Indolence; or Voluptuousness in Motion: And that this difference of Voluptuousness, has occasion'd the various Reputation, that Philosopher has undergone. He afterwards takes notice of the great Changes which Age and Reflection produce both in our Opinions and Humours; and adds 'tis no wonder, that in so great a variety of Views, and Passions, Epicurus who has written more on any other Philosopher, hath variously treated the same Subject, according as he has differently view'd it, and been affected with it. He is therefore of Opinion that we ought to consider him differently, when in Health and the vigour of Youth, from what he was in Sickness and old Age. In the first State he enjoyed with Economy the most lively and most rapturous pleasures; and when he became Infirmary and languid, he had no relish but for the Indolence and Tranquility of Mind, in which the Happiness of old Age consists. Mons. de St. Evremond had address'd this Piece to Mons. Bernier; but Madam L'Enclos having some time after desired to know of him, whether he was the Author of some REFLECTIONS on the Doctrine of Epicurus, that were printed at Paris with his Name, he sent her that Dissertation; and Mons. Bernier being lately Dead, he address'd it to that Lady, under the Name of the Modern Leontium. She desired to know of him likewise, what disposition

his Mind was in, at that time, whereupon he sent her the following Sonnet :

*The sweetest Moments I enjoy,
Are when good Books my Thoughts employ:
When I apply my self to write,
'Tis not my Business, but Delight.*

*My Taste of Satyr is no more,
And I malicious Praise give o're:
But when with Truth I can commend,
'Tis pleasant then to please a Friend.*

*Far from France my Life I lead,
Far from Plenty, far from Need;
With my vulgar Fate Content,
And the little Heav'n has Lent.*

*Vertue, if not sow'r, I choose;
Pleasure, if not wild and loose,
Life I love, but do not fly
At Death's Approach, nor fear to die.*

1686. Monsieur de St. Evremond's Friends in England had a mind to procure him an Employment at the Court of King James II; and thereupon the Earl of Sunderland, President of the Council and Secretary of State, propos'd to that Prince to create in his favour a Place of Secretary Extraordinary to His Majesty, whose Province should be to write Letters in French to the other Princes and States of Europe. The King approved my Lord Sunderland's Motion: But Mons. de St. Evremond, who thought it did not become him to accept such an Office, did handsomely decline it, telling that Prime Minister, he was oblig'd to him for his Kindness; and desired him withal to return His Majesty his humble Thanks for

the Honour He intended him: adding, he would account himself very Happy to be able to serve Him; but that a Man of his Age ought to think of nothing, but to Husband well the small Remainder of his Days, and spend it in Ease and Tranquility.

The Discourse he compos'd at that Time, On Retirement, contains several Reflections on the ordinary Defects of old Men, and on the Reasons that ought to induce them to leave the World. Monf. de St. Evremond observes, that of all Retirements, none were preferable to a Monastery, if there were allow'd the necessary Conveniences for the Body, and a reasonable Satisfaction for the Mind. He wishes there were establish'd Societies, whither Gentlemen might retreat, after they have done the Publick all the Service they are able; and where they might Relish both the Joy of a Pious Solitude, and the Innocent Pleasure of a polite and agreeable Conversation. He afterwards relates what the Mareschal de Clerembault thought about Retirement; adding, that as for himself, 'altho' he be persuaded, that there are Times, wherein 'tis the highest Pitch of Wisdom for a Man to retreat; nevertheless he trusts more to Nature than to Reason for his Retirement. 'Tis by her Impulse, continues he, that amidst the World I now retire from the World it self. I am still in it, as to what pleases me in it; but am out of it, as to what Incommode, me. I daily steal away from troublesome Acquaintance, and tiresome Company: I daily seek a sweet Interchange with my Friends, and place my greatest Delight in their Nice Conversation. After the Rate I Live, 'tis neither a full Society, nor yet an absolute Retreat; but an Innocent Confinement to what suits best with me. Disgusted with Vice as too gross, and Offended with the Practice of Vertue as too austere, I take up with harmless Diversions, agreeable to the Repose of Old Age.

Age, and affecting me only in Proportion to the degree of the pleasurable Sensibility I am capable of. He says much the same Thing in the Stanza's he made on the Happy Beginning of King James the II^d Reign.

1687

The Dutches of *Bouillon* being come over into *England* in the Year 1687, to give a Visit to the Dutches of *Mazarin*, her Sister, the celebrated Mr. *de la Fontaine* wrote to her a very genteel and witty Letter; which, at her Desire, Mr. *de St. Evremond* answer'd for her: And this was Acknowledg'd by a Letter of Thanks from Mr. *de la Fontaine*, no less valuable than the other. That Author (I mean Mr. *de la Fontaine*) had gain'd so great a Reputation in this Country, that My Lady *Harvey*, and some other Persons of extraordinary Merit, having, some Years after, been inform'd, that his Circumstances were but indifferent at *Paris*; they resolv'd to Invite him hither, where he should have wanted nothing; and tis very likely he would have come over, had he not been hindred by the Infirmities of old Age. The next following Year, Mr. *de St. Evremond* wrote to Dr. *Le Fevre*, a London Physician, his intimate Friend, what he thought concerning the Accounts of *Siam* of the Chevalier *de Chaumont*, Father *Tachard*, and the Abbé *de Choisi*. By this Piece it appears, that he had no great Idea, either of *Confucius*, or of *China*; but he speaks more particularly of that Country, in the Letter he wrote about that Time to Monsieur *Fustel*, upon occasion of the Dispute between Mr. *Limborch* and the Jew *Orobio*.

You know Sir, that in the Year 1685, there was publish'd the *Life* of the Mareschal *de Turenne*, said to be written by Mr. *du Buisson*, first Captain, and Major of the Regiment of *Verdelin* *.

* See
Tom. 1.
† Turenne
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That Officer's Friends caus'd it to be dis-
own'd in the *Journal des Savans*; and the House
of Turenne was so dissatisfied with it, that they
resolv'd to pitch upon some good Pen, to write
the Life of that Great Captain. The Cardinal de
Bouillon, who was not ignorant that Mr. de St. Ev-
remond was Skill'd in the Military Art, and doubt-
ed not but he had Studied the Genius of the most
celebrated Commanders of his Time, desired him
to send him the Mareschal de Turenne's Character,
that it might be made use of towards his History.
Mr. de St. Evremond wrote thereupon a little Piece,
where in the first Place he mention'd by what
Steps the Mareschal de Turenne rais'd himself to the
Command of an Army. He shews what particu-
lar Esteem the Prince of Condé had for him, and
with what Application he endeavour'd to improve
himself. not only by his Actions, but also by his
Conversation and Reflections. 'I remember, says
he, he ask'd him one Day, *how he would manage*
the War in Flanders? Make but few Sieges,
'answer'd the Mareschal de Turenne, and give
'frequent Battles. When you have once render'd
'your Army Superior to the Enemy's, both by
'the Number and Goodness of the Troops;
'(which you have almost done by the Battle of
'Rocroy;) when you are once Master of the open
'Country, Villages will serve you instead of forti-
'fied Towns; But Men rather Place their Honour
'in Reducing a Fortrefs, than in the means of
1 3 , making

* See Mr. Bayle's Reponse aux Questions d'un Provincial.
Tom. 1. p. 224.

† 'Tis said for certain, that the Abbé Ragueneau is about it;
and as he will, undoubtedly, be furnish'd with Good Memoirs,
that Life, will in all probability, be quite different from
that he has given us of Oliver Cromwell, in which there are
scarce fewer Falsities than Periods.

' making an easie Conquest of a whole Province
 ' If the King of *Spain* had laid out in Maintaining
 ' ing Troops, what he has Expended, both in
 ' Men and Money, to make Sieges, and Forti-
 ' fying Places, he would by this time, be the
 ' most potent King on Earth. *Mr. de St. Evremond* mentions some of the *Mareschal de Turenne's* great Actions; shews what important Services he had done the Court during the Civil Wars; and makes afterwards some Reflections on his Zeal and Affection for the Publick Good, and the Honour of his Country; on his improvement of the Military Discipline; on his Conduct in relation to Cardinal *Mazarin*; and, in the last Place, on the Marks of Esteem and Gratitude with which the King Honour'd him, even after his Death; His Majesty having order'd him to be Interr'd at *St. Dennis*, in the Vault of the Kings of *France*. *Mr. de St. Evremond* acquaints us in that Piece, with a Particular which perhaps you will be glad to find in this Place; which is, that the *Mareschal de Turenne* allow'd Fortune no Share in Events of War, but was of Opinion that the Loss of a Battle was ever to be ascrib'd to the ill Conduct of the Generals. When a Man boasts, said he, that he has committed no Faults in War, he perswades me that he has not been long a Soldier. He said likewise, that he lost the Battles of *Mariendal* and *Rhetel* only for not strictly observing the Maxims of War. Are not you, Sir, extreamly pleas'd with so Noble and so Elevated a Sentiment!

Mr. de St. Evremond revised at that time, the Parallel between the Prince of *Condé* and the *Mareschal de Turenne*; which he had rough-drawn during his stay in *Holland*. A Fragment of it had been inserted in the *Memoirs towards the Life of the Prince of Condé*, which were printed in *Paris* five Years

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ears ago, in a Collection of *Miscellanies* publish'd
der the Name of Mr. *de St. Evremond* ; But
u will find that Piece entire in the Genuine
dition of his Works we have publish'd.

The most Christian King intending to declare
war against *England* in the Year 1689, laid to
ount *de Grammont*, that Mr. *de St. Evremond* might
urn to France, and he would be welcome. Those
ho had powerfully oppos'd his Return were
ad and gone : And the King being at Liberty
follow his Natural Inclination, did, at last
r. *de St. Evremond* the Justice he deserv'd. Be-
les, His Majesty was apprehensive, that it
ight be dangerous for him to stay in *England* ;
nd thought *France* was the only State he could
etire to, all the rest of *Europe* being in Confe-
eracy against him. Count *de Grammont* acquainted
im with this good News ; his other Friends Con-
ratulated with him upon it, and press'd him to
ome over into *France* : But they were very much
urpriz'd, when they saw he excus'd himself. He
nswer'd Count *de Grammont*, that he had a deep
ense of Gratitude for the Favour his Majesty in-
ended him, and would have readily accepted it,
vere he in a condition to enjoy it ; but that
ne Infirmities inseparable from old Age, did
ot permit him to undertake such a Journey, and
o leave a Country, where, after all, he lived very
greeably and comfortably. He had Reason to
ay so : For King *William* ever honour'd him
with his Protection and Kindness ; made him
often a Sharer of his Pleasurable Entertain-
ments ; and gave him, more than once, solid
Marks of his Favour. That Prince had also a
great Regard for the Dutchess of *Mazarin*, who,
at that time, found her self in very hard Circum-
stances. Some Parliament-Men would fain have
had her sent out of *England* : But the King took

1689.

her under his Protection, and allow'd her Pension of two Thousand Pounds a Year. 'Tis true the Duke of *Mazarin* powerfully sollicited her to return to *France*, which she would readily have acquiesc'd in : But she could not leave *England*, without either paying the Debts she had Contracted here, or, at least giving Security. In the mean time, the Duke of *Mazarin* enter'd an Action against her ; and upon a Supposition that she was free to leave *England*, if she pleas'd she was cast by a Decree of the Great Council. She might, perhaps, have secretly retir'd out of this Country ; but she was too generous to leave her Creditors in the Lurch. The P L E A D I N G which Monsieur *Erard*, the Duke of *Mazarin*'s Council at Law, made against her, was printed at *Paris* some time after the Tryal of that Cause was over ; and bore three or four Editions ; but did not come to the Dutcheſs's Hands till the Year 1696. She was so enrag'd at the virulent Manner in which she was expos'd in that Writing, that she caus'd an Answer to be written to it ; but having communicated the same to Mr. *de St. Evremond*, he found it too long and too passionate, and took upon him to new model it. He design'd to have retrench'd all violent Expressions against the Duke of *Mazarin* ; but the Dutcheſs oppos'd it, saying, *she knew very well, a Wife ought not to go from her Husband ; and therefore nothing but a lively Representation of his Exorbitancies could justify her to the World.* Nor would she suffer the Duke's Council to be spared, for bearinging, added she, *transgress'd the Laws of Truth, Judgment, and Decency, in relation to her.* Moreover, she complain'd of him to the Dutcheſs of *Bouillon*, who having caus'd Mr. *Erard* to be tax'd with it, he endeavour'd to excuse himself in a Letter to the Duke of *Caderousse*, which was transmitted to

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Adam de Mazarin. Mr. de St. Evremond's Answer to Mr. Erard's Pleading, was publish'd in London in the Year 1696 ; with a Preface written by the Reverend John * Dubourdien, containing a genteel Encomium on the Dutcheſs of Mazarin ; tho' somewhat abridg'd and amended by Mr. de St. Evremond.

The latter wrote about that time a Copy of Verses on the War then Raging in Europe. After having mention'd the several Potentates who had entered into a Confederacy against France, and taken notice of the different Motives that united them ; he presages that whatever Efforts that great Kingdom was able to make, it would not be possible for it to resist so powerful Enemies : And the Reason he gives for it, is because France had not, as before, Generals consummate in the Art of War, to oppose them :

In France, indeed, tho' threatned thus, you'll find
Vigour and Conduct in her Councils join'd.
She'll early arm : for Peril she'll provide :
And mighty Fleets shall in her Harbours ride ;
While num'rous Armies she at Land prepares,
And fires their Courage by her equal Cares.
Her Heroes had she not Intom'd beheld ;
Those Chiefs, who over-rul'd the bloody Field ;
Were they still living, she'd controul the War ;
And vanquish'd Nations might attend her Carr :
But to her Grief, Great Turenne is no more ;
And ne'er shall Condé hear the Canon roar.
Crequi's expired ; nought but his Name Survives ;
And Schomberg for another Monarch lives.

To

* The same who has publish'd a Learned Dissertation on the Theban Legion.

To those Great Men she ow'd her florid State ;
 Their Prudence ne'er gave Way to Turns of Fate :
 While they were running their Triumphant Race,
 Secure she lived from Danger and Disgrace.
 But doubtful, by their Loss, will be her Doom;
 For Fortune now will her own Right resume.

Monfieur de St. Evremond did not live to see the Accomplishment of his Prophecy for France found means to maintain her Ground during the last War. The time of her Humiliation was not yet come : And Heaven, it seems had decreed that the Repose and Liberty of Europe should be owing to the Piety, Wisdom, and Greatness of our August QUEEN : Under whose Glorious Auspices the EUGENES and the MARLBOROUGHS are to the Allies, what the CONDES and the TURENNES were formerly to France.

1692. The Dispute which arose in France about the Ancients and the Moderns, was often the Subject Matter of Conversation at the Dutchess of Mazarin's : And because Mr. de St. Evremond generally commended our best French Authors ; this gave that Lady occasion to engage him to write his Judgment on Mr. Perrault's PARALLEL, and on Malherbe, Voiture, Sarrafin, Benferade, Corneille, Racine, Despreaux, and la Fontaine. He also wrote about that time a Copy of Verses, wherein he maintains, that as to Philosophy, Wit, and Galantry, the Moderns excel the Ancients.

1693. The Dutchess of Mazarin being fallen Sick in 1693, Mr. de St. Evremond wrote a DIALOGUE in Verse, between the Old Man, that is, himself, and Death : Which, as was very well

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erved by Learned * Men, is an Imitation of the
logue of the Alcestes of Euripides; tho' it sur-
its Original by the Delicacy of the Turn, and the
Satyr that runs through it. The Question is,
ether any Body will die for the Dutchess of Maza-
? And this gives the Author occasion to muster up
the Friends, of both Sexes; of the Illustrious Sick
ty; that is to say, almost the whole Court of Eng-
d. Their Characters are touch'd with a Masterly
nd.

Mr. de St. Evremond being included in the Tax
Parliament had laid on Bachelors, he took
m thence occasion to write a Copy of Verses
of fire and Humour. Nor is there less of either
the Answer he wrote about that Time to the
istle which the Abbé de Chaulieu had address'd
the Dutchess of Mazarin; and which contain'd
le else besides an Encomium upon Mr. de
Evremond. That ingenious Abbé had compa-
him to Ovid; to which he answer'd thus:
There's no Comparison, but what's disobliging
o you; there's no advantageous one, which I
may claim with Reason. That of Ovid does not
ute with me. He was the most Witty and the
most unfortunate Man of his Time: And I am
ot like him, either as to Wit or Misfortunes.
He was exiled among Barbarians, where he made
ine Verses; but so Melancholy and Doleful,
that they raise as great Contempt for his Weak-
ness, as Compassion for his Disgrace. Where I
m, I see daily the Dutchess of Mazarin; I live
among very Sociable Persons, who have both
a great deal of Merit, and a great deal of Wit; I
make very indifferent Verses: But so very Gay,
' that

1695.

* See the MEMOIRES pour l' Histoire des Sciences et
beaux Arts; Janv. 1706. p. 30. printed at Trevoux.

' that they make my Humour to be envy
 ' while they expose my Poetry to Contempt.
 ' have too small a Stock of Money ; but I love
 ' be in the Country where there's Plenty of
 ' Besides, it fails us with our Lives ; and the co
 ' sideration of a greater Evil, is a sort of Remedy
 ' against a lesser. Thus you see I have several
 ' Advantages over Ovid. 'Tis true he was more
 ' Fortunate at Rome with JULIA, than I have
 ' been at London with HORTENSIA : But
 ' the Favours of Julia were the occasion of
 ' Misfortune, and the Rigours of Hortensia
 ' not make a Man of my Age uneasy.

1696.

Count de Grammont fell dangerously ill in the
 Year 1696 ; of which the King being informed
 and knowing besides that he was accounted
 to be inclin'd to Libertinism ; he was pleas'd
 to send to him the Marquis of Dangeau to put him
 in Mind to take care of his Soul. Hereupon
 Count de Grammont, who was near Expiring
 turning towards his Wife, who had ever been
 very devout Lady, told her, *Countess, if you don't*
look to it, Dangeau, will rob you of my Conversion.
 Mademoiselle de l'Enclos having afterwards writ
 ten to Mr. de St. Evremond, that Count de Gram
 mont was recover'd, and even seem'd to have
 turn'd Devout ; I have learn'd, answered he to her
 with a great deal of Pleasure, that Count de Gram
 mont has recover'd his former Health and gain'd more
 Devotion. Hitherto I contented my self with being
 downright Honest Man ; but something more must
 be done, and I only wait for your Example to turn De
 vout. You live in a Country that affords admirable Advan
 tages for Salvation: Where Vice is almost as opposit
 to the Mode, as to Vertue ; and where Sinning pass
 for ill-Breeding, and clashes as much with Decency
 with Religion. It was formerly enough to be Wicked

one must be a Scoundrel withal, to be Damn'd in
 nce. Those who have not Sufficient Consideration
 the other World, are led to Salvation by the Regards
 Duties they lie under in this. Mr. de St. Evremond

soon after congratulate with his Friend
 in the News of his Recovery; and in
 er to divert him, sent him his EPITAPH,
 the End of which he inserted his one
 CHARACTER.

After having read, says he, the EPITAPH
 Count de Grammont, if thou art curious to
 know him that made it, I shall give you his
 character. He's a Philosopher equally distant
 from Superstition and Impiety: A Voluptuary,
 who has no less Aversion for Debauchery, than
 inclination for Pleasure: One who never felt the
 pressure of Indigence, and was never acquainted
 with Plenty. He lives in a Condition, despis'd
 by them that have all at Command; Envied
 by those who have Nothing; and Relished by
 those who place Happiness in Reason. When
 young, he hated Profuseness, being persuaded
 that Wealth is necessary for the Conveniences
 of a long Life: Now he's Old, he can hardly
 endure Thriftiness and Oeconomy; being of
 Opinion, that Want is little to be dreaded, when
 Man has but little Time to be Indigent in.
 He blesses Nature, and does not complain of
 Fortune. He hates Vice; is Indulgent to
 Faults; and pities Misfortunes. He does not
 pry into Men's Defects with design to expose
 them, but only culls out what's Ridiculous
 in them to make himself Merry with it: He has
 a secret Pleasure in finding it out; and would
 make a greater in Discovering it to others,
 were he not over-ruled by Discretion.

Life, in his Opinion, is too short to read all
 sorts of Books, and burden one's Memory with

Abun-

' Abundance of Things at the Expence of
 ' Judgment : He does not affect the most learn
 ' Writings, to acquire Knowledge ; but the m
 ' Rational, to fortifie his Reason. Sometimes,
 ' looks for the most Delicate, to refine his Tast
 ' sometimes for the most entertaining, to enliven
 ' Genius. To make up his Character, I m
 ' describe him as to his Friendship, and Religio
 ' In Friendship, he is more Constant than a Phil
 ' sopher ; and more Sincere than a good-nature
 ' unexperienc'd Young Man. As to Religion

' Justice and Charity supply the Place
 ' Of rigid Penance, and a formal Face.
 ' His Piety, without inflicted Pains,
 ' Flows easie, and Austerity disdains.
 ' God only is the Object of his Care,
 ' Whose Goodness leaves no Room for black Despair :
 ' Within the Bosom of his Providence,
 ' He places his Repose, his Bliss, and sure Defence.

He also congratulated with Count Grammont
 upon the Jest he had with his Countess during
 his Sickness. *Hilberto*, says he to him, you ha
 been my **HEROE**, and I your **PHILOSOPHER** ; We shared each those rare Qualities ;
 you now have got them both ; for you have robb'd me
 my Philosophy. I could wish to be dead, so I had
 dying, what you said agonizing : **COUNTES**
IF YOU DONT LOOK TO IT
DANGEAU WILL ROB YOU OF
MY CONVERSION.

1697.

The **HISTORICAL** and **CRITICAL**
DICTIONARY was brought
 to England the next Year : And give me leave, S
 to tell you here, that the Dutches of *Mar*
 was charm'd with that Work ; and that all Pe

of Wit and Diſcernment in London, entertained a particular Eſteem for it. Mr. de St. Evremond peruſed it with ſo much Pleaſure and Satisfaction, that the Abbé Renaudot's JUDGMENT, or CRITICISM upon it, being fallen into his Hands, he deſign'd to answer: But that Abbé's Performance being a meer declamation, he thought a bare delicate Irony would be ſufficient to confute it. The Reader will be more particularly in a Letter Mr. de St. Evremond Honoured, me with, when he ſent back to me the Second Edition of the CRITICAL DICTIONARY, which I had lent him, how much he was affected with the Beauties of that Work, and how much he valued its Author.

I have already acquainted you, SIR, that in the Year 1668, there had been printed in Paris ſome of Mr. de St. Evremond's Works, but full of Faults, that he ſcarce could know them to be his own. I ſhall add in this Place, that nevertheless thoſe Pieces were ſo well received by the Publick, that the Bookseller uſed all poſſible Means to get others; and in order to ſwell up the Volumes, he Inſerted in them ſeveral Treatiſes and Writings in which Mr. de St. Evremond had not the leaſt Share. He complain'd of this Trick; but more like a Gentleman than an Author: I have a great Diſadvantage, ſays he to Mademoiſelle de l'Enclos (who, as I obſerved before, ask'd him whether he was the Author of the REFLECTIONS on the Doctrine of Epicurus, that were fathered upon him) I have a great Diſadvantage in theſe little Treatiſes that are printed under my Name. There are ſome good Performances which I do not own, becauſe they don't belong to me; and amongſt my Writings they have inſerted abundance of Impertinent things which I can't take the Trouble to diſown. At my Age, one

Hour

Hour of Life well managed, is of more Consideration with me, than the Concern of an indifferent Reputation. With what Difficulty a Man parts with Self-Love! I quit it as an Author; I resume it as a Philosopher, finding a secret Pleasure in Neglecting, what others earnestly Pursue.

By this, SIR, you find that Mr. de St. Evremont was not very fond of the Merit of being an Author, and that he look'd on the Applause of the Publick with indifference. How lame and mangled soever his Works were published, he never took the Pains publicly to disown them. He contented himself with telling his Friends in Conversation: *He wish'd that none of his Writings had ever been published. The World would not see in them, added he, several Faults of which I am sensible my self, and which I might have avoided: But writing only for my self, or to please my Friends, I did not affect Nicety. However, continued he, they ought to have printed those Pieces, as I had written them, and have left no other but my own Faults in them: but they have made such Alterations in them, that I am an absolute Stranger to my own Works. These Faults are so Numerous, and so Considerable, that you would scarce believe it, if I did not give you an Instance. In the Piece entituled Friendship without Friendship, Mr. de St. Evremont had writ what follows:*

' And this is the common Fate of Love and Friendship, grounded on the Heart. As for those just and reasonable Ties, over-ruled by Judgment, there's no Rupture to apprehend: For either they last for Life, or insensibly wear off, with Discretion and Decency. It is certain that Nature has placed in our Hearts a Loving Faculty, (if I may so speak) some secret Principle of Affection, some hidden stock of Tenderness, which opens and communicates it self in Time: But, &c.

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* Vol. I

Now, see what he is made to say, in the English Translation of his Works, Printed in the year 1700, for Mr. Churchill *, altho' it was done from a printed Copy in which Mr. de St. Evremond had made some Corrections, as will be said hereafter :

And this is the common Fate of Love and Friendship. But if the Heart grounds its Affection upon solid and solid Reasons, there is no Rapture to be apprehended : For either it lasts so long as a Man lives, or it insensibly breaks off with Discretion and Speed. It is certain that Nature has placed in our Hearts something Gay and Laughing, some secret Principle of Affection, which conceals its own Tenderness from others ; but opens and communicates it self to friends. But, &c.

Was there ever more egregious Nonsense ? And indeed when I reflect on the prodigious Number of Faults that had crept in those Works of Mr. de St. Evremond, I cannot but wonder how they came to be receiv'd with so much Applause. This must be owing to the prevailing Number of shining Beauties : However, as it was well known that he had no share in the publishing of his Works, and that the Booksellers had foisted in amongst them several supposititious Pieces, he ought not to have been made accountable for what he had no hand in ; as was done in a Book entituled, DIS-
 SERTATION sur les Oeuvres Mesiées de M.
 de St. Evremond ; avec l' Examen du Factum qu'il
 a fait pour M. la Duchesse de Mazarin, contre Mr. le
 Duc de Mazarin son Mary ; That is, a Disertation
 on the Miscellaneous Works of Mr. de St. Evremond,
 K &c.

1698.

&c. The Author disguised himself under the Name of *Dumont*: But you know, Sir, his true Name to be *Cotolendi*; and that he is the same who publish'd a Volume of insipid Jest, under the Title of *ARLEQUINIANA* *. It was thought that Mr. *Erard*, being nettled by the shrewd Jest Mr. *de St. Evremond* had pass'd upon him in the Answer to his Pleading, engaged the *Sieur Cotolendi* to write that Criticism, and that he had himself a great share in it.

Mr. *de Bauval*, who had that Piece transmitted to him, wrote to Dr. *Sylvestre*, desiring him to acquaint Mr. *de St. Evremond*, that he had receiv'd from *Paris* a Criticism on his Works; but that he thought it his Duty not to take Notice of it in his Journal of Literature, before he had consulted with him: And let him know, at the same Time, that some Body at *Paris* was writing an Answer to that Criticism. Hereupon Mr. *de St. Evremond* desired Dr. *Sylvestre* to return Mr. *de Bauval* his grateful Thanks for his Civility. I have not yet perus'd, adds he, the Criticism of what People call MY WORKS. Several of those little Pieces are, indeed, of my own Writing, but a far greater Number are not; and in those that are really so, it is hard to believe, how many Things have either been added, or left out. I am not apprehensive of that Criticism: For it is either just, and so, I shall mend; or it is ill-grounded, and in that Case I shall be satisfied with the Author's being in the wrong. What I am afraid of, is the APOLOGY you mention: Mr. *de Bauval* having Friends and Correspondents every where, and his Merit having gained him a great Interest with all the Learned, he will infinitely oblige me in preventing the Printing of that Zealous Apology.

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* See the Advertisement prefix'd to the THEATRE ITALIEN de Gherardi; and Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s APOLOGY, Page last but one of the Preface.

Some time after, Dr. *Sylvestre* sent that pretended Criticism to Mr. *de St. Evremond*, who made the following Judgment upon it. 'I send you back, said he, the CRITICISM on my Works: I have perused it with Attention and yet am at a loss whether I ought to complain of, or thank its Author. To go about, as he says, to undeceive People, who for fifty Years have been deceiv'd by my Writings, is to shew a Zeal for the Publick which is not very obliging to me: But, at the same time, 'tis making me a sort of Conjuror; and, perhaps there may be more Merit in thus deceiving the Publick for so many Years, than in undeceiving them. The stress of his Criticism chiefly consists in taking Notice of my intricate Expressions: And I might take his Censure for a good Piece of Advice; since it concerns me to have my Thoughts understood. I'll give him Counsel for Counsel: Let his Thoughts be less clear; for they are too easily seen through. Common things make us regret the time we bestow on perusing them: Whereas delicate Thoughts, give a nice Reader a Satisfaction, both in his own Judgment and Taste.

'I own, I contradict my self sometimes. I commend Constancy in a Lady whom I believe to have an Affection for me: And I advise her to be fickle, who has a kindness for another Lover. I am neither of the same Humour, nor, the same Opinion at sixty Years of Age, as I was at Thirty; or at Fourscore, as I was at Sixty. Another Contradiction this!

'After all, I find in that Criticism several Things justly censured; many Digressions, on Occasion of what he says, to what he makes the Bishop of *Meaux*, the Bishop of *Nismes*, Mr. *Despreaux*, Father *Bouhours*, and other Moderns,

' say. I cannot deny he writes well: But his
 ' Zeal for Religion and good Morals exceeds
 ' all; and I should gain less by exchanging my
 ' Style, than my Conscience with his.
 ' I have a great value for his Exactness in Criti-
 ' ticks. He makes it his Business to censure
 ' even Treatises, that are none of mine; and
 ' Faults in such as are, that I never committed.
 ' 'Tis true, he sometimes gives me too much
 ' Praise: So that all things consider'd, Favour ex-
 ' ceeds the Severity of Censure. And I may sincerely
 ' averr, that I entertain more Gratitude for his
 ' Mildness, than Resentment for his Rigour. He
 ' may already have the Satisfaction to see how
 ' I improve by his Lectures on Christianity. Au-
 ' thors never forgive; no, not the Philosophers,
 ' nor even the Saints. Yet as Ignorant, as Pro-
 ' phane as I am, I not only forgive Mr. Dumont,
 ' but take kindly his Criticism. I should not
 ' think my self so far oblig'd to one that shou'd
 ' write my APOLOGY: For I hate indi-
 ' scret Zeal, and am more ready to disown
 ' what might be said to my Praise, than to my
 ' Discredit.

That APOLOGY was, however, pub-
 lish'd at Paris not long after, with this Title,
 APOLOGIE des Oeuvres de M. de St. Evre-
 mont, &c. That is, APOLOGY for the Works
 of Mr. de St. Evremond, with his Elogy and Cha-
 racter, and a Dissertation on the Criticisms, &c. Mr.
 Boyer de Ruviere, a Lawyer, was the Author
 of this Piece, which Mr. de St. Evremond having
 perus'd, he gave his Judgment upon it in these
 Words. I like, says he, very well the DIS-
 COURSE ON THE CRITICISM. The Author writes well: But I am a Stranger
 to my self in the Picture he makes of me. Had

* See
 in 1704.
 † The
 Evremon
 ** Se
 314. &c

he flatter'd me less, he would have represented me better. I am, however, very much oblig'd to him, for his Zeal, and Care. Tho' I could free my self from any Engagement of Gratitude, by saying, that he wrote in behalf of another Person. Mr. Cotelendi did not answer that APOLOGY: But in some Measure to revenge himself on Mr. de St. Evremond, for the Judgment the latter had pass'd on his Criticism, he publish'd in the Year 1701, a wretched Rhapsody, with the Title of SAINT-EVREMONIANA, pretending it to be a Collection of several Things which some Persons remembred to have been spoken by Mr. de St. Evremond. This puts me in mind of the Abbé Cotin, who wrote a paltry Satyr, and afterwards spread it about, under the Name of Mr. Boileau Despreaux. Now since you desire to know the Authors of some of the Works father'd upon Mr. de St. Evremond; I shall communicate to you what I hear from Paris, viz. That the MEMOIRES de la Vie du Comte de **, publish'd in 1696; are written by the Abbé de Villiers *, so well known by his Art de Precher, and several other Compositions. That the Volume printed in 1700; with the Title of NOUVELES Oeuvres Meslées de Mr. de St. Evremond †, was publish'd by the Abbé Raguénat: and that the Abbé Pic is the Author ** of the Book entituled, RECUEIL d'Ouvrages de Mr. de St. Evremond qui n'ont point encore esté publiez; Printed by Anisson in 1701.

K 3

Mr.

* See the Recueil de Pieces Fugitives, &c. Printed at Paris in 1704. Part I. Page 114.

† There was in this Volume several Pieces of Mr. de St. Evremond's Writing.

** See the PIECES Fugitives, ubi supra. Part II. p. 314. & seqq. 1.

1699. Mr. *de St. Evremond*, sustain'd a great Loss, by the Death †† of the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*, whose Conversation was, ever agreeable to him, tho' he was sometimes oblig'd to bear with her ill Humour : For the Circumstances to which she was reduc'd, had somewhat sower'd her Temper; and she was, besides, naturally Fickle and Capricious. But she had so many excellent Qualities, that these Defects were hardly to be perceiv'd. I shall not, in this Place, either draw her Picture, or write an Encomium upon her : Mr. *de St. Evremond* having done both in many Places throughout his Works *†. She certainly deserv'd a better Fate. During the first four Years of her Marriage, she carried her self with such Modesty and Strictness, that she was propos'd as a Pattern for a good Wife; and there's Reason to suppose that her Conduct would still have been the same, had not the Duke of *Mazarin's* Behaviour forc'd her to go from him. You desire, SIR, to know what Thoughts she entertain'd of Religion at the point of Death; and I am sorry to tell you, that she preserv'd to the last, the same Sentiments which Mr. *de St. Evremond* ascribes to her in one of his Letters †. He was so touch'd at her Death, that for a long time, he could not speak of her, without expressing his Sorrow.

His Friends in *France* renew'd at that time, their Endeavours to draw him over to them; upon a Belief, that having lost one of the strongest Ties he had in *England*; he might easily

†† She died the 22, of June, 1699.

*† See also the LETTER at the End of the MEMOIRS of the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*.

† See above, p. cv.

I be persuaded to return Home. But he desir'd
 them to consider, that a Man of his Years could
 hardly change Climate without impairing his Con-
 stitution ; that therefore he had no Thoughts of
 leaving a Country, where he was pretty well in
 Health, and had still many Friends, to transplant
 himself, as it were, into a new World : And af-
 ter all, that his Circumstances were such, as did
 not permit him to leave *England*. You could not,
 said he to the Marquis of *Canaples*, now Duke of
Lesdiguières, who had writ to him to comfort him
 upon the Death of the Dutchess of *Mazarin*, and
 solicit him to go over into France ; You could
 not give me better Proofs of your Friendship, than upon
 this occasion, when I want the Tenderness of my Friends,
 and the Strength of my own Reason to support me under
 my Affliction. If I were but Thirty Years of Age, it
 would be difficult for me to retrieve such a Charming
 Conversation : And now, Old as I am, it is altogether
 impossible to make it up. Yours, My Lord, and that
 of some Persons who are still concern'd for me, would
 indeed be a great Relief to me at Paris ; and I should
 not delay to go and seek it, if the Infirmities of extream
 old Age were not a great Obstacle to it. Besides, what
 should I do at Paris ; but either bide my self, or appear
 with various Horrors about me ; often Sick, ever In-
 firm, and Crazy with old Age ? These are good Rea-
 sons for me not to leave *England*. The strongest is, that
 the small Estate I have, could not cross the Sea with me ;
 for it would be impossible for me to draw it from hence.
 'Tis true that's next to Nothing ; but then it's upon that
 Nothing I Live. The Dutchess of *Mazarin* Ow'd me
 once eight Hundred Guinea's, of which she died four
 Hundred in my Debt. Indeed, she dispos'd of what I
 had more than my self : For the Extremities to which
 she was reduc'd, are not to be conceiv'd. However, I'd
 freely give all I have left, provided she were alive.
 You lose in her one of your best Friends ; and you can't

Imagine how much she has been regretted, both by private Persons, and the Publick. She had such an indifference for Life, that there's Reason to believe she was not loath to part with it. The English who excell all other Nations in the Point of Dying, ought to look upon her with Envy.

I came to England about that time, and having the Honour to converse pretty often with Mr. de St. Evremont, I solicited him several times to give the Publick a correct Edition of his Works. But he still declin'd it; and I was afterwards inform'd, that his best Friends could not prevail with him in that Particular. He told me himself that the Marquis de Saissac had offer'd him three Hundred Guineas, if he would revise his Writings; and give them to him with a short Preface in which he should own them to be genuine. Monsieur de Barillon would have given him a Hundred Pounds for the single COMEDY OF THE OPERA: Which he design'd to get acted at Paris, provided he had made some small Alterations in it. The Sieur Barbin, a Paris Bookseller, desir'd him also to send him his Picture, with his Works, or at least, to let him know what Pieces were not of his Writing, in the Volumes he had publish'd under his Name: But he contented himself with taking Notice to him of some of those Spurious Pieces, and excused himself as to the rest. Several other Attempts were made upon him, on the same score; but all in vain.

1700.

However, as nice and difficult as Mr. de St. Evremont was in the Publishing his Works, yet when his Friends desir'd him to mark in the Books that had been father'd upon him, such Pieces as were none of his, he seldom refus'd them that Favour. Nay, he sometimes made small Corrections in those he own'd; and 'twas upon a Copy thus corrected, that in the Year 1700, Mr. Churchill publish'd

publish'd the English Translation of the Works that had been father'd upon him. He desir'd Mr. de St. Evremond to do me the same Favour; and he not only mark'd in my Copy such Pieces as were Genuine, but made considerable Amendments in the other: And he likewise gave me the Explanation of several Places, relating to some Passages to which I was a Stranger.

The next Year, Mr. de la Motte wrote to me from Amsterdam, that a Bookseller of that City, who had already printed what was call'd the Works of Mr. de St. Evremond, was about Printing a New Edition, of the same, from a Copy in which Mr. de St. Evremond had mark'd the Pieces he disown'd. I answer'd Mr. de la Motte, I thought I could procure a more exact Copy than what his Bookseller was made to expect; whereupon the latter desired me to communicate it to him, which I did some time after. I had put together, and in some Order, all the Pieces that had been publish'd under the Name of Mr. de St. Evremond, and which were really his. I had corrected them by my Copy; added to them some Pieces not yet publish'd; and Illustrated some Passages with necessary Notes.

This, Sir, since you desire to know it, was the Nature of the Copy I transmitted to Holland: I must add, that in this I had two Things in View; One, to let the Publick know, which were the genuine Works of Mr. de St. Evremond, and how much they had been abused; and the other, hereby to engage Mr. de St. Evremond to publish himself a compleat Edition of them from his own Manuscripts. In order to that, I acquainted him some time after, with what I had made bold to do without his Privity; and the Copy I had sent to Holland not being yet put to the Press, I repre-

1701.

1702.

1703.

represented to him, that it were much better to publish at once all his Works, such as he had then in Manuscripts, and as Correct as possible, than to print them at several Times, and Piece-meal. He, at First, seem'd averse to it: But some time after, he alter'd his Mind, and was pleas'd to pitch upon me, to revise with him his Manuscripts and put them in Order. He told me likewise he would mark what was fit to be printed, and what not; For he was not for Printing every thing he had written. Hereupon I wrote to the *Amsterdam* Bookseller to forbear Printing the Copies I had sent him; because altho' it was infinitely better than what had till then, been publish'd, yet it came far short of the Original, which I was in hopes to be able speedily to give the Publick. That Bookseller, like Men of his Trade, who have nothing but their private and present Interest in view, did not wholly acquiesce in my Reasons, and so publish'd a good Number of the Pieces I had sent him. But give me leave, *SR*, to break off that Detail, and refer you to what has been said about it in one of our *French Journals* *.

As soon as Mr. de St. Evremond was pleas'd to express himself in the Manner above-mentioned, I began to transcribe his Manuscripts, and communicated to him the Copies I made of them. I also desired him to put the finishing hand to the Corrections of the Pieces that had been printed, and of which he had lost the Originals. When we read them together, I took care to get such proper Names restored, as were either suppressed, or mark'd by one single Letter. And I Inform'd my self of the time and occasion

* See NOUVELLES de la Republique des Lettres, *Avril*, 1704. pag. 163.

which each Piece had been written ; and of Allusions to Passages not generally known, and other particular Circumstances. His advanc'd Age and Infirmities giving me Reason to apprehend that he had not much time to Live, I made all possible haste : and we had gone through the Review of his Works, a few small Pieces excepted, when I was obliged to go and pass two or three months in the Country.

In the mean while, Mr. de St. Evremond, who some time had been troubled with a Stranguer, found himself, on the sudden, very much weakened, through frequent want of Rest, occasioned by his Distemper ; and what was yet worse, his Stomach, which ever was very good, now began to fail him. Hereupon, he often express'd a desire to see me ; and even charged St. le Fevre to write to me to come to him as soon as possible : But his Letter having been long in the Road, I soon after receiv'd a Second, with the melancholy News, that Mr. de St. Evremond died the 9th of September, 1703 ; having made a Will whereby he dispos'd of his small Estate to his Servants, the Poor †, and some of his Friends, amongst

† The Preamble to that Will and Testament, which was dated the 24th of August 1703, runs thus : ' I under-signed Charles de St. Denis le Guast, Lord of St. Evremond, of the Parish of St. James's Westminster, being in sound Mind, Memory, and Understanding, and being willing to dispose of such Goods as I shall be possess'd of at my Death : In the first Place, I implore GOD ALMIGHTY'S Mercy, and Surrender my S O U L into his Hands. I leave to the Executor of this my last Will the Care of Burying my Body, without Pomp, in such manner as he shall think most fitting. I bequeath to the Poor French Refugees the Sum of Twenty Pounds Sterling : I also bequeath to the poor Roman Catholicks, or of any other Religion, the like Sum of Twenty Pounds Sterling, &c.

mongst whom he did me Honour to place. Sometime before, he had given to my Lord George *phin*, High Treasurer of *England*, as a particular Mark of his Esteem and Gratitude, a Manuscript Volume of his Works, containing a great Number of Writings, which he had communicated to none but his Intimate Friends. He had also given Dr. *Sylvestre* another Manuscript, in which were several Pieces of his own Writing. He mention'd neither his Books, nor his other Manuscripts in his Will; but, after his Death, they were by Order of the Earl of *Galway*, whom he had appointed his Executor, put into the Hands of Dr. *Sylvestre*, to whom he had promised them.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* died Ninety Years, Five Month's, and Twenty days Old; and was according to his Desire, buried without Pomp, in the Abbey or Collegiate Church of *Westminster*; Famous for the Tombs of the Kings of *England*, and of great Numbers of Persons that have distinguished themselves by their Learning, Ingenuity, or Military Valour. He is interr'd in the Nave of the Church, near the Cloyster, in the same Quarter where *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, *Cowley*, *Cambden*, *Casaubon*, *Dryden*, and other celebrated Men are buried. His Bust, (or Carved-Head) was afterwards placed over his EPI T A P H, which is engraven in a white Marble-Stone, affix'd to the Wall over-against the Place where his Body lies, and of which I send you herewith a Draught.

How great and acute soever were the Pains he felt during his Sickness, he bore them with a Tranquility of Soul, and Resolute Firmness as may be envied by Philosophers of the first Rate.

† See the End of this LIFE.

* Thus he knew his

he preserv'd to the very last a lively Imagination, a solid Judgment, and a faithful Memory.

You have, S I R, already perus'd the Picture of *St. Evremond* made of himself, some Years before his Death: Which 'twere altogether superfluous to repeat here; and therefore I shall content my self with adding to it some Strokes which will compleat his Character.

MR. DE ST. EVREMOND had blue, lively, and sparkling Eyes; a large Fore-head; thick Eye-Brows; a handsom Mouth; but a delicious Sneer. His Lips and Physiognomy were agreeable and denoting a Sharp-sight; his Stature Tall; his Shape well proportioned; and his Gait noble and firm*. Twenty Years before his Death, a Wen grew between his Eye-Brows, which in time, encreasing to a considerable Bigness, he once design'd to have it cut off; but as it was no ways troublesome to him, and he little regarded that outward Deformity, Dr. *Le Fèvre* advis'd him to let it alone, lest such an Operation should be attended with dangerous Symptoms in a Man of his Age. He would often make merry with himself on account of his Wen, his Leather-Cap, and Grey Hair, which he chose to wear rather than a Perwig. His Manners were civil and polite; his Conversation lively and pleasant; his Repartees quick and happy: No Man ever read, or told a Story better than he. His Raillery had all the Fineness imaginable; and he made use of Irony in so ingenious a manner, that *Mareschal de Clerembaut*, was hinted before, thought none but Count

* Thus was Mr. de St. Evremond described to me by all such who knew him in his Prime.

d' Olonne, could stand in Competition with him for Mastery of that Rhetorical Figure.

He had naturally a strong inclination to Satire, but used it with Caution and Reserve, particularly towards the latter End of his Life; rather chusing, as he intimates himself, to *tell obliging Truths, than to give malicious Praise.* It were a great mistake to take in earnest and literally all the Encomiums he has bestowed on the Dutchess of *Mazarin*: For they are generally mix'd with much Raillery; or seasoned with a quick and smart Satirical Stroke. That Dutchess was so persuaded that this was *Mr. de St. Evremond's* true Character, that she used to call him by way of Banter, *the old Satyr.*

He always spoke of his Disgrace with such Firmness and Resolution, as became a Gentleman; and whatever strong Desire he had to leave again his own Country, he never begg'd leave to return Home, in a mean and cringing Manner.

His Humour was ever Gay and Merry; and his Sprightliness was so far from declining towards the latter End of his Life, that it seem'd rather to gather fresh Strength; Of which you will find Instances in the Works he wrote about that time. He was extream fond of the Company of Young People; and delighted to hear the Stories of their Adventures: His Mind being agreeably entertain'd with the Idea of such Diversions, as he was not able to enjoy.

Altho' he did not pretend to over-rigid Morals, yet he had all the Qualities that make up the Character of a Man of Honour. He was generous and grateful; and no Man was ever more concerned than he at the Affliction of the Unfortunate, or had a greater Stock of Humanity and Good-Nature; which appears from his very

Writing

Writings. He did not slightly contract Friend-
ship : But when he had once thoroughly relish'd
any Body's Conversation, he knitted with him
the strongest and sincerest Amity that could be
desired.

As for his *Religion*, concerning which you de-
sire to be inform'd, I must acquaint you, that
he ever profess'd the *Romish*, in which he was
born. Nevertheless you assure me, that he was
presented to you as a *Libertine* or *Free-
thinker*, chiefly because during his last
sickness, he constantly refused to admit any
Priests to come to him: But as to this Particular, as
you desire me, at the same time, not to write any
thing about a Matter of so great Importance,
at what I am an Eye-Witness of, I may tell
you, that I have already answered you, by ac-
quainting you, that I was, at that time, in the Coun-
try. As for his ordinary Conversation, I can safely
affirm to you, that while I had the Happiness
to be in his Company, which was more than
once, he never let fall any *Libertine* or in-
decent Expression against Religion; and that he
could hardly bear that any Body should droll upon
it. Nay, he was so far from that ill Turn of Wit,
or *Libertinism*, that he could have wish'd there were
several Punishments inflicted on all who either
pretend to dogmatize against Religion, or endea-
vour to turn it into Ridicule. He used to say,
that bare Decency, and the Regard due to one's
superiors and Fellow Citizens, will ever keep a
Man of Judgment and good Breeding, from that
polish and extravagant Humour. Which Senti-
ment is very commendable; and you will, un-
doubtedly agree with me, S I R, that it bespeaks
a very favourable Opinion of Mr. de St. Evre-
mond.

What

What I told you in the Beginning of these Memoirs shews, that he had a great deal of Learning and Erudition: But his Erudition was polite and suitable to a Person of his Profession, and Quality.

He did not read indifferently all that is extant of the Ancients, and never charg'd his Memory with their Words and Phrases: But applied himself most to those Authors, that are most judicious and nice; Studying to find out their true Genius and the Beauties of their Works. He also loved to discourse about our best Modern Authors, and to be acquainted with the Particulars of their Lives and Circumstances. Being one day talking of his Lodgings of the famous ROMANCE OF THE ROSE, and one in Company saying that *Abelard* was the Author of it, I told him that it had ever been fathered on *William of Lorris* and *John Clopinel*, Sirnamed *de Meun*, and that 'twas the easiest thing in the World to prove it. Some days after *Mr. de St. Evremond* desired me to communicate to him the Particulars I knew concerning that Matter, whereupon I sent him the Testimony of our best French Writers, digested into the Form of a Letter, which I have made bold to insert among his Works, to undeceive them who father that celebrated Romance upon *Abelard*: Tho' I must frankly own to you, SIR, that I had particularly in my Eye the *Abbé Belmonet*, who to have the Honour of breaking a Lance with you, bethought himself of Criticizing upon you, in relation to that Affair *.

Never

* See ESSAYS de *Literature du Mois de May* 1703 p. 301, *Holl, Edition.*

Never was any Man more modest, and less puffed up with his own Productions than *Mr. de St. Evremond*. He was, indeed, the reverse of those Self-conceited Authors, who blindly believing their Works to be altogether free from Faults, either never consult any Body, or impatiently bear the Criticisms of their Friends, when through Decency, they are oblig'd to ask their Advice. He heard with Pleasure the Objections rais'd against his Compositions; desired his Criticks to suggest him something better than what they disapproved; and never fail'd mending his Faults, when he thought another Man had hit better than himself.

He was a passionate Lover of Musick; and having some skill in the Composition, he set the *DYLLS*, *PROLOGUES*, and other pieces, of which he had made the Words, and which were sung at the Dutchess of *Mazarin's*: Tho' as to *Symphonies*, he left that Part to be perform'd by *Mr. Paisible*, or some other able Musician.

Let this suffice, as to *Mr. de St. Evremond's* Person: 'Tis now time, *SIR*, to take notice of his *WORKS*. Not that I design to write here a Criticism upon 'em: Such an Undertaking would be rash in me; and besides you never desired any such thing from me. Neither shall I speak of his style, which has undergone various Judgments. It is certain, that *Mr. de St. Evremond* was ever look'd upon as one of our politest and most judicious Writers; and this Justice which the Publick does him, sets him, without Contradiction, above the Censure of some private Persons. Nor is it a mean Praise for him that *England*, who is so jealous of the Honour of her own Authors, has placed him on the same Level with *Montaigne*, *la Bruyere*, *Fontenelle*, *Despreaux*, and some other French Writers

Writers whom she does not think inferior to the best Genius's; she has produc'd.

Good Judges are of Opinion that his Poetry does not come up to the Beauty of his Prose; and that his Verses want both Turn and Harmony; but they own, at the same time, that his Thoughts are so happy and delicate, that one can't read them without a great deal of Pleasure. He would it seems, have succeeded better, had he writ only upon Subjects of gaiety, and Humour. For he has compos'd some Pieces that were which are not much inferior to the best Performances of our most celebrated Poets. I must add in Mr. de St. Evremond's behalf, that he had no fond Prepossession in favour of his Poetry as you have undoubtedly observ'd: But nevertheless he thought he might sometimes indulge his Fancy in Setting his Thoughts to Rhyme. Besides, he pretended that the severity of Rules in our French Versification, had been strain'd too high, and that Poetry was enervated, by over-polishing it. Nor could he endure that the Thought should be Sacrificed to Rhyme; and the Energy of Expression, to a fine Cadence of Words. In short, he thought himself the less oblig'd to submit to the rigorous Laws of our Poetry, in that he wrote only either to amuse himself, or divert some private Friends. I own, says a Learn'd Critick *, that there are in Mr. de St. Evremond's Verses, some Expressions that are like Prose; but I see no Reason, why we should not be allow'd to use them, in French, in the kind of Irregular Verses; when Horace took the same Liberty in Latin, in his Satyrs; which he call'd
S E R M O N E S, or Discourses, intimating that he design'd to write in the Stile commonly used in Conversation

* Mr. Le Clerc, BIBLIOTHEQUE Choise, Tome II. p. 332, 333.

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tion ; and even in his EPISTLES. As for in-
 pid, mean and false Thoughts, or a frigid Stile, these,
 indeed, deserve no Favour. One will find in Mr.
 St. Evremond's Verses the same Nicety of
 Thoughts, and Force of Expression, which are
 observable in his Prose. If all his Poems are not
 equally Entertaining, 'tis, I suppose, because
 most of them relate to certain Circumstances, of
 which few Readers are inform'd. They, for
 instance sake, who are not acquainted with the
 Humour* and Character of that famous French
 Gamester, Morin, and never saw him keep a
 Casset-Bank at the Dutchess of Mazarin's, can-
 not be affected with what Mr. de St. Evremond has
 said about him. What's most fine and delicate,
 either escapes the notice of such Men, or appears
 insom and insipid to them ; but they who were
 acquainted with the Person Mr. de St. Evremond
 was in View, are charm'd with the lively Picture
 he gives of him, and his Ingenious way of
 turning him into Ridicule. This, as I have
 inted more than once, is the Fate of all such
 performances as are calculated only for a small
 number of Friends and Acquaintance*.
 Mr. de St. Evremond's Manuscripts, having, as was
 before related, been deliver'd into the Hands of
 Dr. Sylvestre, he thought himself thereby engag'd
 to publish them, and at the same time, to give the
 World a compleat Edition of all his Works: But
 my Lord Galway being inform'd of what I had
 already done towards it, with Mr. de St. Evremond,
 and that the best part of the Materials was ready
 prepared, his Lordship intimated to me, that he
 would take it very kindly of me, if I would
 go on with that Work, jointly with Dr. Sylvestre,
 and

(* K 2)

* Most of Mr. de St. Evremond's Poems being of that
 kind, it was thought fit not to insert them in this English
 Translation of his Works.

and in concert with him publish that Edition. Dr. Sylvestre made the same Request to me ; and as you are, S I R, no Stranger to his Merit, you may easily judge, how glad I was of having such a Partner.

Mr. de St. Evremond, as I hinted before, had lost several of his Composures. He told me, that before he came out of France, he left with the Marechal de Turenne two pretty large Volumes of Manuscripts of his own Writing ; which he could never recover. When he went from England to Holland, he left his Papers in the Custody of his good Friend Mr. Waller : But upon his Return, he found that most of them were lost, during the Plague that raged in London ; and among the rest, above seven Chapters of the REFLECTIONS on the different Genius of the Roman People, which could never be recover'd ; and Mr. de St. Evremond would not take the trouble to write them anew*. He thought he had lost likewise several Pieces, which were found since his Death, in the Hands of some other of his Friends ; and which we have collected with all possible Care. The Duke of St. Albans was pleas'd to communicate to us two Manuscript Volumes he had from the Dutchess

* Some time after the Printing of the first original Edition of Mr. de St. Evremond's Works, I desired Mr. Waller's Son to look amongst his Papers for some of Mr. de St. Evremond's Composures. And, besides some Pieces that had already been printed, he found Part of the REFLECTIONS on the different Genius of the Roman People, containing most part of the Chapter immediately preceding those that are lost, and in which are several things not inserted in the French Edition ; but which will be found in this English Translation. Those Papers which Mr. Waller found, are all written with Mr. de St. Evremond's own Hand.

of Mazarin. My Lord Godolphin did us also the Favour to lend us his Manuscript. Dr. Le Févre gave us several Pieces that were found among that Dutchess's Papers: And we got three written Volumes from the Widow of Mr. de St. Evremond's *Amanuensis*. Thus we had several Pieces which he wanted himself; and some times found in our Hands four Copies of the same Piece. We carefully collated them together; and when there happen'd to be any Difference between them, we ever preferr'd the Copies he had revised to the other; and his last, to former Corrections. However, we did not think it proper to publish all the Works we had of him: For some of them related to such private Passages, that long Comments had been requisite to make them understood; nor would even that, perhaps, have been sufficient to make the Readers sensible of all their Beauties.

We have, as far as possibly we could, placed each Piece according to the Order of Time in which it was written: Which Method has so many Advantages, that 'tis matter of Wonder it has not been follow'd by all *Editors*. For, the Works that have been written about the same time, being thus Contiguous, and generally relating to the same Circumstances, they mutually Illustrate one another. Besides, as some Pieces may relate to things that are no more in Being, the Readers would be at a loss, did they not exactly know the Period of time in which they were written. In short, such a Chronological Order of an Author's Composesures gives us a kind of History of his Life, Humour, Sentiments, and way of Writing. I own 'tis pretty difficult to observe such a Method, especially when the several Pieces bear no Date; for in such a

(* K 3)

Case

Case one may easily mistake ; and while I was writing these Memoirs, I took notice my self of several Faults of that kind *. It is however to be observ'd, that Mr. de St. Evremond sometimes corrected his Composures a long time after he had writ them ; and made Additions to them that had no Reference to the Time in which they were first written. In such a Case, we thought our selves at Liberty to place them indifferently in either of these Periods, as we Judg'd most proper ; or we have taken Notice of such Differences in a Marginal Note.

I have likewise explained by NOTES a vast number of Passages, which could not otherwise have been well understood. No Body, SIR, is more sensible than your self of the Necessity of Commenting thus upon our Authors, such especially as have made Ingenious Composures. For they writ a thousand Things relating to certain Passages and Circumstances, that are known to very few People ; which Allusions they understand perfectly well for whom such Pieces are originally intended, but are meer Riddles to others. Nay, it may from hence come to pass, that Thoughts which an Author never dreamt of, may be father'd upon him, to his Disadvantage : Of which I beg leave to give you an Instance. Mr. de St. Evremond begins one of his Letters to Mademoiselle de l'Enclos in this manner : *Your Life, my Dearest, has been too Illustrious not to continue the same to the last. Let not, Madam, the Duke de la Rochefoucault's Hell affright* you !

* This has oblig'd us to place in the present English Translation several Pieces in a different Order, from that in which they were publish'd in the French Edition.

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 u ! This was an imaginary Hell, contrived only for a
 Moral Reflection. Speak therefore boldly the Word
 love ; and let not that of old Woman ever come
 of your Mouth. 'Tis no easie matter to apprehend,
 first, the meaning of the Duke de la Rochefou-
 cult's HELL ; which having oblig'd me to
 ask it of Mr. de St. Evremond, he inform'd me,
 that the Duke de la Rochefoucault, talking one
 day with Mademoiselle de l'Enclos, told her by
 way of Jest, that *Old Age is the Hell of Women*.
 This Explanation fully clears the Passage be-
 fore quoted : And yet see what Turn has been
 put upon it in a very curious Book, printed at
 Paris two Years ago. The Author having men-
 tion'd the Death of Mr. St. Evremond, and made
 an Encomium upon his Works, speaks of his Re-
 gion in this manner. 'The Censure he has
 undergone as to his Sentiments about Reli-
 gion, appears not to be altogether ill grounded :
 If one unhappily falls on some Places in his
 Works, or some of his Letters, he will find that
 his Belief sometimes varies, as to Funda-
 mental Points : But after all, those are Let-
 ters of Humour. What has been publish'd of
 him, wherein he seems to doubt the Immortali-
 ty of the Soul, had escaped him in the Course
 of his Passions, and in the Enjoyment of
 Pleasures : A man speaks then of things, as he
 wishes them to be in reality : 'Tis with that
 Spirit we ought to explain the Letter he wrote
 to Mademoiselle de l'Enclos, and which begins
 with these Words, that have made so much
 Noise : *Let not Madam, the Duke de la*
Rochefoucault's HELL affright you. This was an
Imaginary Hell. When he wrote this Letter, he
 was still of an Age, and in such a Course of
 Pleasures, that his Expressions ought to be
 considered, as the Result of the Vivacity and
 Gaiety
 (* K 4)

' Gaiety of a Gentleman too much addicted to
' Worldly Enjoyments, rather than as the Sentiments of a corrupt Heart. What's certain, is
' that for one Passage in his Works, that may
' bring the Purity of his Sentiments into Question, there are a Thousand others, which convince us, that his Heart was very sound, and most
' submissive to the Precepts of Christianity *.

By this you see what odious Conclusions were drawn in *France* from that Passage ill-understood. As for the other Places mention'd by the Author, which seem to strike at the Immortality of the Soul, they only relate to the former Editions of Mr. de *St. Evremond's* Works; which, as I have more than once observ'd, were so faulty and clogg'd with foreign Additions, that he was often made to say things, which he never so much thought of. But I believe no such thing will be found in the Edition we have publish'd.

There are several other Passages in his Works which would appear obscure to most Readers, but for the Marginal Explanations that have been put to them. I took great care, as I said before, to get those Explanations from Mr. de *St. Evremond*, and I should have gathered a greater Number, had we gone together through the Revising of his Works. To supply this Defect, Dr. *Le Fevre*, who for the space of forty Years was acquainted with Mr. de *St. Evremond*, has furnish'd us with the Elucidations of several Passages, that could not otherwise be understood; and Dr. *Sylvestre*

* See the Book call'd, *Pieces Fugitives d' Histoire & de Littérature. Part I. p. 115, 116.*

also cleared not a few. I shall not enter into the Detail of the NOTES I have inserted in this Edition: But content my self with observing, in general, that they are of various kinds. Some of them immediately relate to Mr. St. Evremond's Works, and serve only to explain them*. Others are more general, and contain some Particulars that might be call'd *Anecdotes* or secret Memoirs, since, to my knowledge, they were never made publick. Some these are, that relate to Facts pretty well known, tho' not equally recurring to one's Memory: and these are commonly very short. You'll meet with some that contain the most material Passages of the Lives of some eminent Persons, either not sufficiently known, or imperfectly related by some of our Authors. To avoid Repetitions, and for the better Instruction of the Readers, I have often refer'd to the CRITICAL DICTIONARY, and other Works, which all the Curious are suppos'd to have. I was very exact in setting down the DATES†; both to rectify some of our Authors, whom I did not care to name, and because these Dates having been a help to me in putting the several Pieces in a Chronological Order, I thought the Readers would be glad thereby to know the time in which they were compos'd. In the writing of these Notes, I had still

* *Altho' I have set down in these Memoirs the time in which Mr. de St. Evremond wrote his principal Works, what occasioned the writing of them, &c. it was thought fit to repeat those Particulars, in each Piece, by way of Marginal Notes, for the Conveniency of the Readers.*

† *Such as the Death of some eminent Person, the Epocha of a great Event. Some of which first sort of Dates are not to be found any where else.*

still in my Eye the judicious Criticism of Cervantes †; and 'twere to be wish'd, that all who write Comments, should read it with Attention.

Thus having given you an Account of what we have perform'd in the Edition of Mr. de St. Evremond's WORKS, nothing remains for me to do but briefly to answer such as might be surpriz'd to find in them a good Number of Pieces whose Subject-Matter does not affect them, because it runs upon particular Facts and Passages. Why, will some People say, were those Pieces printed in which the Publick are not concern'd, and which do Mr. de St. Evremond no great Credit? Why was this Edition swell'd with them? Had it not been better to have culled the most excellent of his Writings, such as are most worthy of Immortality?

I confess, that if we had made a strict Choice of Mr. de St. Evremond's Works, we should have suppress'd a pretty large Number of Pieces, which we have publish'd; particularly as to his Poetry: Nevertheless, I am of Opinion, that we have printed none that can hurt Mr. de St. Evremond's Reputation. If there happen to be some that are not understood by every Body, it does not follow, as I observ'd before, that they have no real Intrinsick Value. Mr. de St. Evremond did not write them for such Persons; nor have we publish'd them for them neither. I might add, that this Objection does not affect Mr. de St. Evremond's WORKS, any more than those of most

† See his Prologue before DON QUIXOTTE.

* All this and what follows, relates chiefly to the French Edition of M. de St. Evremond's Works.

of Authors, in which there are Composures, wherein the Publick are little concern'd : That with a Fault, if it be one, is less excusable in Authors who have themselves publish'd their own Works, than in bare Editors : And in short, that even those Pieces that run upon Ballet, Mad-Dresses, and the like, are, at least, proper to enrich our DICTIONARIES, and to explain certain Manners of our Age, which may not be understood some Hundred Years hence. I might back these Reasons by other Arguments : But I shall only touch upon one, which, I hope will bear us out with the Publick ; viz. That Mr. de St. Evremond's WORKS being first printed here (in French) by Subscription, several Persons of Quality desired, that such little Pieces as relate either to the Dutcheff of *Mazarin*, or other Persons of their Acquaintance, should be publish'd. Nor did we think proper to deny them that Satisfaction *.

I shall think my self happy, if this Account of Mr. de St. Evremond's Life and Performances, which I have lately revised, affords you any further Satisfaction. I hope, however, *SIR*, you will look upon it as a Mark of the Respect, and Devotion with which I shall ever be,

Your, &c.

London the 4th. of
November, 1706.

* As that Reason cannot take place in this English Edition, we have taken the Liberty to lay aside several Pieces, both in Verse and Prose, which would not have affected the Readers.

EPITAPH

OF MR. DE
SAINT-EVREMOND

Carolus de Saint Denis, *Dns. de Saint Evremond*

Nobili genere in Normannia ortus,

A primâ Juventute

Militiæ nomen dedit;

Et per varia Munera

Ad Castrorum Mareſcalli gradum evectus,

Condæo, Turenno,

Aliisque claris Belli Ducibus

Fidem suam & Fortitudinem

Non semel probavit.

Relictâ Patriâ Hollandiam,

Deinde à Carolo II. accitus, Angliam

Venit.

Philosophiam & humaniores Litteras

Feliciter excoluit :

Gallicam Linguam

Cum solutâ, tum numeris astrictâ Oratione

Expoliuit, adornavit, locupletavit.

Apud potentiss. Angliæ Reges benevolentiam & favorem

Apud Regni Proceres gratiam & familiaritatem :

Apud omnes laudem & applausum

Meruit.

Nonaginta Annis major Obiit

Die IX Septembris MDCCLIII.

Viro Clarissimo

Inter præstantiores

Ævi sui Scriptores,

Semper memorando

Amici marentes

P. P.

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MEMOIRS





*The Dutchess
of Mazarine.*

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Dutchess of Mazarin.

Written in Her Name

BY

The Abbot of St. *REAL.*

WITH A

LETTER

CONTAINING

A True Character of Her Person and
Conversation.

To which are added,

Some *PIECES* attributed to Monsieur
DE ST. EVREMOND, and by him
approved.

Printed in the Year, 1713.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Dutchess of ANZANI

Written in the Year

1782

The Author of the HISTORY

OF THE

LETTER

CONTAINING

A True Character of the Nation and

Constitution

To which are added

SOME PLEASANT ANECDOTES

OF THE DUTCHESS, and a

POSTSCRIPT

Printed in the Year 1782

MEMOIRS

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

Dutcheſs of Mazarin:*

Written in her Name by the Abbot of
S. REAL.

SINCE the Obligations I owe you are of that Nature, that I ought to conceal nothing from you, wherein I can teſtifie my Acknowledgments of them, I am willing to gratifie you with the true Relation of my Life, being you deſire it. Not that I am ignorant, how hard it is to ſpeak diſcreetly of one's ſelf:

* For the better underſtanding of theſe MEMOIRS, we muſt obſerve that LORENZO MANCINI, a Nobleman of Rome, had by his Wife JERONIMA MAZARIN, Siſter to Cardinal Mazarin, among other Children, PHILIP, afterwards Duke of Nevers: OLYMPIA; married in 1657. to Eugene-Maurice of Savoy, Count of Soiffons, Father to Prince Eugene: MARY, Wife to Lorenzo Colonna, Conſtable of the Kingdom of Naples: HORTENZA; married in 1661. to Armand-Charles de la Porte, Duke of La Meilleraie, on Condition that he and his Heirs ſhould take the Name of MAZARIN: And MARY-ANNE; married in the Year 1662. to Geofroy-Maurice de la Tour, Duke of Bouillon.

And you know how averſe I am in my Nature from explaining to the World, Matters wherein I am ſo nearly concerned : Yet it is very Natural to defend one's ſelf from Calumny, and to make appear to thoſe, of whom we have received conſiderable Services, that we are not ſo unworthy of their Favours, as the traducing World would make us appear to be : Nor can I ſpend the time of my Retreat with more Innocence. But what I am going to acquaint you with, ſeem to favour much of the *Romance*, impute it rather to my Deſtiny, than to my Inclination.

I know the chief Glory of a Woman ought to conſiſt, in not making her ſelf to be publickly talked of; and thoſe that know me, know like wiſe that I never took much Pleaſure in things that make too much Noiſe : But it is not always in our Choice to live our own way : And there is a kind of Fatality, even in thoſe things that ſeem to depend upon the wiſeſt Conduct.

I would not trouble you with the Account of my Birth, if thoſe that envied my * Uncle's Glory had not endeavoured to tarniſh the Luſtre thereof: But ſince their Fury ſpared nothing that was his, it is lawful for me, to let you know that I am deſcended from one of the moſt illuſtrious Families of *Rome*; and that my Anceſtors for theſe Three Hundred Years have held a Rank ſo eminent and conſiderable, that I might have paſſed my Days happily, though I had never been Heir to a firſt Miniſter of *France*.

The *Academy* of the *Virtuofi* of *Italy*, which began at the Nuptials of one of our Family made it appear what Eſteem that Houſe was in at that time: And as a farther Addition of

* The Cardinal Mazarin.

Dutcheſs of M A Z A R I N.

5

Happineſs, I had the advantage to be deſcended from a Father, that was one of the moſt accompliſhed and beſt qualified of our Family. I was but ſix Years old when I was brought into * *France*; and a few Years after, the Duke of *Mazarin* reſected the Marriage of my † *Siſter*, and conceived ſuch a violent Paſſion for me, that upon a time he told *Madam d'Eguillon*, That if he could but have the Happineſs to be married to me, it would not grieve him to die three Months after. The Succeſs ſurpaſſed his Deſire; he has married me, and yet, God be thanked, he is alive ſtill. Upon the firſt Report of his reſuſing my *Siſter*, the Cardinal was much offended; and would often ſay, *He had rather marry me to a Footman*. But he was not the only Man I had the ill Fortune to pleaſe. An *Italian Eunuch*, Muſician to the Cardinal, was accuſed for having a Kindneſs for me. But the Truth is, that it was as much for my *Siſter* as for me. He was alſo jeered for being in Love with the beautiful Statues that were in the Palace *Mazarin*. This Man's Love certainly was unlucky, ſince thoſe poor Statues were ſo cruelly puniſhed for it as well as I, though they were as little in Fault. It was no Fault of my *Siſter's*, that I was not in Love with ſomething, as well as I was beloved. As ſhe had a ſincere Inclination for the King, ſhe would have been glad to ſee me ingaged with ſome ſuch Folly. But being extream young and childiſh, I could fix to nothing. All that ſhe could obtain from me, to oblige her, was to ſhew ſome Complaiſance to thoſe of my Age, that diverted me moſt in our little Play-games, which then took up all my Time and Thoughts, tho'

* In the Year 1653.

† Married afterwards to the Conſtable Colonna.

they were often interrupted by the King's Presence, who seldom stirred from our House, though he conversed among us with wonderful Goodness. He had so much of Serious and Solid (not to say of Majesty) in all his ways, that he could not keep himself from striking through us a most awful Respect, even beyond his Intentions. My Sister was no way disturbed at his Presence, whoever else was: And you may easily conceive that his Assiduity had Charms for those who were the cause of it, when it had none for others. As the things which Passion makes us do, seem ridiculous to those that have never known what that Passion is; my Sister's exposed her very often to our Raillery. One time among the rest we jeered her, because she seeing at a distance a Gentleman of the Household, who was about the King's Stature, with his Back to her, ran to him with open Arms, crying, *Ah my poor Sire!* Another thing that made us Sport about that time, was a Joke of the Cardinal's, with Madam de Bouillon, which was then about six Years old. The Court was then at *la Fere* *. One day as he made Sport with her about some Gallant that she said she had; at last he began to chide her, for being with Child. The Resentment which she shewed, diverted all so, that it was agreed she should be still told of it. They streightened her Cloaths from time to time; and they made her believe that she was growing very big.

This continued as long as it was thought necessary, to perswade her to the likelihood of her being with Child. Yet she would never believe any thing of it, and denied it with a great deal of Heat, until the time of her Lying-in came,

* In the Year 1656.

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Dutchess of MAZARIN.

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she found betwixt her Sheets, in the Morning, a Child new-born. You cannot imagine the Astonishment and Grief she was in at this Sight. *Such a thing, said she, never happened to any but to the Virgin Mary and my Self; for I never felt any kind of Pain.* The Queen came to condole with her, and offered to be God-mother; many came to Gossip with her, as newly brought to Bed: And that which at first was but a Past-time within Doors, came to be the publick Divertisement of all the Court. They pressed her hard to tell who was the Father; but all they could get from her, was only, *That it could be none but the King, or the Count of Guiche, because no other Man but those two ever kissed her.* For my part, being three Years elder than her, I was infinitely proud that I knew the Truth of the Matter; and I could never be weary of Laughing, to make People take notice I knew it.

You will hardly believe, that at those Years, when there is nothing less thought of than of reasoning upon Things, I should make as serious Reflections, as I ever did of any thing of this Life. It is true, notwithstanding, that my greatest Delight was at that time, to shut my self up alone, to write what-ever came into my Head. It is not long since some of those Papers fell into my Hands; and I assure you, I was strangely surprized to find Things so far surpassing the Capacity of a Girl. They were Doubts and Questions which I proposed to my self upon all Things, which I could not well understand. I could never sufficiently satisfy my Fancy in deciding them; and yet I sought with Obstinacy, what I was not able to dive into, nor find. And if in my Conduct since, I have not shewed much Judgment, I have at least this Consolation, that I had a very great Desire to attain to a good one.

MEMOIRS of the

I remember about that time, writing to a young Lady, for whom I had a great Kindness, I began to grow weary of writing so often, *I love you*, in one and the same Letter; and gave her to understand, that hereafter I would only make a Cross to signify these three Words. According to this pretty Invention, it happened sometimes that I writ to this Lady, Letters wherein there was nothing else to be seen but whole Lines of Crosses, one after another. One of these Letters fell afterwards into the Hands of some, whom it concerned to find out the Mystery, but could never find any fault with so godly a Cypher.

My Infancy being passed among these innocent Amusements, or Past-times, they began to talk of a Match for me. Fortune, that intended to make me the most unfortunate Person of my Sex, began to flatter me with the shew of making me a Queen; and did all she could to make me hate the Match she design'd for me, by the comparison of those wherewith she first did cajole my Imagination. Yet I can truly say for my self, that those illustrious Matches never dazled my Fancy. And the Duke of *Maxarin* dares not say, that he ever found me guilty of any Vain-glory above my Condition. All the World knows how many repeated Overtures were made to marry me with the King of * *England*. As for the Duke of *Savoy*, you know what was said about it in the Journey to † *Lyons*, and that the Business broke off, upon the Cardinal's obstinate Refusal to abandon *Geneva*, in consideration of that Marriage. We lodged at || *Belle-Court*, and our Cham-

* Charles II. See *The LIFE of Monsieur de St. Evremond*, Page lxxix, lxxx.

† In the Year 1658.

|| A large Square at Lyons.

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er-Windows, which open'd towards the *Market-Place*, were low enough for one to get in with ease. *Madam de Venelle*, our Governess, was so used to her Trade of watching us, that she rose even in her Sleep, to see what we were doing. One Night, as my Sister lay asleep with her Mouth open, *Madam de Venelle*, after her accustomed manner, coming asleep as she was, to grope in the Dark, happen'd to thrust her Finger into her Mouth, so far, that my Sister starting out of her Sleep, made her Teeth almost meet in her Finger. Judge you the Amazement they both were in to find themselves in this Posture, when they were thoroughly awake. My Sister was in a grievous fret. The Story was told the King the next Day; and the Court had the Divertisement of laughing at it.

The Cardinal, whether it were thro' Modesty or Dissimulation, shewed himself as averse, as the Queen to the King's Pursuit of my Sister.

As soon as the Marriage with the Infanta of Spain was concluded*, nothing was so much in his Thoughts, as how handsomly to send her farther off, fearing lest she might be a hindrance to it. A little after our return from *Lyons*, he sent us to stay for him at *Fontainebleau*; from thence he carried us to *Poitiers*, where he left it to her Choice to retire to what Place she pleased. She chose *la Rochelle*: And the Cardinal willing to wean her a little more, desired the Bishop of *Frejus*, at *Brouage*, to propose to her the Marriage of the Constable *Colonna*. But she rejected it; her Inclinations being not yet drawn into *Italy*, by what drew her thither since. He had resolved to carry *Madam de Bouillon* and me to the King's Mar-

* In the Year 1659.

riage; but my Sister obstinately refusing to let us go, when he sent for us, unless she might go too; he chose rather to deprive himself of the Pleasure of seeing us there, than to let her come with us.

At their Majesty's return from the * *Frontiers*, we were sent for to *Fontainebleau*, where the Court then was. The King looked but cold upon my Sister, and his Change began to make her resolve to marry into *Italy*. She would often pray me to tell her as many ill Things of the King as I could. But, besides, that it was hard to speak ill of such a Prince as he, who lived among us with that Familiarity and charming Sweetness; I being but Ten Years old then, I could not well comprehend what it was she would have. All I could do for her, loving her tenderly, and seeing her all in Tears, was to weep for her Misfortunes with her, until she might, at my turn, bear me Company to weep mine. The Aversion the Cardinal had for her Fondness to the King, made him conceive a great Unkindness for her; and as this Intrigue began with her first coming into the World, it may be said, that he hardly ever loved her. My Brother's Humour was nothing more pleasing to him, and his Conduct much less; especially since he was accused to have been at the Debauch of † *Roissi*. One of the things which

* In the Year 1660.

† The Count of *Bussi Rabutin*; the Abbot *le Camus*, afterwards Bishop of *Grenoble*, and Cardinal; Monsieur *Mancini*, Nephew to Cardinal *Mazarin*, and some others, having met in 1659. at *Roissi*, a Country-Seat belonging to Count *Vivonne*, in order to spend the *Summer Holidays*; on Good-Friday they committed several Sacrilegious Impieties and Extravagancies, (insomuch that it was confidently reported they had Christen'd a Pigg, said Mass over it, &c.) for which Enormities they were banish'd the Court; Count *Bussi*, was exil'd to his Seat in *Burgundy*; the Abbot, to *Meaux*; *Mancini*, to *Brisac*; Count *Vivonne*, to *Roissi*, &c.

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most displeased him in us, was the want of Devotion : You cannot imagine how much he was discontented at it. He left no Arguments untried, to induce us to have more. Among the rest, complaining once to us, because we did not hear Mass every Day, he told us we had neither Piety nor Honour : *At least, said he, if you don't bear it for G O D's sake, bear it for the World's.*

Tho' I was as much concerned in his Remonstrances as the rest ; yet either because I was the youngest, and so the less faulty, or that he saw something in my Humour that pleased him better, he had for a long time as much Tenderness for me, as he had Aversion for them. This made him to chuse me, to leave his Estate and Name to the Man he should wed me to ; which likewise made him more Circumspect in the care of my Education, than of the rest, and at last also more displeased when he believed I had given him cause. He was very apprehensive of my engaging my Affections to any one : *Madam de Venelle*, who had Directions to pry into all my Actions, would be continually speaking to me of every one that came to visit me, or were likely to engage my Love, in order to discover by my Discourse my Thoughts of every Body ; but I having no Tie more to one than to another, she could never make any Discovery ; and she had been in Ignorance to this Hour, had not the Indiscretion of my Sister made her believe what was not.

I told you that she would always press me to love something. She importuned me for some Years to tell her if none of the Court pleased me more than another ; at last being overcome with her Intreaties, I told her, I saw a Youth in the House that I liked above the rest ; but that I should be very sorry he should be half so pleasing in my Eye, as the King was in hers. Overjoyed

joyed to have drawn this Confession from me, she asked me his Name, but I knew it not. And though she took all the Pains imaginable to make me describe him, she was above two Months vexing of me before she could find him out. She understood at last that it was an *Italian Gentleman*, newly come from being Page of the King's Chamber, who was then but one of the Sub-Lieutenants in the Guards, but has been since killed in a much higher Employment in *Flanders*. She told me his Name, and likewise made her self merry with the King about my pretended Inclinations, from whom she could conceal nothing. The Cardinal knew it soon after, and believing it quite another thing than it really was, spoke to me of it in very harsh Terms. It was the right way to make something of nothing; and if I had been capable of engaging my self for Spight, his Reproaches might incline me to deserve them. As this Gentleman was familiar in the House, the Noise the Cardinal made about it, reached his Ear, and raised in him Thoughts which he perhaps never had before; at length he found means to make them known to me, and by my Sister's good Will I should have answered his Passion, instead of despising and rejecting it.

In the mean time the Cardinal's Distemper grew every Day worse and worse, the Desire he had to Eternize his Name, carried him above the Indignation he had conceived against me. He broke his Mind to the Bishop of *Frejus*, and desired to know his Opinion of several Persons, and which of them he thought properest for me. This Bishop, won before by the Duke, upon Promise of Fifty Thousand Crowns, forgot nothing that might deserve them. But he never had them; for he returned the Bond, intimating, *He had a greater Mind to the Bishoprick of Evreux if it*
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could be gotten for him; but the King did diſpoſe of it to another, notwithstanding Monsieur *Mazarin's* ſoliciting his Maſteſty for the ſpace of two Months. The Biſhop re-demanded the Fifty Thouſand Crowns, but Monsieur *Mazarin* was no longer in a Condition to Pay them.

As ſoon as the Marriage was concluded, he ſent me a great Cabinet, wherein, among other rich Things, there was Ten Thouſand Piſtoles in Gold. I gave great part of this Gold to my Brother and Siſters, to leſſen their Hatred of my Opulencies, which they could not ſee without Envy, whatever Mien they made. I never put them to the trouble of asking me; for the Key was always in the Cabinet, and who would might take for me. One Day, wanting other Divertifement, we threw above Three Hundred Piſtoles out at the Windows of the Palace *Mazarin*, to have the Pleaſure of ſeeing the Servants that were in the Court to ſcramble and fight for them. This Prodigality being told the Cardinal, it cauſed ſo much Diſpleaſure in him, that it is believed it haſtned his End; but whether it was ſo or no, he died within Eight Days after, and left me the richeſt Heireſs, but the unhappieſt Woman, in all Chriſtendom. Upon the firſt Tidings of his *Death, my Brother and my Siſter, inſtead of being ſorry, cried to one another, *God be thanked he is gone.* And to tell you the Truth, I was not much more afflicted: And it is a remarkable thing, that a Man of that Merit, that all his Life had laboured to raiſe and enrich his Family, ſhould never receive other Thanks from them, than apparent Signs of Hatred and Averſion even after his Death.

* Cardinal *Mazarin* died the Ninth of March, 1661.

But if you knew with what Severity he treated us, you would be less surprized at this. Never Man had so sweet a Behaviour abroad and in publick, and so harsh and severe at home: And all our Humours and Inclinations were point blank opposite to his. Add to this the tyrannical Subjection we were kept in; the tenderness of our Years; and the insensibility and carelessness we had for all Things, to which too much Plenty and Prosperity reduces commonly Persons of this Age, in spite of all their good Nature. For my own particular, Fortune has taken care to punish my Ingratitude by those Misfortunes, which have continually followed me, one on the Neck of another, ever since his Death. I know not what fore knowledge my Sister had of them; but upon the first Discontents which I fell into after my Marriage, she told me by way of Consolation; *Go, go, you will yet be more unhappy than I.* The Duke of Lorrain, who for a long time was passionately in Love with her, made use of all his Rhetorick to perswade her to marry him; and continued his Pursuit even after the Cardinal's Death. The Queen-Mother, who would by no means have her stay in *France*; charged Madam de Venelle to break off this Intrigue at any rate. But all their Endeavours had been fruitless, had they not been seconded by certain Reasons unknown to all the World. And though the King had the Generosity to give her her Choice of any Man else in *France*, if she could not fancy the Duke of Lorrain, and that he seemed to be sensibly displeased at her Resolution to go out of *France*; her evil Stars drew her into *Italy* against all Reason.

The Constable, who at first believed that the Amours of Kings could not be innocent, was so much transported with Joy to find the contrary in the Person of my Sister, that he made little account

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account of not being the firſt that had gain'd her Heart. He left his bad Opinion that he had, and all *Italians* have, of the Liberty which Ladies enjoy in *France*, and made her live with the ſame Freedom in *Rome*, ſince he found ſhe uſed it ſo diſcreetly. In the mean time the *Eunuch*, her Confident, who now by his Abſence, and the Cardinal's Death, lived without Credit, undertook to make himſelf neceſſary about me; but, beſides that my own Genius made me a Stranger to all ſorts of Intrigues; *Monsieur Mazarin* kept too ſtrict an Eye over all my Actions. He enraged at this Obſtacle, took a Reſolution to be revenged of *Monsieur Mazarin* himſelf.

This Man had kept his Access to the King with the ſame Freedom he had enjoy'd when he was my Siſter's Confident. He makes a great Complaint to his Maſteſty of the Severity *Monsieur Mazarin* uſed towards me; That he was obliged to take my part, as having been the Cardinal's Creature, and my particular Servant; That *Monsieur Mazarin* was jealous of all the World, and above all of his Maſteſty; And he cauſed me to be watched very narrowly in all Places where the King (who had no Thoughts of me) might ſee me; And that beſides, he took upon him, as if he were a great Miniſter, and that he threatned to baniſh all the *Italians* out of *Paris*.

To all this, the King only answered, That if what he ſaid was true, the Duke of *Mazarin* was mad; and that though he had inherited Cardinal *Mazarin's* Wealth, he had not his Power. All that was true of this Report, was only that *Monsieur Mazarin*, being informed of this *Eunuch's* Intrigues, threatned to put him out of the Palace *Mazarin*, where he had Lodgings. Not content with what he had done, he was ſo unwiſe as to boaſt of it before a Lady of Quality of *Provence*, called *Madam de Ruz*, who was, I know not how, acquainted

acquainted with Monsieur *Mazarin*. She tells him of the ill Office that had been done him. He had a mind to place about me some Lady, who with out the Name of *Gouvernante* might perform the Function; and finding this *Madam de Ruz* very proper to act the Part, he made Choice of her as an Acknowledgment for the Intelligence she gave him. He desir'd her to find out some means to get her self presented to me without letting me know that he was acquainted with her. The Bishop of *Frejus* spake to me of her, from himself, sometime afterwards; and brought her to me up a Pair of back Stairs, one Day when Monsieur *Mazarin* was a Hunting. I was much taken with her; and as I thought, that it were perceived that I liked her, I should not be permitted to have her; I was not willing any of the House should see her, before she were received into my Family.

One Day, as I was alone with her, *Madam de Venelle* came suddainly into the Room, and broke a Busk we had set to bar the Door, and shut ourselves in. Of a suddain, *Madam de Ruz*, with a wonderful Presence of Mind, began to roul her Eyes in her Head, to Weep and Cry with the Tone of a Beggar, That she was a poor Gentlewoman of Lorrain, and pray'd me to take Compassion of her Misery. As she hath the Air of her Face extremely brisk and lively, as most of the *Provençaux* have, her Grimace succeeded so well, and so disguised her, that I my self could hardly know her again. *Madam de Venelle* was so terribly affrighted at her, that she ran as far off from her as she could, and told all about since; That she found the Devil in my Chamber.

Monsieur *Mazarin*'s cunning Artifice in the Choice of this Woman, in a Time wherein he could not yet have any Subject to complain

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any of my Actions, may suffice to instruct you with his Natural Diffidence, and in what Disposition of Mind he married me. As he was jealous of my Abode in *Paris*, he continually carried me about to his Lordships and Governments. During the first three or four Years of our Marriage, I made three Journies into *Alsatia*, and as many into *Britany*; besides several others to *Nevers*, *le Maine*, *Bourbon*, *Sedan*, and other Places. Having no greater Delight in *Paris*, but the Pleasure of seeing him, it was not so irksome to me, as it might be to a Person of my Age, to be deprived of the Divertisementt of the Court. And perhaps I should never have been tired with this wandering kind of Life, if he had not too much abused my Complacency. He has often made me travel Two Hundred Leagues when I was big with Child, and very near my Time. My Relations and Friends were apprehensive of the Dangers to which he exposed my Health, and endeavoured to make me sensible of them, but it was a long time in vain. What would they say, if they had known that I could not once speak to any of my Domesticks, but they were turned away the next Day? That I could not receive two Visits successively from any one Man, but he was presently forbid the House? And if I shewed more Kindness for any of my Maids than for the best, she was immediately taken away from me? If I called for my Coach, and he thought it not convenient to let me go Abroad, he would laughingly forbid the Coach to be made ready, and then would droll upon it till the Hour was past to go where I designed. He would be content that I should see none in the World but himself. Above all, he could not endure that I should see his Kindred, nor mine own: Mine, because they began to take my part; his own, because they

did no more approve of his Conduct than mine did.

I was a long time lodged at the *Arsenal* with Madam d' Oradous his Cousin, without ever being permitted to see her. The Innocence of my Recreations, which were capable to put any Man else of his Humour out of doubt, who had reserved any Regard for my Age, gave him as much disquiet as if they had been very Criminal. Sometimes he said, *It was a sin to play with my Son wants at Blind-man's Buff.* At other times he said *It was a heinous Crime to go to Bed late.* Once when Monsieur Colbert desired to know all his Grievances, and Causes of Complaint against me, he could never alledge any other than these two. He often said, *One could not in Conscience go to the * Cours, and much less to Plays.* Sometimes my Devotions were too short: In fine, his Peevishness upon my account was such, that I verily believe if any one would seriously ask him how, and after what sort he would have me live, he could not agree with himself about the manner. He no doubt, hath said since, *That knowing of what Value I was, he could not be too solicitous of me; That the Conversation of the World being so Contagious, whatever Sport or Railleries were made of him, he would endeavour to hinder my being spoiled, because he loved me more than his own Reputation.* But if it was his Love for me, that made him Treat me after this fantastical Fashion, it were to be wished for, for the ease of both of us, that he had honoured me a little more with his Indifference.

No sooner did he perceive that I took delight in any Place, but I was immediately hurried from

* A publick Place at Paris, where People of Quality resort in order to take the Air in their Coaches.

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Dutcheſs of MAZARIN.

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hence, though there were never ſo great a rea-
ſon for my ſtay there. We were at the *Maine*
when the News was brought of the King's Jour-
ney to * *Marſal*. He had Orders to follow his
Majeſty thither; and he ſent me into *Britany* to
keep Company with his Father, who was at the
meeting of the States there. While he was pre-
paring himſelf at *Paris* for his Journey, he had
Intelligence from ſome of his Spies (by whom I
was continually beſet and watched) that I paſſed
my Time there very pleaſantly; he fell ſick upon
it, and ſent for me away with all ſpeed. His Fa-
ther underſtanding that his Phyſicians adviſed him
to go to the Waters of *Bourbon*, would not let me
go, alledging, *That a Man while he drank ſuch Wa-
ters muſt abſtain from Women*. Upon this News he
fell into a Swoon for Vexation; and after ſeve-
ral Couriers ſent for me, his Father at laſt let me
go. I went with him to *Bourbon*, where I re-
mained a Month, ſhut up with him in a Cham-
ber, to ſee his Waters paſs; without ſo much as
viſiting the † *Princeſs*, who was there, and to
whom he had the Honour to be related. He
could not preſently be induced to believe that it
was his Father that kept me from departing out
of *Britany*; and notwithstanding all the Affurance
he received of it ſince, he maintained always, that
I had been better pleaſed to paſs my time there,
than come and ſolace him in his Sickneſs. It had
not been hard for me to juſtify my ſelf, if he
would but hear me. But that he avoided ſtill the
moſt he could, becauſe all the Blame would be
found of his ſide in the clearing of the matter;
and he would never acknowledge himſelf in an

* In the Year, 1663.

† The Princeſs of Condé.

Error. Nothing afflicted me more than his Aversion to be informed or convinced of a Mistake, because he took upon him the Jurisdiction of treating me continually as guilty.

Some time afterwards being obliged for the King's Service to go into *Britany*, he took such an obstinate Resolution to have me with him, and writ such strange things upon this occasion to the Abbot d' Effiat, his near Kinsman, that I was forced to go from *Paris* three Weeks after I was brought to Bed. Few Women of my Quality would have done the like; but what would not one do for the enjoying of so great a good as Peace? And to mend the matter, he made me lodge in one of the wretchedest Villages in all that Country, and in so miserable a Cottage, that we were constrained to be out of Doors all Day. He always made choice of such Places because I should see no Company: And far from seeing any of the People of those Villages, those whose Civility or Business brought thither to see him, were forced to lie in the Fields for want of Inns; and if they displeased him never so little, he sent them of Errands, about several Businesses which depended upon him in this Province. However, we spent six Months in this pleasant Place, in the Year 1666. Another time, being alone at *Bourbon*, and having sent me into *Britany*, he understood by his Spies, that I diverted myself very pleasantly with *Madam de Coaquin*, and that few Days passed but we took the Air either at Land or by Sea: His wonted Disquiet seizing him, he sends for me to meet him at *Nevers*, where, as he said, there were very good Comedians; among other Divertisements.

I began to grow weary of making so many idle Journies. I writ to *Monsieur Colbert* to complain; but being advised by him to go, I was much

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much ſurprized to find *Monſieur Mazarin* upon the Road, Ten Leagues from *Nevers*, coming to *Paris* with my Brother, who was returning out of *Italy*. He would never give me any reaſon why he dealt ſo ſtrangely with me; we went without any farther clearing of this Doubt, to confine our ſelves at our Country-Houſe, call'd the *Caffine*, near *Sedan*, whither my Brother, out of Complaiſance, ſeeing me very melancholy, accompanied us. It was there firſt that *Monſieur Mazarin* made ſhew as if he were jealous of him, not knowing otherwiſe how to be rid of him; and being unwilling to have ſuch a Witneſs of his Domeſtick Proceedings. You may judge of my Reſentment for ſo baſe and wicked a Suſpicion; but if all theſe Outrages, by hearing them related, ſeem hard to be endured, the manner with which he did them, was yet ſomething more cruel and barbarous. I will give you one inſtance, by which you will judge of the reſt. Being one Night with the Queen, I ſaw him coming towards me very pleaſant, and with a conſtrained and affected Smile, publickly made me this Complement; *Madam, I have good News to tell you, the King has juſt now commanded me to go into Alſatia*. The Duke of *Roquelaure*, who was then preſent, moved, as well as the reſt of the Company with this ſilly Affectation, but more frank than the reſt, could not refrain telling him, *That this was fine News indeed to be told with ſo much Joy to a Woman of my Condition*. But *Monſieur Mazarin* diſdaining to reply, went quietly out of the Room, very proud of his Gallantry. The King hearing of it, was moved to Pity. He took the Pains to tell me himſelf, *That my ſtay there ſhould be only for three Months; and kept his word with me, as he always did*.

If I did not apprehend to tire your Patience, I could tell you a Thousand such little malicious Tricks which he play'd me, without any manner of necessity, out of the meer Pleasure he took to Torment me. Fancy then to your self, continual Oppositions to my most innocent Desires, and an implacable Hatred against all those I loved, or loved me; an undefatigable Care to bring into my Presence all those I hated mortally, and to corrupt those of my Servants whom I most trusted to betray my Secrets if I had any; a studious Application to cry me down every where, and make my Actions odious to all People; in fine, all the Malignity of the bigotted Cabal could invent or practise, in a House where it had absolute Tyranny, against a simple young Woman, careless, and whose want of Circumspection in her Actions, gave every Day new Matter to her Enemies to insult over her. I boldly make use of this Expression, *Bigotted Cabal*, because I cannot think that I err against the most strict Rules of Christianity, when I presume that those Devotees by whose directions Monsieur *Mazarin* doth regulate his Actions, are not truly so, having promoted the Dissipation of so many Millions.

And this is the fatal Article that has made me lose all Patience, and that has been the true beginning of all my Misfortunes. If Monsieur *Mazarin* had only taken delight in overwhelming me with Sadness and Grief, and in exposing my Health and my Life to his most unreasonable Caprice, and in making me pass the best of my Days in an unparalled Slavery, since Heaven had been pleased to make him my Master, I should have endeavoured to allay and qualifie my Misfortunes by my Sighs and Tears, and my Complaints to my particular Friends. But when I saw, that by his incredible Dilapidations, and

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Profusenefs, my Son, who might have been the richest Gentleman in *France*, was in danger of being the poorest; there was no resisting the Force of Nature, and motherly Love carried it over all other Considerations of Duty, or the Moderation I proposed to my self. I saw every Day vast Sums go away; Movables of inestimable Price, Offices, Governments; and all the rich Remains of my Uncle's Fortune, the Fruits of his Labours, and the Rewards of his Services; I saw as much sold as came to Three Millions before I took any publick Notice of it. And I had hardly any thing left me of Value, but my Jewels, when Monsieur *Mazarin* took occasion to seize upon them. He took his opportunity to lay hold of them one Night as I came late Home from the City; desiring to know the reason of this Proceeding, before I went to Bed, he told me, *That I being of a free and liberal Nature, he was afraid I should give away some of them; and that he had not taken them from me, but with Intention to return them again with the Addition of others.* I answered him, *That it were to be wished his Liberality had been as regular as mine; that I was satisfied with them I had already, and that I would not go to Bed until I had them again.* And seeing that, to whatever I could say, he only replied with unpleasant Railleries, expressed with a malicious Laugh, or a seeming Calmness of Voice, but in reallity most tart and bitter; I went out of the Room all in Despair, and passed to my Brother's Palace, extreemly perplexed, not knowing what course to take.

Madam *de Bouillon*, whom we presently sent for, having heard of this my new occasion of Complaint, told me I was well enough served, since I had suffered so much already without saying a word. I resolved to have gone away with her in that very instant, if Madam *de Bellinzani*,

whom we likewise sent for, had not hindred me intreating me to stay until she had spoken to Monsieur *Mazarin*: But he had given Order that none should be admitted. Yet *Madam de Bellinzani*, through much obstinate pressing, was suffered to come unto him; but he would not give her leave to speak, nor could she get any other Answer, *But that her Business could not be so urgent with him, as to oblige her to come at so unreasonable an Hour*; but that if she had any thing to say to him, she was going next Morning to *St. Germain's*, and he would give her a meeting at the Cross of *Nanterre*. *Madam de Bellinzani* being returned, as ill satisfied as we, at so unreasonable a Raillery, it was concluded that I should go to lie at *Madam de Bouillon's*. The next Day all my Relations being come thither about my Concern, the Countess of *Soissons* was desired to acquaint the King with it. He received her very graciously, and the Princess of *Carignan* was commanded to come and carry me with her to the Hotel of *Soissons*. After staying there about two Months, I was obliged to return with Monsieur *Mazarin*, even without having my Jewels restored to me, or with any other Satisfaction, but to be allowed to discharge some Women which he placed about me, whom I did not like; that was the only Favour I could obtain. When I pressed to have my Jewels restored, the Countess was the first that told me I did very ill. The Court was always against me ever since that time. It is well known of what Consequence that is in all manner of Business; and I told the King on that occasion, *That I should see with Patience Monsieur Mazarin so much favour'd against me, if he were so in all other things; and if the little help he found in his other Affairs did not make it appear, that he had no other Friends but my Enemies.*

As this was a real Accomplishment to let it be before my thither with Chamber, me since Mazarin, that knew him well, had to; bad out letting Fellow me my House. the Countess received that she perswaded had brought leave of Mazarin, to have me the Hotel of as convenient gun immediate be received necessity I saw rity of the sions beyond vain, I had to make up that he proposed, I refused, and to write. But Monsieur de la Roche by the second not go on me a Prisoner to go, he me very

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As this was rather a Triumph for him than a real Accommodation, it made him too haughty, to let it be of any long continuance. An Hour before my going to the Palace *Mazarin*, I sent thither with some of my Things a Groom of the Chamber, whom the Countess had preferred to me since my coming thither. Monsieur *Mazarin*, that knew him as well as I did, having asked him what he would have, or who he belonged to; bad him be gone about his Business, without letting him stay until I came. This poor Fellow met me about Two Hundred Paces from my House, and told me what happned; and tho' the Countess, who came to conduct me, perceived that this was a just Cause of a new Breach; she perswaded me to pass forward, and when she had brought me to the Stair-foot, she took her leave of me, being unwilling to see Monsieur *Mazarin*, because he had used all his Endeavours to have me removed to the Palace of *Conty*, as if the *Hotel of Soissons*, where she lived, had not been as convenient, and as safe a Place for me. I begun immediately to beg that this Servant might be received again into my Retinue; and the Necessity I saw my self reduced to, by the Authority of the great Ones, made me show Submissions beyond my natural Inclination: But all in vain, I had a Man to deal with, that knew how to make use of the Conjuncture; and seeing then that he paid me with bald Excuses, and as bad Jest, I resolved to leave him the second time, and to withdraw my self to my Brother's House. But Monsieur *Mazarin*, who (as you shall perceive by the sequel) had taken a Course that I should not go out when I pleased, and intended to keep me a Prisoner in my own House; seeing me offer to go, he threw himself in my way, and pushed me very rudely to stop my Passage. But my Grief and

and Vexation supplying me with more than ordinary Strength, I thrust by him in spight of all he could do; and though he called out to the Servants to shut all the Doors, and the Court-Gate especially; they seeing me all in Tears, none durst obey. I was fain to go round by the Street (wherein there was a great Throng of People) in this sad Condition, alone, a Foot, and at Noon-day, to get to my accustomed Sanctuary.

This was the Effect of that Providence, that made him wall up the Door, by which there was a Communication betwixt my Brother's Palace and mine; and thro' which I made my Escape the time before. But this Precaution gave occasion to all Men who knew of it, to judge that he never intended me any better Usage for the future (if I return'd again to him) than I had before received at his Hands; having taken care to secure me for the time to come.

As soon as I came to my Brother's, I writ to the King to give him an account of my Proceeding: And the Countess carried me with her to the Palace of *Soissons*. But after five or six Days, Monsieur *de Louvoy* came to me from the King, to propose to me to retire into some Nunnery: But the Countess would not consent to that; and she brought it about, that Monsieur *Mazarin* should be obliged to come and carry me Home with him, upon Condition that she would be reconcil'd with him.

Presently after this, my Brother went away for *Italy*; partly to make it appear, that he did not contribute any thing to a misunderstanding between Monsieur *Mazarin* and me; and that it should not be his Fault, if we did not live peaceably together. But I enjoyed but an out-side Appearance of that Quietness which I hoped to have: For, notwithstanding all my Resolutions

Patience, Months, that some jarring. At the end of into *Alsa* and obliging had resolved divided, as could no w about a Tri think better friends had little Securi that Capric his Power v essed betwix suffered to Jewels before or ever to th bliged to give And if ever e so far from ut, unprofit These C ent, and t auary onc before Mo ney, fearin force me a plexity and duced to away my f daily use, sand Crow I had left ask me for means I h He came

Patience, there passed not one Day for three Months, that we continued together, without some jarring, and causes of disgust.

At the end of this Time, he took a Fancy to go into *Alsatia*; and instead of gratifying me, and obliging me with his Kindness, to go (as I had resolved to do) along with him, he was so ill advised, as to force me to keep a Woman that I could no way approve of. This his Quarrel about a Trifle, made me open my Eyes, and to think better of what Course I was to take. My Friends had the goodness to represent to me, the little Security I must hope for, from a Man of that Caprice, in a Place so remote, and where his Power was so absolute. *That after what had passed betwixt us, I was a Fool to imagine I should ever be suffered to return from thence: That he had sent my Jewels before, for no other reason, but to confine himself for ever to that his Government, where he should not be obliged to give any account of his Conduct, as at Paris: And if ever I should have need of my Friends, I should be so far from them, that they could do me no other good but, unprofitably, to wish my Condition was better.*

These Considerations, that were but too apparent, and too well grounded, made me take Sanctuary once more at the Countess's, the Night before Monsieur *Mazarin* was to begin his Journey, fearing lest he would have used Violence to force me along with him. I was so full of Perplexity and Distraction, to see my self a-new reduced to this Necessity, that I forgot to bring away my small Jewels which were left me for my daily use, and might be worth about Fifty Thousand Crowns. As they were the only Treasure I had left, the Countess was so provident as to ask me for them as soon as she saw me: By that means I had time enough to send for them away. He came the next Day to know what I meant:

Answer

Answer was made him that I meant two things; the one, Not to go into *Alsatia*; the other, That he should restore me my great Jewels which he sent before unto *Alsatia*, and which were the first cause of our Breach. As for *Alsatia*, he would have been contented to excuse me, since he saw me a great likelihood of being able to perswade me to it; but for my Jewels, he would make no peremptory Answer; and as they were still upon the Road to *Alsatia*, as soon as Monsieur *Mazarin* left us, the Princes of *Baden* carried me to Monsieur *Colbert's*, to beseech him to seize them into his own Hands. He believed I ought not to be refused that Favour: They were forced to be brought back, and they have remained ever since in his Hands. Now the Question was, What should become of me? Monsieur *Mazarin* left me my Choice of going to live at the *Hotel de Conty*, or at the *Abbey of Chelles*, the only two Places in the World he knew I hated mortally, and that for very just Reasons. The Oppression of Spirit under which I lay, would not give me leave to determine which I should chuse of these two Places, equally odious to me; I was fain to let others chuse for me: And the Reasons I had against the Palace of *Conty* being more prevalent, the *Abbey of Chelles* was preferred before the Palace of *Conty*.

In this my Solitude, making Reflection upon the Duty which my Friends told me was incumbent upon me, to desire a Separation of Goods, in favour of my poor Children, before Monsieur *Mazarin* had spent all; I was at last resolved to do it*. But though I was convinced in my own Sense, I ought to solícite it, yet as I had some

* In the Year 1666.

particular Reason, Monsieur *Colbert's* Judgment upon this Matter, was to stop to Some six Months, coming out of the Country, and to be satisfied that we were young Women, since his Majesty gave my self a particular, but in he desired to see. His Royal Majesty's petition, from thence, now not was, because I want, treated, though satisfied; and I use, much account of it, yet the that I should Mary's name with Some time, in the country, can out of a or I had I, he would to Man evenness as in and chiefly as therein reason I was am it was offend God

particular Reasons to refer all this to Monsieur
Albert's Judgment, I caused him to be sounded
 on this Matter, and finding him averse to it,
 at a stop to all.

Some six Months afterwards, Monsieur *Maza-*
ria coming out of *Alsatia*, made me a Visit as he
 passed that way, to oblige me to discharge two
 young Women, which the Countess had given
 me since his departure for *Alsatia*. I did not be-
 lieve my self bound to satisfy his Desires in this
 particular, being I knew it was for no other rea-
 son he desired it, but out of his Animosity against
 me. His Resentment of this Denial put him up-
 on petitioning the King to have me removed
 from thence, to some other Monastery, upon I
 know not what Prettexts. But the real Truth
 was, because the Abbess of *Chelles*, who was his
 friend, treated me civilly; and that I was well
 enough satisfied with my Abode there. He pre-
 tended; and though that Abbess was, as she had
 cause, much offended, and gave as favourable an
 account of my Behaviour there as could be desir-
 ed, yet the Master of the Horse came to tell me,
 that I should oblige the King in going to the Nunnery of
S. Mary's of the Bastille; and Madam *de Toussi*
 came with six Life-Guards to conduct me.

Some time after Monsieur *Mazarin* going into
Britany, came thither to see me; but was present-
 ly out of all Patience, because I wore Patches,
 (for I had some on by chance that Day) and told
 me, *he would not speak to me until I had taken them off*.
 No Man ever made his Demands with such Haugh-
 tiness as inclined rather to refuse than grant them,
 and chiefly, when he believed that Conscience
 was therein concerned; and that also was the
 reason I would not put off my Patches, to shew
 him it was neither of my Belief nor Intention to
 offend God with this kind of Dress. After con-
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testing a whole Hour about this in vain, he last began to tell me his Mind, notwithstanding my Patches; and pressed me with as little success to go with him into *Britany*.

I was then more inclinable to go to Law with him than to follow him. I obtained leave of his Majesty to commence my Suit, having been conducted to Him by the Princess of *Baden*. But Monsieur *Colbert*, who was very unwilling to consent to it, for Reasons that admitted of no Answer, in any other Conjunction, delay'd it for a long while, until at last Madam *de Courcelles* being put into the same Monastery with me; I obtained, by the favour of some Friends that she had at Court, leave to commence my Suit.

As she was a beautiful Person, and of a very pleasant Humour, I had Complaisance enough for her, to join with her in playing some Tricks to the Nuns. The King was told an hundred ridiculous Stories about it; That we used to put Ink into the Holy-Water-Pot to smut the good old Nuns; That we used to run through their Dormitory, at the time of their first Sleep, with a great many little Dogs, yelping and yellowing; and twenty other such Fooleries, either altogether invented, or much exaggerated. As for Example, having desired them to let us have some Water to wash our Feet, the Nuns agreed among themselves to refuse us what was necessary, and to find fault; as if we had been put there to observe their Rule. It is true, that we filled two great Chests that were over the Dormitory with Water, and not taking notice that the Floor was ill jointed, the Water run through and wet all the poor Nuns Beds. If you were at that time at Court, you will easily remember that this Accident was represented there as a merry Horse-Boy's Prank. It is also true, that under

colour

colour of keeping us Company, they would never suffer us to go out of their Sights. The eldest among the Nuns were chosen for this purpose, as being the hardest to be bribed; but we having nothing else to do but run about, we soon tired them out one after another, and one or two of them sprained their Legs, striving to run after us. I should not tell you these little odd Follies, if Monsieur *Mazarin's* Partisans had not published them before; and since they represented them as so many Crimes, I am glad you know all the Enormities of them.

After we had been three Months in this Convent, we had leave to go to *Chelles*, where I knew we should be more civilly treated, though we could not have so many Visits; and Monsieur *Mazarin* arrived the same Day from *Britany*, that we were removed thither. Some few Days after Monsieur *Mazarin* comes with a Guard of Three-score Horse, with leave from the Arch-Bishop of *Paris* to enter the Monastery, and carry me away by force. But the Abbess not only refused him entrance, but put all the Keys of the House into my Hands, to free me from the Suspicion of the Evil she might have done me; with this Condition only, that I would speak to Monsieur *Mazarin*. I asked him, What he would have? But he still replied, *I was not the Abbess*. I answered him, *I was the Abbess for him that Day, since all the Keys of the House were in my Power, and there was no getting in for him but by my Favour*. He turned his Back, and went his way. A Gentleman that the Countess sent, to know how I did, carried this News to *Paris*, and said, that it was reported at *Chelles*, that Monsieur *Mazarin* went off, only with design to return again in the Night. You have heard, without doubt, how Madam de *Bouillon*, the Count de *Soissons*, the Duke de *Banillon*, and

and the best and greatest Persons about the Court got on Horse-back upon this Report, to come to my Rescue.

At the Noise they made, *Madam de Courcelles* and I, took them for my Enemies; but our Fear was not so great, but that we thought upon an Expedient to hide our selves. There was a hole in the Grate of our Parlor big enough for a great Dish to pass; and we never till then thought one could creep through it: Yet we both got in that hole, but it was with so much difficulty, that if *Monsieur Mazarin* himself had been in that Parlor, he would never suspect that Place, and would have looked for us any where else than there. But when we found our Error, the Shame and Confusion we were in, made us resolve to shoot that Gulph once more without calling any Body to our Aid. *Madam de Courcelles* got easily through, but I was above a quarter of an Hour betwixt two Bars of Iron, and almost squeesed to Death, without being able to get in or out. But though I was so horribly pinched, I would not consent any should be called to help us; and *Madam de Courcelles* never left tugging until she had me out. I went to thank them all; and after they had joked a while upon *Monsieur Mazarin's* Attempt to catch nothing, they all returned back.

In the mean time I had such a Decree as I desired, in the third Court of Inquests: This Court consisted most of young Men of great Wit and Eloquence, and they all strove who should be most forward to serve me. The scope of the Decretal Order was, That I should provisionally be allowed Twenty Thousand Livres; That I should live at the Palace of *Mazarin*, and *Monsieur Mazarin* at the Arsenal. And what was more important, That *Monsieur Mazarin* should be obliged to produce the Goods of their Value, which I declared he dissipated. The Prin-

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Countess of Carignan came to put me in Possession of my House. There I found all the Servants that I had need of, already chosen by Monsieur Mazarin; but I thanked them all for their good Will. The Countess, who always unseasonably put me in mind of my Generosity, would again perswade me, *that it was below me to exact the Allowance the Parliament had assigned me:* But Monsieur Mazarin was not a Man that would give me any thing without being compell'd, and I must have whereby to subsist. It is true, she asked me if I had need of Money; but she could not be ignorant of that: And were it not for my small Jewels, and the Helps that I had from my Brother, my Affairs had been in an indifferent Posture. He return'd out of *Italy* Ten Days after my Decree; and although he was very angry at my Law-Suit, for those very Reasons that made Monsieur Colbert to disapprove of it, and that he always foretold me the Countess would forsake me as soon as she had engaged me in this Business; yet I found every Morning more Money upon my Toilet than I needed, without ever being able truly to discover from whence it came.

In the mean time Monsieur Mazarin remov'd the Suit unto the Great Chamber, for a new Tryal; but it was so order'd, that the King interpos'd in our Affair to make a final Accommodation betwixt us. We both signed a Writing to the King to this effect, *That Monsieur Mazarin should lodge at the Palace Mazarin, but that I should have the liberty to choose all my own Servants, excepting my Gentleman of the Horse, who was to be recommended to me by Monsieur Colbert; That we should live each in their own Apartments; That I should not be obliged to follow him in any of his Journies: And for the separation of Goods, I desired that the Ministers*

sters of State should be Arbitrators thereof; And that we should inviolably observe and obey their Award. Upon the same Day that I signed this Writing, I met Madam de Brisac at the Fair, who told me laughing, *Madam, you are patched up again for the third time.* Nor were we truly Friends; for Monsieur Mazarin made it his Business to thwart me in all things, of which I could instance many Particularities; but one shall serve, that made Noise enough. I had ordered a Stage to be erected in my own Appartment, to have a Comedy acted for some Persons of the Court. Monsieur Mazarin, without my Notice, caused it to be pulled down two Hours before it was to be made use of, because it was a Holy Day, and a Comedy was a prophane Divertisement. But all this did not hinder our seeing one another very civilly every Afternoon; for we neither eat, nor lay together. Monsieur Mazarin would have it otherwise understood; but besides that, our Award mentioned nothing of it, I could see no likelihood that our Affairs should remain long in this Posture, and if it had happen'd that our Affairs must be referred again to the Parliament, I was loath to expose my self to the Drudgery of Solliciting, being with Child.

Nor was my Apprehensions vain; for Monsieur Mazarin was soon weary of what he had done; and thereupon begged of his Majesty to tear the Writings, and to release us of our Engagements. I consented to it; but upon Condition, that his Majesty would never more interpose in our Business, neither one way nor other. His Majesty was graciously pleased to pass his Word, that he would not, and has ever since kept his Promise. This brought us again into Parliament; and our Suit was followed with more Bitterness on both sides than ever.

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Monsieur *Mazarin* and his Adherents forgot nothing since that time, that might fully my Reputation to the World; and above all, make me hateful to his Majesty. The Extravagancy of Monsieur *Courcelles*, among other things, furnished them with an admirable Pretence. I had forgotten to tell you, that when I left *Chelles*, I prevailed so far, that I got leave for his Wife to come and live with me. She was no sooner there; but those that formerly had been instrumental to draw her away from her Husband, being glad to put her again into his Possession, found means, I know not how, to let him into the Palace *Mazarin*, whilst I was Abroad; and managed her so, that her Husband and she went away Home together as good Friends as ever. One Day as I came to give her a Visit, she was so foolish as to deny her self, though Mr. *Cavoy's* Coach stood at the Door. In the first Transports of my Passion, for this her Rudeness, her Husband came unexpectedly in the way, to whom I could not forbear saying something of it. This foolish Man of late hankered after an Occasion to fight *Cavoy*; and was loath it should be thought that he was jealous of the best of his Friends, but that it was upon some other account. The most plausible he could find, was to pretend himself every where in Love with me; giving out, *That his Wife had in her keeping some Letters of mine that were of Consequence, and which I had written to a Gentleman of the Court; That she put them into Cavoy's Hands, and that Cavoy, like a Rascal, shewed them about; but that he would force him with his Sword to restore them, as he had promised me so to do.* Although this Story was ridiculous enough, and as ill contrived, as might be, yet it found Belief; and some were so foolish as to report it for a Truth.

He did worse than all this; he had the Impudence to tell me to my Face of it, in the Court-Yard of the Palace *Mazarin*. I told him, that knowing better than any other, that all he had said was not true; I could not imagine he could have any other Design in it, but to make himself merry; and that, if I knew that he had the least Intention of fighting upon this ridiculous Pretence, I would immediately acquaint the Count of Soissons with it, who was just by, and heard some part of our Discourse. Courcelles perceiving, by the manner and tone of my Voice, that I would not understand Raillery, made sign with a Nod of his Head, that it was only in jest; not daring to speak it out, because of the Count, who joined us at the same time. It is easie to guess how great my Amazement was, when I understood the next Day that they had not only fought, but that likewise in the Accord they made among themselves in the Field, he had the Impudence to maintain this Fiction to the end; and to except a Woman from the Secret they had mutually promised to keep. He was so well pleased with himself, that he could not contain himself, but bragg'd of this Exception to some of his ordinary Acquaintance, which made the matter publick, and was the occasion that they were both sent to the *Conciergery*, to do Penance for one Man's Folly. They were not wanting at Court in their Censures of me, upon this occasion treating me with the Attributes of Incendiary, Make-bate, and Hair-brain'd; That I should be the occasion of cutting many other Throats if I could. And one of my Grooms of the Chamber being dangerously wounded about that time by some of his drunken Comrades, they had the good Nature to inform the King, That this fellow was privy to all my Secrets, and that having found that he betrayed his Trust, I took course to have him assassinated.

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The insolent liberty People took to charge me with these Calumnies, obliged me to speak to the King about it. The Countess, in whose Company I went to him, told his Majesty as she entered the Room, *That she brought him that Criminal, that wicked Woman, of whom so many evil Things had been told him.* The King was pleased to tell me, that he never gave Credit to any of those Reports: But in manner of delivering this was so succinct, and so far from the accustomed Civility with which he used to hear me, that all others but my self could have doubted of the Truth of what he said. You know the Court is a Land of much contradiction. The Compassion which perhaps the People took of me, when they saw me shut up in Convent, was changed into Envy, to see me appear in the Queen's Drawing-Room, and to make a much better Appearance there than I had in mind to. Yet I had no other Pretension, but to endeavour to make some tolerable Agreement with Monsieur *Mazarin*; but those, by whose Counsels I regulated my Actions and Affairs, having other ends, ruined my Business, by endeavouring to make their own succeed: And so losing my Simplicity, and the blind Obedience gave to all their Advices, caused me to make several Steps, without understanding the Reason or Consequence of it.

Amidst all these Troubles and Vexations, our suit went forward, and Monsieur *Mazarin* found the same Favour among the old Men, which he had obtained of the Young. After three Months time, I had Intelligence, *That he had gained the hearts of the Great Chamber; That his Cabal carried before them there; That he was like to have such a decree as he desired; That altho' they did grant me the separation of Goods, they would not leave me that of my* *ed, which I then enjoyed, and therefore was no part of*

my Request to them ; And lastly, that the Judges could not dispense with themselves from ordering me to go and live with my Husband, though they would be as favourable, as they were then against me. If this Account had been given me by People of less Credit than they from whom I had it, I would have che liberty of acquainting you with their Names ; but as they ran a Hazard in telling it, so they were cautious in exacting my Secrecy, which I will certainly keep inviolable to them. You may judge what Usage I was like to have of Monsieur *Mazarin*, if I should be forced by Act of Parliament to return to him, after the Causes of Resentments which he pretended to have against me, and have both Court and Parliament contrary to me.

These were the Motives that produced that strange and so much blamed Resolution which I took, of retiring into *Italy*, to my Friends and Relations, seeing now no longer Refuge or Security for me in *France*. My Brother, who was at once the nearest, the dearest, and the discreetest of my Relations, was also the first who approved of my Resolution, and offered me all he could do to favour it. The Chevalier of *Roban*, his intimate Friend, and mine, having, I know not how, heard of it, spoke so knowingly of it, that we could not without Impudence conceal it from him, nor without some kind of Ingratitude refuse his Assistance. My Design was not then to go directly to *Rome*, but only to *Milan*, to see my Sister the Constable, whither I writ to her to come, and I intended to go afterwards to *Bruxelles*, that from thence, as being nearer, I might with more ease negotiate some more durable and advantageous Agreement with Monsieur *Mazarin*, than the former had proved.

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After I neglected since won it, did no I was mo some Susp She came where she ance, in cried out *Business*, *Suit be lo* Days bet my Brot to take h *Father*, *rain amo* *Post-Ho* which I suspecte gin my that I h not tak glossing

Monsieur de Roban begged that he might come
 along with my Brother, when I should be arrived
 here; nor could we in Civility refuse it him. I
 had some Reasons to believe, that Monsieur Ma-
 zarin would be more easily wrought to a better
 Accommodation, when he should once see me
 out of France. And the terrible Apprehensions I
 marked in him every time I threatned to be gone,
 would not suffer me to doubt of it. The Despair
 to which he did often reduce me, made me many
 times tell him, *That if I were once out of his Reach, I*
would make him run far enough, before he should over-
take me. But to my Misfortune; he never be-
 lieved I had so much Courage, until he saw it.

After I had taken this Resolution, I so much
 neglected my Suit, that I have a hundred times
 since wondred that those who were concerned in
 it, did not perceive it. The Countess, of whom
 I was most afraid, was the only Person that had
 some Suspicion of it, but she gave it no Credit.
 She came almost every Day to my Brother's,
 where she found us always very merry in appear-
 ance, in order to deceive the World; and she
 cried out upon me, because *I did not solicit my*
Business, that it was a great shame for me to let my
Suit be lost for want of looking after it. Some Eight
 Days before I set out, she was there when one of
 my Brother's Gentlemen, called *Parmillac*, came
 to take his leave of us. *He pretended to go to see his*
Father, who (as he said) had some Command in Lor-
rain among the Horse: But in truth, it was to order
 Post-Horses to be ready for me upon the Road,
 which I chose because it was the unlikeliest to be
 suspected. The sight of this Man that was to be-
 gin my Enterprize, put me into such Disorder,
 that I have since wondered how the Countess did
 not take Notice of it; she was taken up with
 glossing upon my Negligence in the midst of so

many important Concerns: *That it was not the time to stay all the Day in my Chamber undressed, playing upon my Guittar; and that this kind of Carelessness made her almost believe what was reported, that I intended to fly into Italy.* These unprofitable Remonstrances ended in an Exhortation to me, to go with her to *St. Germain*s to make my Court at least: But as I had other Business that concerned me nearer, I desired her to excuse me. It was absolutely necessary, for my Design, that she should be at *St. Germain*s when I set out; for had she been at *Paris*, in the uneasiness she was for my Proceedings, it had been almost impossible, but she would have suspected something of my Intention.

In fine, *Wednesday*, the Thirteenth of *June*, in the Year, One Thousand, Six Hundred, and Sixty Eight, being the Day appointed for my Departure, whilst I was putting my little Affairs in order against Night, she sent for me to go and Dine with her at *St. Germain*s. I was about to send her word I could not go, but the Messenger was ordered to take no Denial, but that I must go; which made me fear my Plot was discovered: But as we must always in such kind of Matters presume we are not discovered, though we see never so great Appearances to the contrary, I thought it expedient to promise, I would meet her there, lest she should come her self to fetch me. When Dinner-time was over, and I did not appear, she sent to conjure me not to fail to come thither before Night. I excused my self as well as I could for breaking my Word, and bid them assure her that I would not fail to be there at Night: But Ten of the Clock being passed, and no News of me, she took her Coach and came straight towards *Paris*. She was come above half way when she met my Brother, who left *Paris* at the

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the same time I did, to impart my Design to Monsieur de Louvois. She asked him abruptly, *Where I was?* But he asked her, *If she had not met me?* She said, No. He replied coldly, *That sure when I had taken the other Road; for, that he saw me come away before he took Coach.*

Monsieur Mazarin came to awake the King at Three of the Clock in the Morning, to beseech him that he would give Order that I should be pursued. But his Majesty had the Generosity to answer him, *That he would not break his Promise he had made when he tore our Award, never to meddle with any of our Concerns, one way nor another; and that it was not likely they could over-take me now, being so long gone, and having taken my Measures at leisure as I had done.* But this Answer was otherwise reported in the World; and you have surely heard of the Verses which were made of this Subject, which begins thus:

Sad Mazarin, Pale, and full of Grief;

and ended with this Joke upon the Revelations he had, during the Queen's great Sickness, touch'd the King and Madam la Valiere:

Alas! what is become of my poor Wife?

Know you not? (quoth the King) sure you cannot miss,

Th' Angel, that tells you all, has told you this.

Monsieur Mazarin seeing he could obtain nothing to his Purpose of the King, went to Monsieur Colbert, who advised him to send some Person of Credit after me, to offer me my own Terms, so I would come back. It was one Monsieur la Louviere, one of the Lieutenants of the Ordnance who was sent; and you may judge from

from the Place where he over-took me, that the King had reason to say, it was then too late to follow me.

Whilst things passed thus at Court, I ran a strange Carreer; and I do assure you, that if I had fore-seen all the Inconveniencies that attend such a Journey, I should rather have chosen to end my Days betwixt four Walls, and to hasten it with Steel or Poison, than to expose my Reputation to those Calumnies that are inevitable to all Women of my Age and Quality, that are separated from their Husbands. Though I had no Experience enough to foresee the Consequences of it, nor those that were of my Counsel, Fore-cast enough; yet I was not without many Conflicts with my self before I could absolutely come to a settled Determination: And my Irresolutions were so troublesome to me, that if you could but see them, you would more easily be convinced, that nothing but the Necessity I saw my self reduced to, could hurry me to so fatal an Enterprize. I can with great Truth assure you, that all my Diversions were but feigned, since I had formed this Design; and that the Countess was much in the wrong in reproaching me with my Tranquility of Mind. I scarce took any Rest, nor Eat, nor Drank much for above Eight Days before; and I was much troubled when I set out, that I was fain to send back from the Gate of St. *Anthonny*, to fetch the Box in which was my Money and my Jewels, which I had forgotten. It is a great Truth, that I never dreamed that I should ever want Money, but Experience hath taught me it is commonly the first thing that is wanting, especially to those that have always lived in great Plenty of it, never knowing the Necessity and Importance of discreetly managing it. Nevertheless, I left the

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Keys of my Apartment with my Brother, that he might ſeize upon my Plate, Furniture, and other Thing of Value. But he was ſo careleſs as to let Monsieur *Mazarin* prevent him, upon the ſame Token that ſometime after he ſold ſome of my Things to Madam *la Valiere* for a Hundred Thouſand Livres.

My Train conſiſted of a Maid I had but ſix Months before, called *Nannon*, dreſſed in Man's Apparel, as I was; a Man of my Brother's, called *Narciffus*, with whom I had no Acquaintance, and a Gentleman belonging to Monsieur *de Roban*, called *Courbeville*, whom I had never ſeen before. My Brother deſired Monsieur *de Roban* not to leave me until he had ſeen me out of Town. I departed with him without the Gate of *St. Anthony*, and drove on in a Coach with ſix Horſes, to a Houſe belonging to the Princeſs of *Guimené*, his Mother, Ten Leagues from *Paris*. From thence I went Six or Seven Leagues in a *Caleche*; but theſe kind of Carriages were too ſlow for my fears; therefore I took Horſe, and arrived at *Bar* the Friday following about Noon; from thence (ſeeing my ſelf out of *France*) I went no further than *Nancy* that Night. The Duke of *Lorrain* hearing of my Arrival, and deſiring to ſee me, was ſo civil as not to preſs it, when he underſtood I was unwilling. The Reſident of *France* was very earneſt to have me ſtopped there, but in vain; and the Duke, to compleat his Generoſity, gave me a Lieutenant and Twenty of his Guards to conduct me into *Swiſſerland*. We were almoſt every where known to be Women; and *Nannon* ſtill, thro' forgetfulneſs, called me M A D A M: Whether for this reaſon, or that my Face gave ſome cauſe of ſuſpicion; the People watched us through the Key-hole, when we had ſhut ourſelves in, and ſaw our long Treſſes, which as ſoon

soon as we were at liberty we untied, because they were very troublesom to us under our Perriwigs.

Nannon was extream low of Stature, and so unfit to be cloathed in Man's Apparel, that I could never look upon her without laughing. The Night that I lay at *Nancy*, where we re-assumed our Womens Apparel, I was so over-joy'd to see see my self out of danger, that I gave my self the liberty of diverting me a little at my ordinary Sports; and as I ran after her to laugh at her, I fell on my Knee and hurt it. I did not feel it then; but some Days after having caused a Bed to be made in a sorry Village of *Franche Comté*, in order to rest my self while Dinner was a preparing, such a grievous Pain took me of a suddain in that Knee, that I was not able to rise. But on I must go, therefore having been let Blood by a Woman, for want of another Chirurgion, I followed my Journey in a Litter, till I came to *Neufchatel*, where the People perswaded themselves that I was *Madam de Longueville*. You cannot imagine the Joy the People expressed to see me, being not used to see Women of Quality of *France* pass through their Country; nor could they comprehend that any other but the Dutches of *Longueville* could have Business that way. I know some would have laid hold of this Occasion, and made use of their Kindness, to taste of the sweetness of Sovereignty. After all, the Mistake was advantagious to me; and what I wanted in Age, I gained in Quality. But Power and Authority seemed to me too great and too good for a Fugitive. I was so unskillfully handled there, that my Pain grew worse, insomuch that I had once Thoughts of returning to *Paris*; and were it not that *Milan* was nearer, and that I hoped to be sooner and safer there, I had pursued my first Thoughts.

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Some few Days after, I passed through a little Town of *Swisserland*, that had a Garrison, where we were all like to be knocked on the Head, by our Ignorance of their Language; and to compleat our Happiness, we understood when we came to *Altorf*, that we must make our Quarantine there, before we should be suffered to enter the Territories of *Milan*. There it was my stock of Patience was quite spent; for I saw myself in a barbarous Country, most desperately sick, full of grievous Pain; and for Help, you shall judge by what hapned to *Narcissus*, whether there was much to be hoped for in that Place. For he ailing something, sent for a Chirurgion to let him Blood; they brought him a *Farrier*, who going to let him Blood with his Fleam, missed the Vein, and *Narcissus* threatening to kill him, the Fellow still answered coldly, *That he had not angried the Artery*.

But what consummated and thoroughly carried my Condition, even beyond Despair, was the Division in my Family, and their continual Jar-ring. *Narcissus* took it ill that *Courbeville*, who had been in my Family but Seven or Eight Days, should take upon him to meddle with any thing without his leave; and the same reason made *Nannon* quarrel with them both; But while *Narcissus* and she jarred in this manner, they were useless to me, and did almost nothing but out of spite to thwart one another. On the other side *Courbeville* was very diligent to help me; and I am still perswaded, had it not been for him, I had been forced to have had my Leg cut off. And as my distressed Condition made me very thankful, and acknowledging for every little Service; my commending his particular Care of me, put them quite out of Humour, and thereupon abandoned me wholly to his Care.

It was at the time of this Quarantine that *Louviere* over-took me; but I remitted the Deliberation of what he proposed to me, to our Arrival at *Milan*, whither I came some few Days after, by the favour and means of the Duke of *Sesto*, Brother-in-Law to the Constable, and Governor of that Country. He understood how I was detained at *Altorf*, and he remitted Eighteen Days of my Quarantine. My Sister and the Constable came to meet me at a House of theirs Four Days Journey from *Milan*, where we staid some Days, and thence went to *Milan*, where in Six Weeks that we staid there, we received Nine Couriers from *Paris*.

I was inform'd that presently after my Flight, the Judges had declared themselves in my favour against Monsieur *Mazarin*; that Marshal *Turenne* himself had spoken to the King in my behalf; and that the Resolution I had taken, gave both Admiration and Pity to all reasonable People. But that things had quickly changed by my Friends joyning with Monsieur *Mazarin*, in an Action against my Brother and Monsieur *de Roban*, wherein 'twas pretended that they had stole me away.

I know that Monsieur *Mazarin* sent one after me with Power to take Information from Place to Place, all the Road that I passed, of all my Actions and Demeanour. And this perhaps is the greatest and only Obligation I owe him, since this Man's Depositions, which are recorded in Parliament, are undeniable Testimonies of the Innocence of my Carriage and Conduct throughout this Journey, against all the Allegations and Aspersions of my Enemies. But this was not the best Story in his Budget. I had written to my Brother, and to Monsieur *de Roban* before I left *Neufchatel*; to my Brother, to let him know

where

that where, and how I was ; and to Monsieur de Ro-
 e Deli an, to thank him for the Service he did me at
 ur Arri ny coming away, in facilitating my Departure.
 Days al had commanded *Narcissus* to send away these
 Duke of Letters by the Post ; but whether it was that his
 nd Go Hatred to *Courbeville* reached as far as his Master
 how hat gave him to me, or that it was meer Negli-
 ghtteen gence ; he confessed at *Milan*, that he forgot
 e Con Monsieur de Roban's Letter upon the Mantle-Tree
 theirs in the Post-Master's House at *Neufchatel*, to whom
 ve staid he had given it in charge. *La Louviere* finding it
 here in s he came that way, carried it with him, and
 d Nine ave it to Monsieur *Mazarin*, who made use of
 Flight, and with such success, that it set all the World
 favour against me. And it was upon this Letter that he
 Turenne presum'd to Petition the Parliament sometime
 behalf, after, that I ought to forfeit all my Rights ;
 ve both which is never practised but against Women con-
 People, victed of the highest Infamy and Lewdness.
 by my I told you that Monsieur de Roban had obtained
 in an ny Brother's Consent to come to us to *Brussels*,
 r de Ro when we should be arrived there. The need we
 ad stole had of him, having made us conclude the matter
 ne after so ; it was natural enough to mention this to
 n Place him, in a Letter that was designed principally to
 all my shew him my Acknowledgments and Gratitude.
 s is the This was Evidence enough for Monsieur *Mazarin*
 , since to prove a Confederacy betwixt us, and that the
 ded in Chevalier was in Love with me. But besides,
 of the hat his Affections were known to the whole
 ough- Court to be engaged else-where then, and to a
 ons and Person of that eminent Quality, that he was
 not the banished for it : His manner of Proceeding did
 to my no way shew any such thing. It was truly the
 e I left part of a good Friend to furnish me with Means
 know to convey my self far off, and to put me into the
 where Hands of trusty Servants ; but it was no way that
 of a true Lover : And there are very few, who
 being

being favoured with a Confidence of this Nature would be perswaded to lose sight of their Mistrust in so extraordinary an Occasion.

Notwithstanding all this, the World gave Credit to what Monsieur *Mazarin* would have passed for a Truth. As for my Brother, he had, as you have seen by the Story, pretended to take up a Jealousie of him, in order to render him suspected in all my Concerns; that by this means he might deprive me of so considerable a Support. There was nothing so innocent, but was misrepresented, in order to maintain and carry on so detestable a Calumny; they produced Letters in Verse, for want of other Evidences. Posterity (if any thing of our Business doth reach it) will hardly believe that a Man of my Brother's Gravity should be examined upon Interrogatories about such Trifles; and that they should be seriously discussed before so grave a Bench, that they should make such a detestable use of so innocent a Commerce of Wit and Sentiments betwixt Persons so nearly related; to conclude that the Esteem and Friendship I had for a Brother, of a Desert and Merit so well known, and so justly due to him, and who loved me entirely well, should be made use of as an unjust Pretence and Colour for so black and so cruel a Defamation.

It will be hard to find stranger Examples of the Misfortunes of a Person of my Quality, Sex and Age. The most sacred Ties of Nature and Reason, become the most horrible Crimes, when Jealousie and Envy come to descant upon them; but there is nothing impossible to a Man that makes Profession of being devout and godly, and rather than to own himself in the wrong, he will cause the most innocent and uprightest Person

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ons in the World, to be thought the most infamous, and the most abominable. I may perhaps be thought to be in a Passion; but the Remembrance of so barbarous an Injustice, and so cruel Usage, has run me into a superfluous Digression; and it is very difficult to keep an even Temper in relating such sad and lamentable Things. Nor is it easie to leave wondering that People should be so malicious as to tax me with a Business so known to the World, as the Friendship and Union that was betwixt my Brother, my Sister the Constable, and my self. The whole Court of France have seen a Letter, which he writ from Rome some time after our Marriages, wherein he represents to one of his Friends the Happiness in having two Sisters whom he loved so well, living in two of the greatest and most famous Cities of the World, *Rome* and *Paris*. He ended his Letter with these two Verses:

*And thus I pass my Days in great Delight;
With wise Mary, or Hortensia bright.*

It is not unlikely, but that Monsieur *Mazarin* would have made use of these Verses, in his Suit, of my Sister (whom he endeavoured to gain, and set against me) had not been concerned in them as well as I: For they are, at least, as criminal and faulty as the other Letter, of which he made use. My Brother had writ to me that other Letter to *St. Germain*, where I was some Days, after Monsieur *Mazarin* had caused the Stage to be thrown down, which I told you I had ordered to be set up in my Apartment. It began thus:

*Thou who art in thy kind without Compare,
More chaste than Lucrece, or than Venus fair,
&c.*

He continues it with returning me Thanks for writing to him, and giving me an account of his Health; and after he goes on thus:

*Know then your kind Duke makes a damnable
Rout,
He frets, and he fumes, and he wanders about,
And all to enquire his dear Mazarin out.
He came th'other Night in a Lunatick Rage,
And told me the Tragical Fate of your Stage.
The Duke of Navaille, that withered sad Drivill,
Whose gastly wild Looks would half fright the
Devil,
To assist your good Man comes thund'ring Pell-mell,
And with Noise, and with Nonsense upon me he
fell.
They both join'd i' th' Chorus, and opening their
Throats,
'As loud as they could, with their damnd Screech-
Owl Notes,
They try'd me, and teiz'd for a whole Hour long,
And his dear Mazarin was the Burden o' th' Song.
Your hectoring Spouse, like a Sarazen, staves,
Looks big, and all that,——and by's Maker he
swears,
He'll seize you by Force, where-ever he meets,
And when you in his Clutches but once more be
gets,
For all your brisk Champions he'll care not a Rope;
He'll keep you in spight of King, Emperor, or Pope
His Servant, Polastron, has offer'd his Aid,
To join in the Plot, to have you betray'd.*

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Dutchess of MAZARIN.

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*Has sworn his Allegiance the better to warrant
Himself a true Squire to your new-made Knight-
Errant.*

*In this extream Danger, till the Tempest is o'er,
The Protection of Lewis, I advise you implore.
In all this Distress, of his Friendship make tryal;
And shielded by his great Authority Royal,
You need fear no ill; you'll be safely secur'd
Against an ungrateful and barbarous Lord.*

The rest is nothing. As I was shewing this letter to some of my Friends at Court, the Count of Grammont came and snatched it out of my Hands, and carried it to the King: It was read publickly before him, and there was none of all the Court that was any way scandalized at it, but one of the King's Chirurgions, named William. This Man, who in appearance was zealous for his Patients, hearing these words,

The Duke of Navaille, that wither'd sad Drivil,

could not contain himself from interrupting them, and saying, *That was nothing, for he was shortly to be purged.* And yet it was upon such convincing proofs as these, that Monsieur Mazarin obtained an Order of Parliament, to Arrest me in any place where he should find me. All my Friends; at the same time, signed a Paper to him, jointly praying the Constable not to receive me into his House; but he laughed at their Folly. However, they had sent, with the Paper, these other scandalous Letters. There came to me at the same time an Express from the Countess, to excuse her self to me about this; but by word of Mouth only.

I confess, my Constancy was not of strength enough to receive so great a Shock of so many

Afflictions together. I fell into a deep Melancholy; and these kind of Proceedings leaving me no Hopes of an Accommodation, I left off the Thoughts of going to *Bruxelles*. Hereupon my Brother arrives; and instead of comforting me, he began another Persecution against me, much the more cruel, because it had a very specious Foundation. It was agreed, that *Courbeville* should be sent back as soon as I came to *Milan*. But he having understood the criminal Proceeding that was begun at *Paris*, in which he was made a Party, he threw himself at my Feet, and represented to me, *That he could not return to his Master without carrying his Head to a Scaffold; and that having not whereby to subsist any where else, he should be utterly ruined if I discharged him my Service.* This Gentleman had been so serviceable to me in my greatest Necessities, that I believed I could not abandon him without extream Ingratitude; therefore I passed my Word to him, that I would not put him away, as long as he was pleased to stay with me. And the cruel Displeasures which I since received for having kept him, have not yet perswaded me that I ought not to have given him my Word to continue him in my Service.

Nannon and *Narcissus* enraged because I kept him, told my Brother that he talked insolently of him. What they alledged he had said, was little enough; my Brother believed it, and would have me turn him away: But as I knew who it was that had done him this ill Office, I could neither believe it, nor discharge him. But my Resolution to keep him drove *Nannon* and *Narcissus* into Despair; and at last the best Expedient they could find to force me to satisfy their Desire, was to give out that *Courbeville* was in Love with me. My Brother, who would seem ignorant of these Services, and of the Promise I gave him, and the

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obligations I owed to this Man, because he be-
 lieved himself affronted by him, and being ac-
 customed to receive no Denial from me, was
 afraid there was something extraordinary in my
 obstinacy not to dismiss him; and was confirm-
 ed in this Opinion, when after highly represent-
 ing to me the Report that was spread abroad, he
 saw I would not yield to part with him. This ri-
 culous Calumny, instead of convincing, did
 asperate me: And I was so nearly touched to
 see he gave Credit to it, that I could no longer
 endure him. The Constable and my Sister were
 of my side, against him; but they too turn-
 ed to his side at last. Then there was nothing but
 standing and proving betwixt us four: The Fault
 was always laid upon me; and they justified
 themselves at my Cost. This kind of Life, full
 of Vexations and Resentments, against a Brother
 and a Sister whom I loved so dearly, and whose
 society alone I thought sufficient to make me
 happy, made me at last, though late, to appre-
 hend that we must set our Hearts upon nothing
 in this World.

In the midst of these Disquiets we came to *Ve-*
nce, where the Constable was not well at his
 ease, because perhaps he saw my Sister was too
 well pleased to be there. He promised me great
 matters to induce me to go to *Rome*; That he
 would ingage his Holiness should protect me, and that
 he would omit nothing to divert me from the deep *Me-*
lancholy he saw me inclined to. Seeing my self so
 cruelly persecuted by my Brother, I thought it
 convenient, by my Complaisance, to manage the
 Constable's Kindness. We went all to *Sienna*, to
 Cardinal *Cbigi's*; from whence, after three Weeks
 stay there, my Brother having fallen out with us,
 returned to *Venice*, without taking leave of us,
 and we steered our Course towards *Rome*; where

the Heats were so Excessive, that we were forced to retire for six Weeks to *Marino*, a Country Seat belonging to my Brother-in-Law, the Constable

About the time we returned to *Rome*, my Brother came thither with a Gentleman belonging to *Monsieur de Rohan*, to cause (as I have been told) *Courbeville* to be Assassinated. I was informed that *Courbeville* finding himself extream ill at *Venice*, believed himself Poysoned; and in his Anger he had written terrible Letters to *Paris* against my Brother and *Monsieur De Rohan* whom he believed of Intelligence with my Brother, to have him turned out of my Service. That these Letters falling into *Monsieur De Rohan's* hands, he sent them back to my Brother, desiring him to Chastise *Courbeville* according to his Deserts. The indiscretion of this *Courbeville*, and the unpleasing Noise this Business made in the World, together with the desire I had to be quiet, made me resolve at last to discharge *Courbeville*; not doubting but he would willingly acquit me of my Promise which I had given him.

My Request to *President Champlastreux* his Son, who did negotiate betwixt my Brother and me, was, That he should not press me with so much Importuneness to this Deference; and that I might be allowed to go and sojourn with my Aunt *Martinozzi*. An Hour before *Courbeville* was to leave my House, my Aunt being already come to carry me with her, my Sister was in such a rage because I would no longer stay at her House, that she began to jeer before me, and to ask him, If he would not once more move me, and perswade me to let him stay yet this time? The Man being in despair for his going away, answered her fiercely, That if I did not command him to go, he would not, and that he cared for none there but me. She bad him to get him gone, and that he should meet with what he deserved in the End.

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He went out in great Fury; and as I had reason to believe that there was some mischief intended against him; I thought my self bound to save his Life, and carried him along with me to my Uncle's House: From thence I went to my Aunt's House, where I staid some time shut close up as in a Prison.

As Melancholy as I was, I could not hold Laughing at the Offer she made me, to dance the *Mattassin Dance*, to the Sound of my Guittar, to divert me from Sadness. I know not whether it was this my Refuse that did exasperate her against me; but one day as I was at the Window, she commanded me very roughly to get me from thence, *That it was not the custom at Rome to stand looking out at Windows*. Another time as I stood at it, she sent me her Ghostly Father to tell me *That she would cause me to be haled from it by force*. This Monk was so insolent in the delivery of his Message, that the Tears gushed out of my Eyes. Cardinal Cbigi's Gentleman of the Horse, who was managing of Horses before the House, hearing me complain, came up to offer me his Service; but when I saw him, I had no power of saying more. For all that, he went and told his Lord, *That I had neither eat nor drank in two days*. Cardinal Cbigi was troubled at it, and pittied my condition; and Cardinal Mancini telling him, *that Monsieur Mazarin desired I would Retire for fifteen Days into a Monastery, wherein there was a Sister of Cardinal Mazarin's*; I took him at his Word.

My Brother and Sister seeing the Deplorable State in which I was, began to reflect upon their past Usage to me, and could not be quiet until I had pardoned them. But I would not consent that my Brother should see me. Yet at last they overcame me in this too; and though I said that their Repentance could not redress the Injuries

they had done my Reputation, the easiness of my Nature carried me to yield even this time, notwithstanding the just cause of Indignation which I had against them. I confess my Heart akes at the Relation. I know nothing so Cruel in ones Life, as to see those People come boldly to us that have done us unpardonable Injuries. It is enough to be mortally affronted by them, without being persecuted with their Repentance too. This Reflection with many others, which I had occasion to make in my Recess, made me resolve to return into France, and to throw my self at Monsieur Mazarin's Feet, and rather trust to his Mercy without Capitulating, than remain still exposed to as many more irksome, and heart-breaking Adventures, as I had already run through. I desired my Aunt *Martinozzi* to write to the Princess of Conty, her Daughter, about it, and I prepared to be gone as soon as the Answer was come. Some few Days after *Courberville* found means to let me understand, *That after he had been some Days kept close at Cardinal Mancini's, he was conveyed to Civita Vechia, where he had been a Prisoner for six Weeks, and where he was like to remain (as he sent me word) much longer, unless I would please to have the goodness to sollicite for him.* Though I had reason never more to concern my self with him; yet because I would not leave my Work imperfect, I begged his Liberty of *Fra-Vincenzo Rospigliosi*, the Pope's Nephew, who thereupon commanded his Inlargement.

In the mean while, the time which I was to stay in the Convent being elapsed, Cardinal Mancini made answer to the instances, my Sister, unknown to me, had used, in order to get me out of the Monastery, *That he advised me to stay there a little longer, because it would be advantageous for me, that the Answer which was expected out of France should find me there; And this Answer was, That*

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After I had remained two years in that Monastery, Monsieur Mazarin would consider what he should do with me.

Cardinal Mancini by all means would have me submit to this Condition; and truly in the great affliction of mind into which Monsieur Mazarin's harshness had cast me, I might have been persuaded to any thing: But my Sister would not let me stay there by no means; she caused the Queen of Sweden to be solicited to receive me into her house; all the Difficulty was, how I should make my Escape. My Sister came to see me that Afternoon I intended it; and as we were packing up to be gone, and that Nannon was grown as broad as she was long, with the Fardles, that she had put round about her, every where under her cloaths; we had Intelligence that the Queen of Sweden, by the Advice of her Counsel, had retracted the Promise she had given me. How unwelcome soever this News was, it was resolved I should make my Escape. My Sister began to take her leave to be gone; and I making as if I would Wait upon her down Stairs, my Aunt Mazarin used all the Arguments she had to oblige me to stay in my Chamber, because I had been all a long time; but I was not to commit such an Errour. My Sister's Children, not having the Liberty of coming within the Cloyster, as she had, and were brought that day on purpose to amuse my Aunt in the Parlour, that we might not be pestered with her; stayed for her at the Door, which as soon as the Abbess came to open, Nannon threw her self out of it, as it were with joy, to make much of them, and I after her. As they had no suspicion of our Design, the Lady Abbess durst not stay me by force, nor had she much time to consider of it; for I was immediately got into my Sister's Coach, and so drove away.

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My Sister had the priviledge, of carrying a certain number of Women with her into the Cloyster as often as she came thither ; my Aunt through vexation, and anger, stopped two of them that came in with her that day, though they were no way privy to our Plot. My poor Aunt took the matter so much to heart, that she died within few Days after, of the Displeasure she had taken for my Escape. We caused the Coach to drive streight to Cardinal Chigi's, to implore his Protection ; but we found him not. He came a litle after to my Sisters, and seemed very cold in the matter, fearing the Pope's Displeasure but his Holiness made this Answer to Cardinal Mancini's Complaint, *That if he had known that she was kept against my Will in the Convent, he would have come himself to fetch me out:*

Not being able yet to live in my Sister's house I went to lodge in the street *del Corso*, in our paternal House, where the *Roman Academy* was ever kept. Cardinal Mancini was so angry at it that he turned one of his Sister's out of the House who would have incommoded me if she had staid. But he soon after took the Opportunity of my Absence, being gone to *Marino*, (to my Brother-in-law's) to seize, and take possession of the House : So that, I was forced at my return to take another.

I was soon reduced to pawn my Jewels for my Subsistence. I had borrowed but three thousand Crowns upon them, when I was informed that the Man that lent it me, was in danger of breaking. But when I went to Redeem them, I found that Madam Martinozzi had prevented me, and paid the money, but would not return the Jewels. Whereupon the Constable of *Colonna*, taking notice of her having them, prevailed so by his Authority and Threats to this Man, that he was

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a certain Cloyster put them into his hands. Monsieur *Mazarin* was writ to, to redeem them; but he made answer, *That they must be left where they were, that I might be deprived of all ways to subsist, the better to reduce me to my Duty.* I was necessitated to let one *Grillon*, a great Friend to my Brother, and the Constable, lay down the mony they lay in for, which I repay'd in some small time after. And the trouble of seeing my self reduced to the necessity of receiving Obligations from people that might perhaps make an ill use of it, made me a little after resolve to take a Journey into *France*, to try to get a Pension of Monsieur *Mazarin*.

I went with my Brother, who was going to be married to *Mademoiselle De Tiange*: And it is to this Alliance that I owe the good Success of my Voyage. We were near six Months upon the Road. When we were come to the *Frontiers*, we concluded that he should go before, and that I should stay behind, until he had taken the care that was necessary for my Security in *France*. But our Friends having given us an account of the Disaster of the poor Statues that were in the *Palace Mazarin*, and that the Conjuncture seemed favourable, we went together as far as *Nevers*, where he left me, and went on towards the Court in company with *Grillon* who had overtaken us at *Milan*.

As soon as Monsieur *Mazarin* understood that we were upon the Road coming into *France*, he sent *Polastron*, Captain of his Guards, to inform himself exactly of the Course of Life we lead, who raised all the Sheriffs and Provosts about *Nevers*, to be aiding and assisting to the Commissary, who came to put the Order of Parliament in Execution; whereby they were Authorized to Seize and Arrest me. My Brother having complained

to the King of this Proceeding, his Majesty was in the mind to have sent for me by his Authority; but Monsieur Colbert judging it more for my Advantage to humour Monsieur Mazarin as much as possible, The King sent him Command to sign a Decree of Agreement; which he did with Tears in his Eyes; perceiving that if he did not do it, the King would proceed further in my behalf.

This Order came luckily to Nevers the same day that Monsieur Palluan, Counsellor of the Great Chamber, came thither to Arrest me. I received likewise at the same time Command to come to the Abbey of the Lys: and my Brother was married the same day that I arrived. Whilst I was there, Monsieur Mazarin sent to make several Overtures of an Agreement with me; but it was by the mediation of some wretched Monks, and such sort of People, in whom I could place no Confidence; or without giving me any Assurance, that he should stand to any thing that should be agreed upon. He told the King, *That my Brother kept me off from coming to any Accord, and that he governed me with a Tyrannical Authority; and that if I did not stand so much in Awe of him, I should be much more Tractable.* The King to clear this Doubt, sent for me three months after, by Madam Bellinzani, with an Officer, and some of his Guards, in Madam Colbert's Coach; at whose House, my Brother had begg'd of the King that I should lodge, as a place where none should be permitted to force me to dissemble my Thoughts. Two or three days after he commanded I should wait upon him at Madam De Montespan's House. I shall never forget his Goodness towards me. He desired me to consider *That if he had not done better for me hitherto, it was my own Conduct that binder'd him, and took the means from him; That I should tell freely him what I would have* done;

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me ; That if I was absolutely reſolved to return again to Italy, he would cauſe a Penſion of four and twenty thouſand Livres to be ſettled upon me ; But that he adviſed me to ſtay ; That he would make my Agreement ſo advantageous for me as I could deſire ; That I ſhould not be obliged to follow Monsieur Mazarin in any of his Journeys ; That he ſhould have nothing to do with my Domeſticks ; And that if his Careſſes were odious to me, I ſhould not be compelled to ſuffer them preſently ; That he gave me until the next day to conſider of it, and give him my Answer. I could eaſily have given him then the ſame Answer I ſaid to him the next day ; which was, That I could not conſent to return to Monsieur Mazarin, after having endeavoured to ruine my Reputation, as he had done ; and after reſuſing to receive me, when I ſent him offers from Rome to throw my ſelf into his Arms, without any Capitulation or bartering for Conditions, at a time when he knew me reduced to the laſt Extremities of Want, and Neceſſity : That in ſpight of all the Precautions that ſhould be taken againſt the Capriciouſneſs of his Humour, I ſhould be put to ſuffer a hundred little Injuries, with which, it would be very unfit to importune His Ma- jeſty upon all Occaſions : That I accepted of the Penſion with an humble and hearty Acknowledgement of his Maſteſty's great Favour therein.

After ſuch juſt and lawful Reaſons, you will be ſurprized to hear that the World condemned my Reſolution Extreemly ; but the Sentiments of Courtiers are very different from other Men's Judgments Amongſt others, Madam De Monteſpan, and Madam Colbert, uſed all their beſt Arguments to perſwade me to ſtay ; and Monsieur De Lauzun asked me, What I intended to do with my four and twenty thouſand Livres ? That I ſhould Spend them at the firſt Inn I came to, and that I ſhould be compelled to come afterward with Shame and Confuſion to aſk for more, which would not be granted me. But he

he did not know, that my Wants had taught me how to husband my Money. Not but that I perceived it was a thing almost impossible, long to subsist handsomely upon this inconsiderable Allowance. But besides that, I could get no more ; and that Monsieur *Mazarin* would not let me live at *Paris* without his being with me ; I thought I might, with this help, gain time to take other measures.

Monsieur *Mazarin* wanting other matter to bespatter my Carriage, told the King, *That I was making me a Cassack to go away dressed in Man's Apparel*. But his Majesty was pleased to tell him, *That he durst pass his Word, that I intended no such thing*.

Madam *Belinzany* had Order with an Exempt of the Guards to conduct me to *Rome*, and to have two Life-Guards to attend us to the Frontier. I received so many Civillies from the Duke of *Savoy* in my Passage through *Turin*, that even then I took a Resolution, if ever I came to leave *Rome*, to come and take up my Recess in his Territories. I arrived at *Rome* three months after, and some time afterwards *Grillon* came thither to plunge me, in spite of all I could do, into new Troubles.

I had made a Resolution to receive no Visits from any, during my abode in *France* : *Grillon* pretending he ought to be excepted, because of the Service he had done me at *Rome*, in the Redeeming my Jewels ; presently after my Arrival there, came once to the *Lys*, in the Countess's Company, to visit me : But I never would see him after. His Resentment for this Refusal exasperated him beyond Belief. While I stayed for the Commissary at *Nevers*, my Brother's Steward, for my better Security, got me Lodgings in one of the Towers of a Convent that was joyning to the Castle ; and having but few

Ser-

servants left me, he preferred to me one of my
 other's Guards, who had been turned out for
 me slight Fault. This Man was very diligent
 in his place, to induce me to beg his pardon, in
 hope of which, I let him follow me to the *Lys*.
 A Raskal of a Cook of mine, to please *Grillon*,
 who had bribed him, goes and tells him, *That*
Wretch was very Officious, and endeavoured to
render himself necessary about me; and that he did some-
times come into the Convent. *Grillon*, without fur-
 ther Examination, reports this Story all about, to
 that height, that when I came to *Paris*, Madam
Albert would not let this Man stay in my Service
 within her Doors.

Judge you in what Amazement I was in, when
 I understood this Story, and with what Prompt-
 ness I discharged my new Officer, and what my
 resentment, and just Indignation against this
 wicked *Grillon's* Villainy was; and whether I was
 not surprized, as I passed through *Lyons* to see him
 have the impudence to offer to come again into
 my sight, under pretence of bringing a Letter from
 my Brother, to beg I would forget all. The indiffe-
 rence and neglect I shewed him then, enraged
 him more than ever. When he came to *Rome*, he
 understood that Monsieur *de Marsan* came some-
 times to see me; and after, a thousand ridi-
 culous Extravagancies that passed betwixt them,
 they had at last that idle Quarrel which you have
 heard of, wherein without much hurt to one an-
 other, they had the pleasure once more to make
 the subject of peoples Talk.

Some time after this, my Sister determined to re-
 turn into *France*, pretending several Causes of Com-
 plaint against the Constable. It would be too
 tedious to relate the Arguments with which I
 tried to dissuade her from this Journey: the Dis-
 pleasures the like resolution had drawn me into,
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made me more eloquent, but to no purpose ; for the same Stars, or their influences, that drove me into *Italy*, drew her into *France*. As she had an entire Confidence in me, she made no difficulty to draw me in to set out with her ; and because I had no tie at *Rome* when she was not there, and that I believed I should lessen the dangers she was to run through, by partaking and sharing them with her, I did not stick to follow her. I only represented to her, that I should be forced to leave her as soon we were Arrived in *France*. Nothing was so grievous to her, as this unavoidable necessity ; and nothing perswaded me more to yield to the force of her Reasons, than to see that they brought her to consent to our separation.

The Chevalier of *Lorraine* owed her greater Obligations than to fail to serve her in this occasion ; for she quarrell'd with all *Rome*, upon his and his Brother's account ; they were welcome in no House in *Rome* but at hers ; and she had declared her self for them in very nice points against Cardinal *Chigi* and the Constable himself. Yet for all this she received no other Service from them but great and mighty Promises of what they would do for her by their Credit in *France* ; nor have they performed that neither : As for her Design, the Chevalier thought it sufficient to tell her that if she had no body's Advice to guide her but his own, he should be much concerned for her ; but that since *Madam Mazarin* was of her Counsel, she might rest upon her Conduct, since she had more Wit and more Courage than was needful for a much more hazardous Enterprize. He little thought then that he should be called back into *France* so soon as he was. If he had done what he ought, we should have been there long before him ; and people would not have had occasion to say, that we followed him : but my Sister who relied wholly upon him

pose ; for she was forced to put off her Journey when she saw her self left in the Lurch by him.

After his Departure for *France*, she broke her mind to another Person of Eminent Quality, whom she believed her Friend, because she had by her Kindness and Favours obliged him to be so. But he only told her, *That the Chevalier of Lorraine ought to have helped her upon this occasion.* He asked me what I intended to do with my self, and whether I had perswaded my Sister to this Voyage ? He can yet justifie, that I made him this Answer, *That I did not ; that I knew I could not stay in France, neither was my Intention at all to come there, but under the Protection of a Passport which the King of France had sent my Sister for her self and her Retinue ; and that my design was to retire into Savoy, as soon as I left her in a Place of Safety.* In fine, having taken all the Precaution that humane Prudence could think of, against any Hazard that might befall us in *France*, we order'd a Barque to attend us at *Civita-Vecchia* : And upon a very fine Day in *May*, the Constable having told us at Dinner, that he was to go twelve Miles from Rome, to see one of his studs, and that if he did not come before it was late we should not look for him that Night : My Sister would needs lay hold upon this occasion, though we had nothing in readiness to be done. We left word that we were going to *Frescati* ; and so took in my Coach only one of her Maids, and Nannon dressed in Man's Apparel, as we were, under our own Cloaths. We got to *Civita-Vecchia* about two of the Clock in the morning, when all the Gates were shut ; so that, we were forced to drive into the middle of a thick Wood, there to wait until our Bark was found.

My Groom of the Chamber, who took upon him to guide us, having run up and down a great while

while without finding it, was fain to hire another which he found there, for a Thousand Crowns. While he was thus employed, my Postilion impatient of having no Tidings one way or other, took one of the Coach-Horses, and had the Luck to meet with our own Bark; but it was late when he came back. We were fain to walk five mile a foot to come to it; and so got on board about three a Clock, without having eaten or drunk since we left *Rome*.

Our chiefest Happiness was, that we fell into the hands of a very honest and understanding Master: Any other but him, would have thrown us over-board, after taking what we had, from us; for, he perceived as soon as he saw us, that we were no Beggars; and told us as much. His Crue asked us, *If we had not killed the Pope?* To shew you how skilful he was, he managed his Way so well, that we came in eight days to *Cioutat* in *Provence*, where we landed at Eleven o'Clock at Night. From thence we arrived at *Marfeilles* about five in the Morning, a Horse-back where we found the King's Orders, and the Passports at the Intendant's House.

The Constable most luckily stay'd three Days away from *Rome*; and therefore it was late before he suspected the Truth. There was not a Fable so horrible to be invented by the Wickedness of Man, but was reported of us; to that Degree that they gave it out, that we were fled into *Turkey*, insomuch that the Constable was fain to beg of the *Pope* to Excommunicate all those that should intermeddle with, or talk of us. He dispatched fourteen Couriers so many several ways after us, and one of them made such haste, that he got to *Marfeilles* before us. There came likewise thither a little after, one belonging to him, of that kind of Men, whom they call *Bravos* in *Italy*. My

GROOM

another Groom of the Chamber was gone, I knew not
 thither, to get Neceſſaries for his Journey to
 Paris, whither my Siſter was to ſend him; and
 the four Women were by our ſelves without other
 company, in that very Inn to which this Man
 was late come to lodge. Nannon ſaw him, firſt, and knew
 him preſently; ſhe quickly gave us the Alarm;
 and ſo we ſent immediately to the Intendant, to pray
 him to ſend us ſome Guards which he did preſent-
 ly. My Groom of the Chamber coming back
 from the Town, was deſired by this Man, to let
 him ſpeak to us, which he did, very civilly,
 exhorting us to return back to Rome; whither he
 return'd immediately with a fine Letter from my
 Siſter to his Maſter.

This Adventure made us go to Lodge at the
 Intendant's Houſe, and from thence, ſome few
 days after, to Aix, where we ſtay'd a Month, and
 thither Madam de Grignan was ſo Charitable, as
 ſhe ſent us ſome Shifts, adding, *That we Travelled like*
true Romance Heroines, with abundance of Jewels,
but no clean Linnen. From thence, we went to
 Mirabeau; thence to Montpellier; whither my
 Siſter went to viſit Monsieur de Vardes; and from
 Montpellier to Monſiein, where I heard that Pola-
 ron was hard by coming from Paris under pre-
 tence of being ſent by Monsieur Mazarin to Com-
 mendment my Siſter: But in truth, to cauſe me to
 be Arreſted by Vertue of his damnable Decree.

When I heard of his coming, I walked alone,
 away in the Garden, among the Fiſh-Ponds,
 to let him paſs by; and when he found I was
 not with my Siſter, he would not ſtay, but went
 on, thinking I was gone back, and ſo to over-
 take me: but he was miſtaken; for inſtead of fol-
 lowing me, he went further from me.

I ſoon after ſet out for Arles, by Water upon
 the Rhone; from thence I went by Land to
 Italy. My Groom

Martigues; and afterwards by Sea to *Nice*, and from *Nice* to *Turin*; and so to *Montmeillan*. My Sister having taken the Necessary Orders for my Security from the Duke de L' *Esdiguieres*, sent for me from *Montmeillan* to *Grenoble*; to which Place my Brother came to us, and staid there with us seven or eight Days. Some eight Days after we directed our Journey to *Lyons*: And my Sister taking the Road to *Paris*, I took that of *Chambery* *; where at last I found that Quietness which I so long in vain had sought for, and where I have remained ever since, with much more Calmness and Tranquility of Mind, than a Woman as unhappy as my self, should hope to enjoy.

* In the Year 1672.

THE
PICTURE
AND
CHARACTER
OF THE

Dutchess of Mazarin,

In a LETTER to ***.

I Return you again by a Messenger the MEMOIRS you were pleased to send me, fearing, lest if I should send them by the Post, they might run the same Hazard, and fall into the like Inconveniencies, which at first brought them to your Hands. If things so curious and well worth the Intercepting, were to be found every time the Ministers of State think fit to open the *Pacquets*, I should not much pity the Clerk's trouble, in executing their Orders. You had Reason to believe, that after the manner I had spoken to you of Madam *Mazarin*, I should be extreamly glad to see her History. It speaks of her own Genius, and is like her self all over. I have particularly Observed twenty things in this Relation, that none but

' her self could think, or express in the manner
' they are Penn'd.

' Since, you say, you never saw her, I will
' satisfy your Curiosity by endeavouring to give
' you a rough Draught of her Face, and Shape
' of Body.

' She is one of those lofty *Roman Beauties*,
' way like our Baby-visaged, and Puppet-like
' Faces of *France*; in whose Composition Nature
' alone triumphs over all the Artifices of the
' *quettes*.

' The Colour of her Eyes has no Name; it
' neither Blue, nor Gray, nor altogether Black
' but a mixture of all three, which participates
' all the Excellence that is found in them. They
' have the Sweetness of the Blue, the Briskness of
' the Gray, and above all, the Fire of the Black.
' But what is more wonderful, you never saw
' any one more Lovely, and generally more
' Pleasant, and more apt to enflame; and yet
' more serious, more severe and steddly, when
' her Thoughts are taken up with any Grave
' Subject. They are so Lively, and so Quick
' that when she looks stedfastly upon any one
' which she rarely does; they think she pierces
' their very Souls, and sees into the very bottom
' of their Hearts. They are large, and well slit, and
' even with the Face; full of sprightly Life and
' Fire; and yet with all these Beauties, they have
' nothing of Languishing nor Passionate; as if
' Nature maliciously had contrived them only to
' give Love and Veneration, and be susceptible
' of none.

' Her Mouth is neither wide, nor very little
' but the motion of her Lips are very Graceful
' and Charming; and the strangest Mouths and
' Grimaces Wonderfully becomes her when she imi-
' tates those that make them. Her Smiles would

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soften the hardest Hearts, and ease the heaviest Sadness of Mind : They do almost quite change the Air of her Face, which naturally is Sublime and Grave ; and spreads over it a certain Tincture of Sweetness, and Mildness, that cheers up those Hearts, which her Charms had Alarmed, and Inspires them with that kind of unquiet Gladness, which is next of Kin to a tender Inclination.

‘ So much for her Mouth and Eyes, which are the two chief Parts of her Face, most expressive, and principally important, to kindle a Flame and create Love ; But the rest are nothing less to be admired and adored.

‘ Her *Nose*, which without doubt, is Incomparably well turned, and of a just Bigness, gives the rest of her Countenance a Curious, Noble, and Lofty Air, which is infinitely taking. The Tone of her *Voice* is so Harmonious and Agreeable, that none can hear her Speak, without being sensibly moved. Her Complexion is Naturally most lively, and so delicately clear, that I cannot believe, any Man that Views it, can find Fault with its not being somewhat Whiter.

‘ The Colour of her *Hair* is shining Black, but has nothing of Harsh. To see how Naturally they Curl, and into what fine Buckles they twine themselves, as soon as they are let loose, would make us think, without much help of Poetry, that they swell with Pride ; and, as it were, take a Glory in the Honour they have to shade so lovely a Head. She has the finest turn’d Face that ever *Limner* fancied, or drew with Pencil.

‘ Her careless Carriage is the Cause that the Proportion of her Body, though straight and well framed, is nothing in comparison to what it has been in delicacy of Shape. I say, *in Comparison* ; for many would fancy themselves slender enough

that were no bigger than she is. This makes
her appear lower than she is, though in Truth
she is of as becoming a Height, as any Woman
can well be without being Ridiculous.

‘ You shall see her for fifteen Days together
‘ in as many several Head-dresses, without being
‘ able to distinguish which of them suits her Face
‘ the best; and those Dresses, which would make
‘ other Women look like *Witches*, wonderfully be-
‘ come her; so that no kind of Head-gear, is
‘ unbecoming when she wears it. The same thing is
‘ remarkable in her Cloaths, and Attire. You must
‘ see her lapped in a Night-Gown to judge with
‘ more exactness of it. And it is in this Per-
‘ son alone that one truly may say, that Art
‘ though never so cunningly used, and skilfully
‘ laid, can never equal Nature.

Though she loves Perfumes, Effences, and Aromatick Scents, she never carries any about her, which shews undeniably, that that Sweetness is natural to her, which costs other Ladies so much Pains and Charges.

‘ I had almost forgot to speak of her Neck, her Arms and Hands; but let it suffice, that they appear to have been made and fitted for the Face. And if we may judge by what we see, of what we do not see, we may certainly conclude that her Husband after having been the happiest Man, is now the unhappiest in the World. That she is made as to her Body; and of her Mind you may Judge, by what I am going to say.

‘ Being some time since at *Rome*, it was my
‘ chance to be speaking of her after the manner
‘ heard her talked of at *Paris*, that she was
‘ fine young Lady, extream Handsome; but
‘ extravagantly Giddy and Inconsiderate, and
‘ Good-natur’d even to Folly. An *Italian* that
‘ knew her, hearing me give her such a Cha-

Character, Laughed at me after such a manner that I was much surprized at it ; but would never let me know why, though I had very earnestly urged him to tell me his Reason. As these People dive further into Mens Natures to find their true and proper Character, than we do in *France*, so this Adventure gave me a great Curiosity to see her as I passed in my return from *Rome* by *Chambery* ; though I had never much spoken to her in *Paris*, but by Accident, yet she knew me by sight, and by name.

I was at first surpriz'd, not to perceive in her at my coming, that Eagerness and excessive Desire to hear News, which is ordinary to those that live at a distance from Court, when they see any that comes from thence. She received me as unconcerned, as the most indifferent Woman of the Country could do ; and instead of breaking my Head with Questions about the People and Affairs, which concerned her self, she entertained me only upon the Account of my Journey, and other like things, wherein none but my self was concerned. I thought my self bound in Civility, to put her upon the Discourse of her Friends and Relations, in *Rome* and *Paris*, since she her self would not start the Question. I found that Subject was not unpleasing by the Attention she gave to what I said upon it ; she spoke civilly of all People, and with a great deal of Respect of her Husband ; but this Discourse held no longer than I continued it. She rarely asked any Questions, and those only which Civility seemed to oblige her to.

Neither could I mark in her either Curiosity or Inquisitiveness. Wondering at her cold Indifference, I had a mind to put her upon the Discourse of things I thought most sensible to her, but with the Respect that was Convenient, touch-

' touching her *Fame*, and her *Fortune* : But
 ' could never hear from her the least Complaint
 ' Methought I read something of Sadness in her
 ' Countenance, when her Reputation was in De-
 ' bate : but for all other Matters, she seem'd
 ' to think that blind Goddess *Fortune*, a fitter
 ' Object of her Contempt, than Anger. Several
 ' Persons of Quality, of both Sexes came
 ' in while I was there ; and others, two or
 ' three Gentlemen who shew'd a great deal of
 ' Wit.

' The Ladies began to talk of the News of
 ' the Town ; though the Dutchess took neither
 ' side's part, she discours'd with the same Heat as
 ' others did ; the Subject of their Conversation
 ' was a Dispute that was betwixt two eminent
 ' Men, which had divided the Country in two
 ' Parties. She entred upon the Particularities
 ' which were told her of the Causes of their Divi-
 ' sion, and weigh'd every little Circumstance with
 ' such nicety and insight, as if she had not had
 ' twenty Millions for her Portion. The Gentlemen
 ' whom I before mentioned turned the Discourse
 ' upon another Subject, whether she would or no
 ' and talk'd of State-Affairs, as most worthy of her
 ' Attention and Contemplation. After every body
 ' had pass'd their Verdict, she was oblig'd in
 ' Complaisance to speak hers. Those that differ'd
 ' in Opinion from her, Vigorously urg'd their
 ' Reasons ; the Dispute grew hot. She never de-
 ' fended her Opinion, but with Reasons, of which
 ' she made those that had not declared them-
 ' selves against her, her Judges. And I assure
 ' you, I never heard any speak so well, and with
 ' so much Submission. This is what I remark'd
 ' in this my first Visit ; and what I have observ-
 ' ed since is as followeth.

‘ It is not to be discerned of what Humour she is ; and to speak properly, she has none at all : for every individual Person that converses with her, has cause to believe she is of his. She is not Obstinately bent upon any thing ; and it is astonishing to see her quit even those Diversions, she seems the most pleased with, as freely as if she were weary of them ; whence it clearly appears, that she is eagerly carried to no one thing, and shews that this Easiness of her Temper, and Manners, does not proceed from Levity or Fickleness ; but rather from a profound Indifference for all those various Fancies, which troubles and disquiets the Minds of most People.

‘ That Sweetness and Humanity, which above all, adorn and grace her Sex, appear even in her tumultuous Pastimes. She is as much Mistress of Temper upon the Road, or a Hunting, as in her Closet. The Calmness and Equality of her Soul, is proof against all those Occasions which do unsettle and transport all others. She Laughs at all those fooling Amusements to which others Abandon themselves. Some other Women have done the same things that she does ; But she does them another way.

‘ All People converse in her House with a Familiarity, full of Zeal and Respect ; the which nevertheless would be to her very incommode, and troublesome, if she were less good, or less obliging. Though she be naturally very reserved, and loves to be Retired, yet most of all Hours of the Day, are publick Hours with her. The most private Recesses of her House, are as open to those that frequent it, as the most common ; and therefore it often happens, that People come even to her very Closet-Door, when she least expects any.

any. Her Domesticks, who see none come, that are not as much Devoted to her as themselves, have insensibly used themselves to let all come in, and go out, with this kind of Frankness and Liberty.

It is to be supposed she would have it so, since they permit it; for she is the Life and Soul of her Family; and her Understanding, her Civility, and her obliging Ways are infused, unto those that Compose it, proportionably as each Ones Capacity is fitted to Imitate them. There is no Convent where they lead a more Regular Life, than in her Womens Apartment; whither a Page dare not approach, upon Pain of my Lady's Displeasures; which is something more Terrible than the Rod: And for the Men, they live together with that Peace and Union, so much the more Commendable, as it is most Rare, and seldom to be found in great Mens Houses.

She alone of all Women, can Play with her Servants, without Lessening her self: Her Presence doth Banish their Presumption, without taking away their Freedom; and it is not to be comprehended, how she can give them so much Awe, using them with so much Familiarity; unless it be, because she has so much Grandeur in her Carriage, and all her Ways. Some wonder she should Delight in such sort of Pastimes; but whoever will take the Pains to look a little nearer, will find, that they are not the Delight of her Heart, and that those she uses, are but so many several ways of Dispelling those Afflicting Thoughts, which the present State of Her Fortune crouds upon her.

There is no private Gentleman's House more Orderly, and Regular, than Hers; and as her Pension is very inconsiderable to make her subsist with that Honour she does, she must needs be

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admirably ſkill'd in Oeconomy ; and her Acts of Liberality, and Magnificence, ſhew that her good Management proceeds from extraordinary ſtrength of Reaſon. She neither much admires, nor deſpiſes any thing. She never ſhewed the leaſt Diſguſt againſt the Country, nor any thing that is in it ; ſhe loves the Recreations, and Ceremonies that are in uſe, as much as if ſhe had been Born and Bred there. Others would aſſiſt at them, with marks of Complaiſance, Constraint, and Diſtraction, which would eaſily diſtinguiſh them from the reſt of the Company ; but ſhe comes to them with that Familiarity, with that Preſence and Freedom of Mind, ſo unconſtrained, ſo conſtant, and ſo agreeable, that a Stranger who ſhould chance to ſee her there, without knowing who ſhe was, would eſteem *Savoy* moſt happy in the Product of ſo charming a Perſon.

‘She avoids ſpeaking of her own Greatneſs and Riches, with the ſame Care and Induſtry, as others ſeek out occasions to make People ſenſible of theirs. It depends not of her way of Living amongſt them, but that the People of that Country, that ſee her, may think themſelves as great as ſhe ; and may think *Chambery* as Noble and as Pleaſant to live in as *Rome* or *Paris* ; and her Converſation there, as agreeable, as ever ſhe enjoyed elſe-where. Never did great Lady take leſs care to make her Inferiours ſee the Difference that is betwixt her and them ; and if they do not forget it, ſhe is the more behold- ing to their Diſcretion, and Reſpect : for ſhe takes little pains to put them in mind of it. One goeth always beyond the Idea, or Opinion, ſhe has of her ſelf, even in the moſt ſerious Applications that are made to her ; and ſhe as often takes juſt and due Commendations, for groſs
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‘ Flatteries, as other Women take Apparent and
 ‘ Hypocritical Adulations, for true and deserved
 ‘ Praises.

‘ It is a great Sign, that her Moderation is sincere, because it is never over-strained: and being urged, will acknowledge truly whatsoever is good, or fair in her. She is in nothing more unjust, than in not allowing what she has Admirable and Excellent, to be more than Passable and Ordinary. Though by sad Experience she found, that there is very little Truth or Honesty, in the World, and that she has just cause to think ill of all Mankind; yet such is her Natural Goodness, that she never applies this her bad Opinion to any one in particular; she first excepts from the General Rule, all those to whom she perceives any Appearance of Vertue, and is still much surprized when she has reason to believe, they did not deserve that Exception.

‘ When she is obliged to say something she thinks may displease, in order to sweeten and take away the sharpness of the Sense, she speaks it so as if she had let it fall by chance; but no one will think he wrongs her, to believe that she says nothing, but what she would say. It is more natural to her to be secret than to other Women not to be so: she is equally skill’d both in well-speaking, and holding her Tongue. Though it be a great Truth, that those that know how to speak well, know not how to hold their Tongues; and those that can be silent can seldom speak very well.

‘ A Gentleman of very good Parts and Understanding, that hath seen her, and known her a great while, assured me that she is very much altered from what she has been formerly in so much that you would hardly know her again; but it is very hard to conceive, that she should

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should be so changed, without allowing that she must always have had a prodigious stock of the Choiceſt, Richeſt, and moſt laſting Natural Beauty that ever Woman had : and if her Miſfortunes have contributed any thing to her Merit, never bad Cauſe produced ſo good an Effect.]

I am, &c;

R E-

REFLEXIONS
UPON
ELOQUENCE
WITH A
Fragment of PETRONIUS
concerning the same; and
the HISTORY of the
Ephesian Matron.

By Monsieur de la VALTERIE

To Mr. ***.

S I R,

IT was no little Satisfaction to me, t'other Day, to observe with what Impatience our zealous Admirer of Mr. ***'s fine Discourse heard our Friends rally at the Tinsel Eloquence of this Age. I cannot tell whether he was sensible, that some Parts of their Censure were directly levell'd against his Heroe, (for you know *Sir, there are Heroes of all sorts and sizes*) but I found he was most of all enraged, when he saw the

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wou'd not prefer him to *Cicero* and *Demosthenes*. Whatever they cou'd say to Undeceive him, he was not in the Humour to be Convinced. For my part, I know I am out of his Favour, and that he'll never forgive me so long as he lives, for the little Complaisance I shew'd him upon that occasion. I am already informed, that he Exclaims against us wherever he goes, for a parcel of morose Satyrical Gentlemen, that are driving on a Design, to Introduce a sort of an Inquisition into polite Learning. You know well enough that our Friends lye under no Necessity to Ruin the Reputation of other Men, in order to raise their own; and that the Reputation of Mr *** is built upon such weak Foundations, that 'tis reasonable to believe, that the unjust Applauses which have been given him for some Years, will not always prepossess the World in his Favour. But, God's Name, let us leave him to Enjoy this false Glory, with which his Adorers have Puffed him up, and content our selves to justify our Friends. 'Tis with this Intention that I have now set Pen to Paper; but as I don't in the least pretend to Confine my self to the narrow Bounds of a Letter, much less to set up for a Judge; so I shall set down all that comes into my Head, whether it be of my own growth or another's, to see if I can remove those wrong Impressions, which some People wou'd give you of our Criticism.

I need not inform you, Sir, that this is not the first time that Persons have been found in the World, who have taken the Freedom to complain of the depraved Taste of their Age, and of the Degeneracy of Eloquence. I believe such Complaints have been made ever since the Death of *Cicero*. The Author of the *DIALOGUE* commonly ascribed to *Quintilian*, condemns the same Corruption; and to go higher, *Petronius* has

composed an ingenious Satyr against the Declaimers of his own time, whom he Accuses with having debauched the Stile of young People. The Judgment he passes of them is very Just, and he Ridicules the very same Faults against which we now appear; but in a manner so Pleasant and Entertaining, that I cou'd not forbear to send you in our Language, what he has so agreeably written in his own, against that Tumour and Affectation of Stile, which we call *Fustain* and *Bombast*. But to deal plainly with you, I am in my own Temper naturally so fond of Liberty, that it is not in my power to confine my self to the Rules of a literal Translation. For this Reason I have made bold to fill up *Petronius's* Sense wherever it is unhappily broken, with something of my own. If you think this Employment unworthy of a Magistrate, consider, Sir, I beseech you, that this is the Season wherein Justice it self gives us leave to Divert our selves. After this, don't pretend that you have any Obligation to me for this Performance: only I beg of you, that what I now write for your Entertainment, you will be pleased to read with your usual Candour and Indulgence.

'I was walking, says *Eumolpus*, with young *Asclepius*, near the Publick Schools, when we beheld running from all Parts a great Number of Persons of all Quality, but especially a crowd of young Scholars, pressing who should first get into the School. Curiosity, which naturally leads Men, that have no Business upon their Hands, into Publick Places, made me follow the rest: So I thrust my self among those that were going in, and enquir'd of one that stood next me, what it was that had brought so much Company together. He informed me, that a Declaimer, whose Name was *Agamemnon*, was to deliver a Speech. Upon this I enquired what

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Subject he had chosen, and the other answer'd
me, that he promised in his Bill, a Declamation
of two Hours long, under the magnificent Title
of *Cruel Piety*; the Business of which was to Ex-
hort King *Agamemnon* to deliver up his Daughter
Phigeneia, who, according to the Oracle, was to
be Sacrificed to *Diana*, in order to facilitate the
Expedition against *Troy*. I was of Opinion
that it was the Vanity of so Pompous a Title,
or rather an Itch to show his Respect to his
Name-sake *Agamemnon* of Greece, which had
engaged our Declaimer to pitch upon this Sub-
ject; and I did not question but that in his
Oration he would show himself worthy of so
promising a Title. Neither was I mistaken;
for after we had waited near an Hour, we saw
appear upon a sort of a Theatre somewhat rais'd
above the Auditors, a Man pretty well advanced
in Years, who had taken care to put on his best
Looks that Day. At first he cast his Eyes upon
the Company, to fortify himself with necessa-
ry Assurance; and after he had Methodically
Coughed, Hem'd, and Bow'd to them, he kept
himself Silent for some time, with a solemn de-
mure Countenance; turning his Eyes some-
times on one side of him, and sometimes on the
other; then all on the sudden, the Flood-gates
open'd, and he began his Discourse in a shrill
creaking Treble. His Exordium was pom-
pous and full of Antitheses; his Periods so long-
winded, that his Breath would scarce carry him
to the End of them; yet among all the rumbling
Words, of which his Declamation was compos'd,
there was not one that was proper to draw the
Favour and Attention of the Auditors, or to
give a general Idea of his Design. However,
it was observed, that he had heaped toge-
ther all that we find in our Books relating to the
Holiness and Infallibility of Oracles. This was

' commendable in him, that he Cited not so much
 ' as one single Verse out of *Hesiod* or *Homer*. In
 ' the remainder of his Speech, he enlarged plentifully
 ' upon the Duties that bind us to our Native
 ' Country : He set forth in its full Extension
 ' the indispensable Obligation, which engaged
 ' Princes to Devote themselves entirely to the
 ' Glory and Welfare of their Kingdoms. He
 ' made a long Description of all the Conflicts be-
 ' tween Nature and Religion in the Heart of
 ' Father, who was obliged to destroy his Daugh-
 ' ter. He brought abundance of Reasons to prove
 ' that Nature ought to stoop to Religion ; and
 ' that the Reverence we owe to the Commands of
 ' Heaven, ought to stop the very Current of our Blood
 ' and to suppress the Emotion of Paternal Bowels.
 ' This was one of our Declaimer's fine Ex-
 ' pressions, and indeed all his Discourse was fill'd with
 ' great swelling Words which signified just nothing
 ' thing, and seem'd either made or pick'd on purpose
 ' to fill up his enormous extravagant Periods.
 ' His Figures came on as thick as Hail, but particularly
 ' those that consist in the running of the Words : The
 ' Order in which he placed them was so Thread-bare and
 ' Common, that the youngest Scholar in the Room knew
 ' when each of these Figures came to its turn, and
 ' could call them by their Name. I remember a Man
 ' stood near me, whom I could hear ever now and then,
 ' pleased it seems, with some Passages of the Declama-
 ' tion, which had almost rock'd me asleep, to cry out,
 ' *Ob that Displacement ! what fine Antitheses were there !*
 ' I found him to admire the other patiently, because
 ' he was, it may be, Hired by him to do what he
 ' did, as it has been frequently practis'd. Soon as
 ' *Agamemnon* had concluded, the Company went out of
 ' the School ; and for my part,

as not one of the last to bustle my way out of
Place, where I had met enough to content
my Curiosity for a long while. Nevertheless, I
had an Itching upon me to know what the Peo-
ple said of his Harangue : So I drew near to
certain Persons who stoop under a *Portico*, whom I
could hear as I walked along, Discourfing about
his Matter. Every one pass'd his Judgment
upon what he had heard; by the same Token that
the greatest part seem'd to be very well satisfied
with the Performance. Some were pleas'd with
the choice of his Subject; others admir'd the
great Variety of the Figures, and the Boldness
of the Expression : Nay, there were some in
the Company, who above all things, extoll'd
the Length of the Discourse, wondring how he
was able to spin out his Matter, so as to be
able to talk two Hours, upon so barren a Sub-
ject: Some of my Acquaintance who happen-
d to be mingled among them, asked me my
opinion of the Speech; and being pleas'd to
complement me, that I was a Judge of these
Matters, would needs Engage me to tell them
what my Sentiments were of *Agamemnon's* Dis-
course. I thought that my Age, and the Crowd
of Persons that were by to hear me, oblig'd me
to be somewhat reserved; for which reason, in-
stead of Explaining my self with Freedom, as
my Manner is, I replied coldly, that it wou'd
very ill become me to censure that which all
the World seem'd to approve. For my part,
says a Pert young Fellow who was got among
me, I'll never dissemble my Thoughts of the matter; I
declare, before all this Company, that I never did such
venance in my Life before. This Freedom some-
what pleas'd me, considering I had resolv'd to
hold my Tongue, and I was glad to find that
another had the boldness to pass Sentence first :

' However, to engage this Critick into farther
 ' Conversation, I desired him to tell us more par-
 ' ticularly what it was that most displeased him
 ' in the Performance. Every thing, replied the other,
 ' very bluntly : I equally blame the Choice of the Sub-
 ' ject, the Management of the Speech, and the Turn
 ' of the Expression. Besides, I can't indure that an Orator
 ' should rather indulge his Itch of talking at random
 ' than consider what things he ought to Treat of, or
 ' what to let alone. And yet the greatest part of our De-
 ' claimers are such unthinking Coxcombs, as to imagine
 ' that 'tis the Life and Soul of a fine Discourse to
 ' above an Hour, and that People are obliged to listen
 ' to them all the while, without being tired. As for
 ' continues the Gentleman, I rather admire the In-
 ' tience of the Auditors upon these Occasions, than
 ' the fruitful Invention of the Orator. But pray tell
 ' what necessity did our Declaimer lye under to repeat
 ' us a thousand frivolous Things, with which our Ears
 ' are daily deafened in the Schools. As for the Order
 ' of his Discourse, the Contrivance of it was so lar-
 ' gely gross, that if you had put the Question to the
 ' meanest Boy in his School, he would have immedi-
 ' ately told you how it was to be Divided : he would have
 ' split it into Four common Heads, the First of which
 ' would have been, The Sanctity of Oracles; the Sec-
 ' ond, The Love of one's Country; the Third, The
 ' Obligation that Princes have to their Subjects;
 ' and the Fourth and Last, The Reverence which is
 ' owing to the Gods. As for what concerns the Dic-
 ' tion, 'tis so abominably affected, that I dare engage,
 ' if I were to be troubled with him, I should find more
 ' trouble than the whole Composition; and if he had
 ' racked his Brain to choose them, he must needs
 ' make his poor Tongue undergo the Persecution of
 ' pronouncing them. But this is not all; for the Sub-
 ' stance appears more Ridiculous to me, than all the Rest.
 ' The first Design of Declamations was to exercise the In-

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tion of young People in such Matters as might happen to them in the common Course of the World, and to propose them some Examples which might serve to Instruct them in those things, that they might have Occasion sometimes to Talk of. Now I would fain know what Concern, what Interest any of us here can have in an Adventure so directly opposite to our Manners? What Probability is there, that one Man in this Company will have any Occasion, so long as he lives, to tell, for how many important Reasons Diana ought to be appeased, and Iphigenia to be Sacrificed? What signifies it a Farthing to us, to be perswaded that the Greeks did very wisely in Humouring this revengeful Goddess, who if she had not been brib'd by this Sacrifice, wou'd most Infallibly have ruin'd all the Designs of their Army, and had taken honest Priam into Protection. But suppose a Man might seriously entertain himself with these Fables, wou'd it become him to use these bombast Expressions, and extravagant Figures, contrary to the true Dictates of Nature, to good Sense; in short, to that simple and easie Air, in which Polite Men are used to deliver themselves? For, let 'em say what they will, every thing which is not conformable to Nature, is opposite to true Eloquence.

'Altho' this Censurer carried Matters too far, because that in Effect the Four Parts which compos'd Agamemnon's Speech, treated some Points of Morality, which may daily fall into our Conversation; yet his Criticisms in the main did not displease me, and the Vehemence he shew'd upon this Occasion, so powerfully excited me to speak out my Thoughts, that in spite of my late Resolution, not to Talk before so many People, I cou'd not forbear to say as follows;

' I will not, said I, Condemn any one in particular; neither will I take upon me to Censure the Discourse of *Agamemnon*; but only explain my self in general upon the common Subjects of Declamations. For my part, I fancy I see a Mad-man Rave, when one of these Declaimers, as I have frequently heard them to my sorrow, Roar out, as Loud as his Lungs will give him leave, 'Tis for you, dear Countrymen, that I have lost my Eyes; give me a Guide to lead me back, between the Arms of my Children, whom I abandon'd to Preserve you from the Fury of your Enemies. Who will Restore me to my Sight, which you Enjoy? Who will Restore my Blood to me, which I have shed in your Service? Support this Body weaken'd by the Fatigues of War. They honourable Wounds which you be hold, have saved your Liberty; they are, as it were, so many Mouths which demand Relief of you, and testify what I have serv'd of the Publick. However, we might perhaps bear with these Impertinent Harangues if they were of any Advantage to arrive at the Perfection of Eloquence: but so far is our Youth from deriving the least Benefit from these Pompous Subjects and Forc'd Expressions, that when they leave the Schools, they seem to come into another World. They are not fit to come into the Conversation of Gentlemen; and when they have lost the Sight of the Theatre, where they were used to Deliver these glittering Trifles they have not the Courage to speak in Publick. The Reason of it is plain; because these Places that are design'd for the Instruction of Youth and where they should be taught nothing but what is proper for them, only serve to amuse them, and wholly take up their time in their ridiculous Tales. In effect, you hear them perpetually making a bustle with *Pirates preparing Chains for those unfortunate Persons, who are*

Tempests doing nothing but offering Violence to Butcher their Audiences Oracles ins to be S appease the time, they pray our y ing any ons; Nay, a fatal Im blackening it in some Neither is they accus for when Lessons th times to racter is d phors of a ry Excess. go down must be S steep'd in fling and fect Quib they speak ion is acc instead o pid. In f culous in mer. So young Fe among th the noble Pedantry

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Tempests driven upon desert Coasts. They talk nothing but Prodigies of the Cruelty of Tyrants, who, offering Violence to Nature it self, command Children to Butcher their own Parents ; Or lastly, entertain their Auditors with a Speech about those Barbarous Oracles, which demand a certain Number of Virgins to be Sacrificed, in order to stop some Pestilence, and appease the Indignation of the Gods. In the meantime, these Chimerical Figures insensibly betray our young Fry into a Habit of never saying any thing with Just and Natural Expressions ; Nay, it frequently happens that they leave a fatal Impression upon the Imagination, by blackening it with terrible Ideas, which Tincture it in some manner with Lessons of Cruelty. Neither is it only upon elevated Subjects, that they accustom themselves to these Irregularities ; for when their Masters change the Matter in the Lessons they give them, and they stoop sometimes to speak of those Passions, whose Character is directly opposite to the swelling Metaphors of a high Stile, they fall into the contrary Excess. Nothing then but Diminutives will go down with them ; every Word, forsooth, must be Sweet and Luscious, as if it had been steep'd in Honey, and their Thoughts are Trifling and Puerile to the last Degree. They affect Quibbles and little Turns of Wit, when they speak of their Amours ; and their Expression is accompanied with a languishing Air ; but instead of being tender, it is Nauseously insipid. In short, they show themselves no less ridiculous in this sort of Eloquence than in the former. So that 'tis in a manner as impossible for a young Fellow to have the Taste of a good Stile among these wretched Examples, as to attain to the noble and easy Air of the Court among the Pedantry of the Schools.

‘ Not

' Not to displease these worthy Declaimers,
 ' we may with Justice affirm, that they have had
 ' the Honour of being the first Corrupters of Elo-
 ' quence. They have ruin'd the Dignity of this
 ' admirable Art, which gave *Pericles* and *Demosthenes*
 ' so great an Ascendant over their Auditors,
 ' and have made it a Sport and Amusement for
 ' Children. They have robb'd it of all the
 ' Force of Thoughts, while they wholly busied
 ' themselves in the placing of their Words, and
 ' in the Pompous Cadence of their Periods. For
 ' before that these Noble Instructors, educated in
 ' Obscurity, and who never saw any thing but
 ' their Books, had vitiated the Taste of young
 ' Gentlemen, by their wicked Maxims, Eloquence
 ' carefully applied it self to form the Judgment
 ' Truth, Reason and Perspicuity were its En-
 ' and Rule in all Discourses : It supported it self
 ' by the Greatness of Things, and not by the
 ' Ostentation of Words : It never was led out of
 ' its way by vain Enthusiasms, which transported
 ' an Auditor, as it were, by Magick, into unknown
 ' Countries, and don't bring him back again
 ' gain to the Subject, till his Patience is quite
 ' exhausted. Poessie it self, which is allowed to
 ' take greater Liberties, was Free, without be-
 ' ing Impudent ; and Adorn'd, without being
 ' Affected. She spoke the Language of the Gods,
 ' yet did not talk Extravagancies. *Sophocles* and
 ' *Euripides* sometimes wore Buskins, but they
 ' did not walk upon Stilts, like the Scriblers
 ' of our Age. *Homer*, who knew how far a
 ' Heroick Poem ought to go, did not suffer
 ' himself to fall into Fustian, when he design'd
 ' to be sublime ; for there is a Simplicity of Ex-
 ' pression, which is not in the least prejudicial to
 ' the Grandeur of Thoughts ; and it does by these
 ' means follow, that because a thing is Great,

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must therefore be express'd in big rumbling Words. In truth, this incomparable Poet succeeded so happily in this sort of Poetry, that *Pindar* and the Nine Lyrick Poets, not daring to think they could equal him, were obliged to try how they could perform in another kind. If it should be objected that an Orator is not to govern himself by the Example of Poets, let us see whether *Plato*, *Æschines*, or *Demosthenes* would have taken Lessons from these People, whom they call'd Sophists, and we call Pedants. On the contrary, they always declared against them, as Corrupters of Manners and Language. *Plato*, among the rest, has Banished them from his Republick, and said of them, as well as of the Poets; *Let us give them Crowns, only to turn them the more honourably out of our Dominions.* True, and if I may so express my self, chaste Eloquence has nothing but what is real; and if I may be allowed so to speak, uses no *Fucus*, or Paint, to appear more agreeable: It derives none of its Charms from borrowed Colours: All its Ornaments are proper to it, and 'tis by the Graces of its natural Beauty that it conquers and affects us. Its Majestick Air sets the same difference between it and false Eloquence, as we easily observe between a Lady of Vertue and a Coquette. This Pettifogging, great Talker of mighty Nothings; in a Word, this monstrous Eloquence of our Declaimers, came not long ago out of *Asia* into *Greece*, where its Contagious Air, soon Infected the Minds of young People; even those who seemed to promise mighty Matters, and had preserv'd till then, the Taste of good Stile, and Purity of Language, were not able to defend themselves from the universal Corruption. Since this Alteration, we have not seen any thing that

has

' has come up to the Perfection of *Thucydides*, or
 ' that has equal'd *Hyperides*. Nay, nothing in the
 ' Poetick way has appeared, that has not been
 ' tainted with this *Asttick* Disease; and all the
 ' Compositions of our Times, like Men that have
 ' laboured long under an ill Habit of Body, have
 ' been short-liv'd, and Dye before they arrive to a
 ' good Old Age. The Generality too of our Polite
 ' Arts have met with the same Fate; and we have
 ' seen Painting decline by degrees, ever since the
 ' *Egyptians* have pretended to teach it by a shorter
 ' and more easie Method, than *Zeuxes* and *Appelles*
 ' used.

' ' While I expressed my self in this manner,
 ' and the Heat of my Discourse carried me far-
 ' ther than I intended at first, *Agamemnon* came
 ' out of his School; after he had received of his
 ' Auditors, those Compliments and Applauses,
 ' which are usually paid to those of his Profession,
 ' when they have concluded their Harangue;
 ' and, as 'tis natural for a Man to give the Reins to
 ' his Vanity when he hears himself commend-
 ' ed, I don't Question but that he came towards
 ' us on purpose to be flatter'd: but finding that
 ' I spoke with a great deal of Vehemence, and
 ' seem'd not to take any notice of him, he
 ' placed himself behind me to hear what we
 ' were talking about. After he had listen'd a
 ' while to my Discourse, the Spirit of Impati-
 ' ence seiz'd him. I don't certainly know whe-
 ' ther he imagin'd with himself that my Cen-
 ' sure, which only respected Eloquence in
 ' general, was level'd against his in parti-
 ' cular; or whether our Declaimer, so long ac-
 ' customed to Harangue others, cou'd not suffer
 ' me to take his own Trade out of his Hands,
 ' and set up for a Judge in his own Territo-
 ' ries: However it was, he bustled through the

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Crowd, and clapping me gently upon the Shoulder, he was pleased to interrupt me with a pedantick Air; and Smiling, he thus delivered himself: Young Man, says he, since you maintain a Doctrine here, which is not of the Gust of this Age, and have still preserv'd a right Judgment of things; 'tis so rare and uncommon a Quality, that I cannot any longer conceal from you the Mystery of our Profession. Know therefore, that I make no Scruple to accommodate my self to the crying Errors of the Times, and that although they have not totally debauch'd my Judgment, no more than yours, I am nevertheless, constrain'd to suffer my self to be carried with the Stream, and rather to follow that which is likely to please the generality of Auditors, than a small Number of true Judges. For their Approbation is not sufficient to establish the Reputation of an Orator: 'Tis the Publick Voice which governs the World in all Matters, and the greatest Numbers, I dare engage, will always carry the Day. 'Tis a plain Case then, the Professors are not to be Charged with the Abuse of Declamations. If they shou'd so far forget their own Interest, as not to humour the Folly of the Age, but should Religiously apply themselves to the Purity of the ancient Eloquence, their Schools would be soon forsaken, and the Multitude of Scholars, which makes the Glory, as well as the Fortune of the Master, would immediately leave him, and run after another, whose Method suited better with their Inclinations. A Man that designs to talk in Publick, ought to have glittering Thoughts, bold Expressions, a great Stock of Invention, Flame and Vigour, and to deliver all this with an Air of Assurance. What signifies it to be so scrupulous about Reason, Order, and good Sense, so long as we can impose upon our Auditors, and there are only two or three Critics in an Assembly, that are able to find out our Faults? In this respect we may compare Declaimers to Parasites, who

' who to find room at a Nobleman's Table, never care whe-
 ' ther their Tongue and their Heart go together. If they
 ' shou'd not lay these Snares for the Vanity of your great
 ' Persons, they wou'd infallibly run the risk of Losing
 ' many a good Dinner. Now, pray Sir, tell me, wou'd
 ' you Advise one of this Fraternity, rather to Starve
 ' than not to Speak as he thinks, and comply with the
 ' Vanity of his Patron? Wou'd you have a Fisherman
 ' cool his Heels on the Bank of a River, to no purpose
 ' rather than Bait his Hooks? This is the very Case
 ' of the Declaimers, whom you Condemn: Whereas, it
 ' not they that must Answer for this reigning Sin of the
 ' Times, but your Fathers and Guardians, who won't let
 ' the Young Gentleman run through the Forms of a severe
 ' Discipline, but are Impatient to have him Advanc'd
 ' in his Studies, and expect he should be able to make fine
 ' Speeches in the Cradle.

' Hence it comes to pass, that the Learning they bring
 ' with them from the Schools, like Salads rais'd upon a
 ' hot Bed, has neither the Taste nor Colour of that which
 ' comes in its proper Season. The over-great Ambition
 ' they have to bring their Sons immediately to the Bar
 ' or to some Post in the Government, is the Reason
 ' that when they come there, they seem to have fallen into
 ' to another World, and are generally unfit to sustain
 ' the Weight of their Dignity. However, if Parents
 ' wou'd suffer their Children to pass leisurely through
 ' the Degrees of a Regular Education; if the Professors
 ' were allowed to Suit their Lessons, to the Natural Tal-
 ' ent of their Scholars, and patiently waited to see what
 ' Progress they made; if while they Polished the Wit
 ' their Disciples, they likewise Cultivated their Manners
 ' and their Judgments; then we might hope to see the Elo-
 ' quence of Demosthenes revive in our Age: That
 ' our Young Gentlemen wou'd Learn at School
 ' things that would be of Eternal Service to them in the
 ' Commerce of the World, and pass with success from
 ' their Studies to the Conversation of the Politest Peo-

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care where they are. But, as things are Managed at present, they only
 If they trifle away their time at School, or Laugh at their
 our great Masters, and come from thence so Empty and Shallow,
 of Lofing that they make themselves Ridiculous at the Bar.
 e, would that is the greatest Jest of all, your Old Men cannot
 Starved brought to own that they have been ill Educated in
 with their Younger Days, and therefore will needs have their
 Fishermen Children bred up after the same Manner.

This Discourse of Agamemnon appeared so ve-
 Reasonable *, and so Sincere, that I had not
 Word to say against it; and as I was never
 Fool enough to set up for a Reformer of the Age,
 did not set my self to oppose so Sensible a Dis-
 course. Thus I abruptly took my leave of Aga-
 memnon and the Company, to go and find out
 make for sciltos.

Is it not certain, my dear Friend, that in this
 Page of Petronius we find the Turns of a just
 delicate Satire, which seem design'd on pur-
 pose to Lash that false Eloquence, against which,
 Friends Declaimed with so much Justice, at
 your House? Had not they Reason on their side,
 say, That it was scarce to be Endured in the
 Schools; but that it was utterly insupportable in
 any other Place? Don't you Remember, that
 I justly blamed it for having no Regard to
 the Dignity of him that Speaks, nor the Quality
 of those that Hear, neither to the Condition of
 the Times, nor to the Majesty of the Place?
 That they deservedly Accused it of not Observing
 Order in the Design, any Connexion in the
 Discourse

And indeed it must be owned, that Petronius, who elsewhere
 serves so well the Characters of his Persons, has made Aga-
 memnon talk too Reasonably for a Man, to whom he gives the
 Master of a Pedant: But we may suppose it was his Humour
 to turn even Reason itself into Ridicule, when he had a mind
 to expose those that Displeased him, although they judged a-
 gainst in some things.

Discourse, any Regularity in the Expression, or any Bounds in the Continuance? Did it not Sensibly Please you to hear one of the Company, him I mean, who always gives his Advice with more Warmth and Freedom than the Rest, how pleasantly he Rail'd upon the Word Continuance, and Ridicul'd the tedious Length of these Long-Winded Discourses, out of which the Hearer at last breaks loose as from a troublesome Dream, and carries nothing Home with him, but loss of Time and the Spleen. This Gentleman, you know, 'was Zealous to have Pompey's Law, about the Measure of Hour-Glasses, pass in France; by which all Publick Pleadings should be Regulated for the future, and no one be Exempted from it. But that part of his Discourse, where he thought he Criticis'd most agreeably, was the lively Picture he gave us of those dull, tiresome Haranguers, who, in a Feign'd and Languishing Voice begin their execrable Speeches with such Stuff as follows: * 'Tis a common Problem among the Antient Philosophers; or else, If the Light of the Sun is Impenetrable to our Eyes; if the Circumposition of the Stars, and the Rapidity of the Firmament &c. And yet, Continued he, if this Magnificent Nonsense ended with the Exordium, I am Christian enough to forgive it; but the Mischief is, the rest of the Piece is made of the same Curst Materials, filled with mighty Reasonings, that signify nothing to the Purpose, with glittering Pieces purloin'd out of a Hundred Authors, and Common-Places cited without Necessity

* Among these notable Orators, we may Reckon that inimitable Speech-maker, mentioned in the Menagiana, who thus began his Discourse: *Consueverunt Veteres, vel Consueverunt; enim dicuntur, Auditores Humanissimi.*

cessity and Discretion. These Gentlemen would think they committed a Sin beyond that of Sacrilege or Murder, should they Omit one single Passage of the *Celestial Plato*, or the *Illustrious Trismegistus*. In short, these Architects Build the House with the very same Judgment, that they shew'd in Building the Porch, and their whole Composition, from beginning to end, Resembles the *Venus* of an ignorant Statuary, who made his Goddess Rich, because he could not make her Pretty. However, this Eloquence, such as it is, has found Admirers in the World, who have taken Pains to Imitate it. It has had its Course among us, like *Ronsard's* Verses. *Malherbe* was the first, that gave us a true Relish of good Poetry, and the SATIRES of *Boileau*, will put an End to the Generation of wretched Poets. Wou'd to God, he could do the same by our wretched Orators! But the Number of them is too great; this Distemper has spread itself at the Bar, like that of the *Abderites*, of whom *Lucian* makes mention, in his Ingenious Banter upon the Historians of his Time. These poor People had so often heard the Tragedies of *Euripides*, that they were continually Repeating them, as if they had been all possessed of a Delirious Fever. And those Historians, to whom he compares them, intending to imitate *Herodotus* and *Thucydides*, began their History of the Wars of the *Parthians*, with *Exordiums*, as Foreign to the Business in Hand, as the *Exordiums* of our Declaimers.

Our Friend, if you remember, had not Stopt here, but had Drawn too near the Life, the Pictures of some Persons he had a mind to Censure, a certain Gentleman, more Modest than himself, had not interrupted him, and Spoke some things

things which Appeared so Reasonable to you, that even then you Desired to have them in Writing. I have endeavoured to content you in this Particular, and you will find, perhaps, that I have written them very near as they were Spoken by him.

‘ Since you have mentioned this Passage in *Lucian*, give me leave, said our Learned Friend, to break in upon you for a Moment, and to tell you, that this Discourse of *Lucian*, wherein he lays down *the Way of Writing History*, is the Master-piece of that Person, whose Excellency, Wit, made him Justly Esteemed in his own Age, and Admired in Ours. I am persuaded, that next to *Cicero* and *Quintilian*, he’s the best Master of Eloquence; and that most of the Precepts which he gives to Historians, may not unfitly be recommended to those, whose Business leads them to Speak in Publick. Now to apply to our present Purpose, what *Lucian* has said upon this Subject, as likewise, what others who Excell’d in this Science, have Written of it, both before and after him, be pleased to take a short Abridgement of it, as follows:

‘ To attain to the Perfection of Eloquence, a Man ought to have a Fund of good Sense and Wit, a lively Imagination, a faithful Memory, a Comely Presence, an agreeable Tone of Voice, a correct Pronunciation, a noble Gesture, a becoming Assurance, and a great Facility of Speaking. The Four last Qualities may be acquired by the Precepts of Art, and long Exercise; the other are the Gifts of Nature, which Art may Polish, but cannot Bestow. These Talents comprehend abundance of things; yet for all that they don’t compleat an Orator; Study and a thorough Acquaintance with the World must do the Rest. Before a Man undertakes to Speak

Publick

Publick, 'tis Requisite he should cultivate his Judgment, by Reading the most Celebrated Authors, and particularly those that have written best in all Sciences; 'tis Requisite that the Conversation of Learned Men, and the Advice of some Honest Judicious Friend, should fit and Accommodate it to the Gust of his own Age. It is Convenient likewise, that he should converse with Wise Courtiers, pay Serious Visits to Ladies of Wit: in short, that he should Read the best Books of his own Time; nay, and make some small Attempts in Poetry it self, in Order to Polish his Manners and Language.

'If 'tis True, that a Man may be so Happy as to Possess these Advantages, he ought in this Manner to apply the Precepts, which *Lucian* and others have Delivered. When the Choice of the Subject depends purely upon the Orator, he ought to pitch upon One that is Capable of Force and Ornament; he ought to preserve Order in his Design, and Connexion in his Thoughts; and if 'tis Possible, his Discourse should never last Longer than an Hour. His Diction ought to be pure and proper to the Subject, rich and adorned without Flourishes, strong and close without Dryness, suitable to the Person that speaks, to the Place, to the Time, and to the Auditors. He cannot take too much Care too avoid old Antiquated Words, as likewise those that People use to affect in the Company of Ladies, for the sake of their Novelty. Let him endeavour rather to render himself Intelligible, than to appear Learned; let him so express his Thoughts, that the meanest Capacities may Understand him, and the most knowing admire him. However, let him avoid those expressions which *Malherbe* calls *Plebeian*; as likewise those that smell too rank of Affectation, or

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'are only allowable in the greatest Licences
 'Poetry. Let him Studiously shun the *Asiatick* T
 'mour, which is an Enemy to good Sense and Truth
 'Let an Orator remember, that 'tis to Truth alone
 'that he ought to Sacrifice the first Productions of the
 'Warmth of his Wit : Let him Courageously disc
 'gage himself from all Interests, that may obli
 'him to a servile Flattery : Let him put a R
 'straint upon his Tongue, whenever it begins
 'lead him into Satyr and Invective : In fine, l
 'him Surmount that foolish Pride which hinde
 'us from following good Advice, and guard him
 'self against the Insinuations of self-love, whic
 'tis natural for us to shew to our own Compos
 'tions. His Narration ought to be exact, clea
 'and concise ; it ought to run Majestically, lik
 'a great River, and not with a Rapidity, like
 'Torrent : Its Elevation ought to consist in t
 'Greatness of the Things he treats of, and not
 'the Words he uses. He can never be too so
 'pulous to Reject whatsoever may shock Probab
 'lity. He may now and then allow himself
 'Liberty to Digress from his Subject, provid
 'he does not lose it out of his sight, but retur
 'immediately to it with more force and agre
 'ableness. His Comparisons ought to be just a
 'short ; his Metaphors all of a Piece, and Nat
 'ral ; his Citations few and well-chosen, mo
 'rarely taken from a Foreign than his natu
 'Language, unless they cannot be translated w
 'the same Beauty, or carry more Weight a
 'Authority in the Tongue wherein they w
 'first written. He ought to avoid cold, frivol
 'Observations, Proverbial or Equivocal Expre
 'ons, Points and Quibbles, as so many ill Ha
 'tudes contracted from a sordid Education, a
 'Ornaments unworthy of solid Manly E
 'quence. We can scarce forgive them in Gen

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men, when they are Jestling with one another in a Free Conversation. In short, 'tis Requisite that the Passions be Moved; but then they are to be Managed with great Discretion, and Mingled with great Variety. The Figures ought to be Disposed with so much Niceness, and the Artifice of them so well Disguised, that the Oration may be never reproached for making his Discourse resemble the Receipts of those Quacks, who have but one Remedy for all sorts of Distempers, and who perpetually Use the same Drugs, and the same Quantity of them, in all their Compositions.

This, my dear Friend, unless I am mistaken, is much the same with what our judicious Friend said the other Day, upon this Argument. I enter my self that I have done you an acceptable Service in sending it you; at least, I can assure you, that I proposed to my self no other End than this, and to defend our Opinion against the Mirer of ***.

After what I have said to you about *Petronius*, you will think me a very bold Man indeed to pretend to translate any Remainers of his Satyr into our Language: However, you ought not to be displeased with me for endeavouring to give you some satisfaction even in this Point. At the same time I must beg of you never to let this Essay go out of your Hands, because 'tis a difficult Matter to imitate perfectly the Politeness of this Author. Behold then, with a little Variation, in what Manner he relates the Adventure of the *HE-SIAN MATRON*, which you express'd so great a Desire to know.

The EPHESIAN MATRON.

After Eumolpus had secur'd his Friends from Danger, to which they found themselves exposed Lichas's Vessel, and by the Dexterity of his Address, had appeased those who Espoused the Quarrel of one of the Parties; he omitted nothing that lay in his Power to make them give up their mutual Resentments; and in order to perfect this Reconciliation, he told them, That he ought to Talk of nothing but what was diverting. Upon this Hint, the Conversation immediately turn'd to agreeable Matters. At first it fell upon that Fondness and generality of Women show to give themselves up to Love, and upon the Desire they have to be beloved. At last he discoursed how easily they were brought to engage themselves in Amours, and with what Alacrity they get them again. Eumolpus never had any great Admiration for the Sex: Far from that; he did not manage himself with that Discretion, which obliges Men of Breeding, sometimes to conceal what they think: he was Master of a great deal of Wit; and as the Matter afforded Scope enough for a Man of Pleasantry, said a thousand Merry things, to make it appear, that Women are never Tender, but either out of Weakness or Caprice; that 'tis only Interest or Fear that makes them faithful; that all of them are Coquetts in their Hearts, and that their Virtue is nothing else but a Dexterity to hide their Filting. As his manner of Expression was somewhat Poetical, he told them that the Souls of Women were no less painted than their Faces; and that there was down right Artifice in all their Words, and in all their Actions, but especially in their Tears. He maintained that their greatest Cunning consisted in employing the same to deceive the Men; that after what he had seen in the World, he should perpetually distrust those Women who bewail'd the Loss of their Lovers, or the Death of their Husbands.

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Triphæna and her Companions heard him discourse
 bus with a great deal of Impatience, and designed to in-
 terrupt Eumolpus ; but he was in Possession of the Con-
 versation to say what he pleased ; and deliver'd himself so
 agreeably in his Poetick Manner, that he had the Laughter
 always on his side. Finding therefore that the Company
 was desirous to hear what he had seen, and that every
 one, except Triphæna, had their Eyes fasten'd upon
 him to listen to his Story, he began after this manner :

There lived a Lady in the City of Ephesus,
 whose Vertue and Beauty were admir'd by all
 Greece. Heaven had given her a Husband, who
 was truly worthy of her : They loved one an-
 other most tenderly, and this Mutual Love ren-
 der'd them the happiest Pair in the Universe : But
 the Happiness they enjoy'd was not of long Du-
 ration ; for the Death of the Husband soon stop't
 the Course of that Felicity, which all the World
 beheld with Envy.

This Lady seem'd so sensible of her Loss, that
 we are not to wonder, if she show'd all the ima-
 ginable Marks of an excessive Grief. Thus she
 was not content to Assist, according to the Cu-
 stom, at the Funeral Rites of her Husband. You
 might have beheld her, all disorder'd by Sorrow
 as she was, pouring Floods of Tears, tearing her
 Garments and her Hair before the People that
 attended the Funeral. She ordered the Body of
 her dearest Spouse, whom she was resolv'd to
 follow, even into his Grave, to be Embalm'd
 with the most precious Spices ; and, as if Death
 had not had Power enough to separate them, she
 shut up her self in this doleful Place with him, be-
 ing fully determin'd to weep Day and Night, and
 to die of Famine or Grief.

Her Relations and Friends were not to able to over-
 come so cruel a Resolution ; the Magistrates them-
 selves were constrained to leave her in her Tomb,

finding that neither their Advice nor Authority cou'd make the least Impression upon a Mind so abandon'd to Despair. And thus our Lady became more celebrated for the Excess of her Affliction, than she had formerly been for her Vertue or Beauty.

She had now pass'd two Days without taking the least Nourishment, having no other Companion but an affectionate Servant, who mingled her Tears with those of her Mistress, and took care to renew the Lamp, which afforded them a Light in the Obscurity of this Sepulchre. Nothing but this was Talked of in the City of *Ephesus*, and every one mentioned her as an unparallel'd Example of Love and Fidelity.

At this time it so happen'd, that the Governor of the Province had order'd certain Robbers to be fasten'd on Crosses, near the Place where this vertuous Lady wasted away her self in Grief. The Soldier, who was appointed to watch these Crosses lest the Bodies of the Malefactors should be stolen away, perceived a Light in the Sepulchre, and fancied he heard the Complaints of a Person in Distress. Moved therefore by a Curiosity, so natural to all Men, he Advanced a few Steps that way; and perceiving the same Complaints to increase, he at last went down into the Sepulchre to inform himself of the Truth.

At the Noise which he made at his coming in our disconsolate Lady, who held her Eyes continually fixt on the Coffin of her Husband, cou'd not forbear to turn them towards this unknown Stranger. If, in spite of her Grief, she was surprized at his Visit, the Soldier was no less so, at so mournful a Spectacle; but his greater Difficulty was to assure himself, whether this was not an Illusion, and whether this Coffin, and these Women that watch'd it, were not so many Phantoms.

But so soon as he saw the Matron, he was so much Astonish'd, that he could not but be sensible of these Objects of Compassion, he had heard of the Cause of her likewise observed. An unfortunate Matron, whose Abstinence he easily insinuated of Pity, he saw in the same person whom he had heard of as a Nourishment for the Tomb.

And now he was so much affected by her from so near, that all leaving this was inevitable. He was insensible of those Reasons which sweeten Affliction, and instead of doubling the Pain of her Breast with the sight of her Hair, he saw her dear Husband.

Love, and the Soldier. The Soldier signs by this might more setting before him. He endeavour'd to ease her Grief. She had not cou'd no longer Eating; and

But so soon as he was recovered from his first Astonishment, he well enough perceived, that these Objects ought rather to inspire him with Compassion, than Fear. The Complaints which he had heard, made him at last to comprehend the Cause of so extraordinary an Affliction. He likewise observed in the Countenance of this unfortunate Matron, several Charms, which Grief and Abstinence had but little diminished; and as Love easily insinuates it self into our Hearts by the way of Pity, he lamented and loved this Lady almost in the same Moment: So that to preserve the Person whom he loved, he went to fetch some Nourishment, which he immediately carried to the Tomb.

And now he omitted no Arguments to dissuade her from so fatal a Resolution; he represented to her, that all Men lay under the same Necessity of leaving this World; and since the End of Life was inevitable, all Regrets for the Loss of it were insignificant. In short, he made use of all those Reasons, which are usually employed to sweeten Afflictions of this Nature: But our Lady, instead of listening to his Consolations, redoubled the Efforts of her Grief, beating her Breast with more Violence than before, and tearing her Hair, which she threw upon the Coffin of her dear Husband, as new Sacrifices both of her Love, and her Despair.

The Soldier was not discouraged from his Designs by this Obstinacy; but imagining that he might more easily prevail upon the Mistress by setting before her the Example of her Servant, he endeavoured to bring over the latter to his Party. As her Grief had not taken such deep Root, and she had not fully resolv'd to Starve her self, she cou'd no longer resist the pressing Necessities of Eating; and at the sight of Victuals, which temp-

red

ted her more powerfully than all his consolatory Discourses, she suffer'd her self at last to be overcome ; and surmounting the Remainders of her Shame, for showing less Courage than her Mistress, she stretch'd out her Hand to receive the Relief, which was so generously offer'd her.

No sooner had she received some Vigour from this little Nourishment, but she began to combat the Grief of her Mistress with all the Arguments that her Friendship, or her Desire to quit so dolorous a Place, cou'd inspire her with. And what will you be the better, said she, to Sacrifice a Life to Destiny, which it does not as yet demand of you.

*Why, Madam, shou'd you fondly shed
Tears for the unrelenting Dead?
And vainly deaf to all Relief,
Court that imperious Tyrant, Grief?
These pretious Streams are pour'd in vain,
They cannot raise the Dead again.
No more to Grief this Tribute give ;
The Voice of Nature bids you live.*

If your Husband were in your Place, don't doubt but he wou'd be more reasonable than you are. Who ever saw a Man bury himself alive for the Loss of his Wife ? Take my Advice, and free your self from a Weakness, which the World has but too much Justice to Reproach our Sex with, and enjoy the Advantages of Life, as long as you are permitted to use them. The Body, which you water with your Tears, is only good to teach you what is the Value and Shortness of Life, and after what manner you ought to manage it.

Hunger, and the Natural Desire of preserving ones self, are powerful Seducers on these Occasions. Even the most desperate Persons find it

difficult, not to live : What our Matron's Grief, sufferings, and for

The offer of some Ground upon to be farther ; and to succeed self that from the A done from

To accompany things to be assisted by opportunity of a pleasant appearance greeable a She began an admirable pable of P for the more than Esteem upon our (who was her Benefactor

For, Madam, for the Matron's answer his considered it for the Loss remainder are beloved

No longer
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difficult, not to listen to those that advise them to live : We ought not therefore to wonder that our Matron, who appear'd resolv'd to die of her Grief, suffer'd her self to yield to these Persuasions, and follow the Example of her Servant.

The officious Soldier, finding that he had gain'd some Ground upon her, which at first he look'd upon to be impossible, carried his Wishes much farther ; and as Love makes us imagine it easie to succeed in all our Desires, he flatter'd himself that he should find much less Resistance from the Vertue of the Fair Afflicted, than he had done from her Despair.

To accomplish this, he said the most touching things to her, which the first Flames of a Passion, assisted by promising Hopes, and a favourable Opportunity cou'd suggest to him. This Young Gallant appear'd to our discreet Matron, neither disagreeable as to his Person, nor destitute of Wit. She began to observe that he did every thing with an admirable Grace, and that he was not incapable of Persuading. A secret Sympathy, which for the most part does sooner link Hearts together than Esteem, had already so successfully prevail'd upon our Matron, that the Advices of her Maid (who was not wanting on her side to recommend her Benefactor) soon finished the Conquest.

For, Madam, says she to her, can you do less for the Man that has saved your Life, than to answer his Love, since as Heaven has happily ordered it for you, he is able to make you amends for the Loss you have sustained? Forget, I say, the remainders of your Grief, in the Pleasure that you are beloved :

No longer Grieve, no longer Sigh,

But rise, and meet the proffer'd Joy :

Life of it self is Phlegmatick and dull ;

Love's Pleasures only make the Blessing full.

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The Maid supported this Advice with that Concern and Force, that we may believe she would have put it in Execution, had it been her own Case. The Mistress was no longer able to hold out ; so true it is, that a Confident once gain'd, is no inconsiderable Assistant to a Lover. Nor is it a wonder that our Matron, who was debilitated by a long Abstinence, and by the Excess of her Sorrow, was no longer able to maintain the Field against a bold and passionate Soldier.

They continued together, not only the first Night of this surprizing Adventure, but the next Morning, and the Day after that ; the Entrance to the Tomb being so carefully shut up, that whoever had come thither, would have unquestionably concluded, that our Matron had expired with Grief, over the Body of her dead Husband.

The Soldier, charm'd with the Beauty of his Mistress, and the Secret of his good Fortune, in the day time bought Provisions to make good Cheer with, and carried them to the Monument, so soon as the Night approached. In the mean time the Relations of one of the Thieves that were Hanged, perceiving that no one now watched the Bodies, carried it off, and paid the last Offices to it : But our Soldier finding next Morning, that one of the Bodies was stolen from the Gibbet, came back to his Mistress, strangely disorder'd with the Apprehensions of the Punishment he had deserved, and related to her the Misfortune that had happen'd to him.

Nothing less than his Life cou'd expiate for this Negligence ; the Governor of the Province was severe, the Soldier despair'd of his Pardon, and was resolv'd not to stay till his Condemnation. With these Intentions he design'd to kill himself, to escape an infamous Death, and nothing cou'd dissuade him from Executing this cruel Purpose ; so that in all Probability, our beauti-

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beautiful Matron was going to lose the second Object of her Love, by a violent Fate. The unfortunate Soldier had already Intreated her to take care of his Burial, and to put him in the same Sepulchre with her Husband. And now he was upon the Point of putting so Tragical a Design in Execution; when our Matron, who during his Discourse, had wholly employ'd her Thoughts how to prevent his dying, hinder'd the sad Resolution of his Despair.

Heaven forbid, she cry'd out, that I should be forced to lament at the same time, the Loss of two Persons so dearly beloved by me, while there are any Expedients left to hinder it. 'Tis but just that what remains of my Husband shou'd be employ'd to preserve my Lover; I will rather chuse to see the Deceased hang, than to see the Living perish.

At these Words, the Soldier, wholly transported with Joy, flung himself at his Mistress's Feet, and surpriz'd at so ingenious a Device, he confess'd that his Love and his Services were too liberally rewarded. After this, all Three lent their Hands to take the Body out of the Coffin. The Soldier threw him upon his Shoulders; and by the Assistance of the other Two, managed the matter so well, that he fasten'd him to the Gibbet, from whence the other Body had been stolen.

The next Morning, two Friends of the Deceased, being curious to know what was become of our Virtuous Matron, took a Walk very early towards the Tomb. All the way, they entertain'd one another in commending so extraordinary a Fidelity, and when they came near the Crosses, they cast their Eyes by accident upon that which was next them, where they soon discover'd and knew the Countenance of their Friend. He had been so well Embalm'd, it seems, that his Features

tures were easie enough still to be known. A sudden Consternation seiz'd these Two Men to such a degree, that instead of going to the Sepulchre to inform themselves better, they ran all affrighted to the City of *Ephesus*, where in some Disorder, they acquainted the People with what they had so lately seen. This News spread all over the Town in a Moment, and Multitudes of all Ages ran out to see so uncommon a Spectacle, every one crying out with Astonishment, *How is it possible that a dead Man should be able to find out his way from the Grave to the Gallows.*

At this Place was Eumolpus constrain'd to conclude his Story; because the whole Company fell into so violent a Fit of Laughter, that they cou'd no longer listen to him. The Seamen, who had throng'd close together to hear him, returned to their several Stations, clapping their Hands at so pleasant an Adventure: Even Triphazena her self, who, during the Recital of Eumolpus, had blush'd for Vexation more than once, cou'd not forbear Laughing. Only Lichas, who was at the bottom of an ill Humour, capable of spoiling the most agreeable Mirth in the World, shaking and tossing his Head with a scornful Air, Had I, says he, been in the Governor of the Province's Place, I wou'd have taken down the dead Body from the Gibbet, and sent it back to the Monument with the same Honours and Solemnity as before: After this, I wou'd have Hang'd in his Place, this wicked abominable Woman, with all the Marks of Infamy. This Judgment came in so unseasonably, and was so ill relished by the Company, that they not only seem'd as if they did not mind him, but every one fell a Laughing, more vehemently than before.

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This Piece

O F T H E
True Use of L I F E,

By Monsieur de la V A L T E R I E,

C H A P. I.

That a Man ought diligently to Apply himself to the Search of Happiness, since it is in his Power to Augment his Pleasures, and Lessen his Miseries:

AFTER having long Reflected on the Condition of Men, I found there are but Two Things that can Reasonably Deserve the Praise of a Wise Man : The First is, the *Study of Virtue*, which makes a Man *Honest* ; and the Second, The *Use of* L I F E, which makes him *content*, if 'tis Possible for him to be so ; or at least, *Less Unhappy*, if he cannot wholly Deliver himself from his Troubles:

I

This Piece was Written in the Year 1658.

I confess that 'tis but Folly to think of a Sovereign Good here Below. All the Idea's that the Ancient Philosophers have given us of it were nothing but confused Images of what may fill the vast Capacity of our Desires; and the Uncertainty of their Opinions, that Varied so often on this Matter, makes us easily see how doubtful this Happiness was, which they however promis'd with so much Pride and Ostentation.

In effect, the perpetual Vicissitude of the Things of this World, the continual Revolution of our Minds, and the Inconstancy of our Passions, will not permit us to Establish a fix'd Repose and Tranquillity of Life. And when I consider the Inability of Objects to Satisfie us, and the Weakness of our Senses to Receive their Impressions, then I Renounce all vain Pursuits of the false Happiness; and am almost Inclined to take a general Indifference for every thing. For what Pleasures are there in the World, which are not mixt with Inquietudes? Are not our Senses often Interrupted in their Functions, by the Disorders of our Organs? And does not our Mind derive its Unsteadiness from the same Cause? A Fit of Sickness, a Cold Season, a Bad Day, and some thing less than any of these, changes us, and every thing about us: And tho' there were no Alteration in Us, or any thing Relating to Us; tho' our Souls and Bodies, were in the Happiest Circumstances we can Imagine them to be, yet 'tis certain, that we are Incapable of Tasting a Pure and Solid Content.

Neither the Conversation of polite Men which affords me the most agreeable Satisfaction nor the Delicacies of Entertainments; nor the Charms of Musick, which Create in me the most Sensible Pleasures; were ever able to give me a great a Relish of Delight, as my Imagination

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promis'd me: And I may truly say, that amongst the greatest Liberties of my Senses, I have Enjoy'd the Pleasures they gave me with so little Concern, that at the same time I have Meditated upon my most Serious Affairs.

The Divertisement of the *Theatre*, whither we see such Crowds of People Daily Resort, does it give its most profest Admirers any such Delight? For my part, I could never see the greatest part of them without being Tired; and the best Plays which seem'd to Ravish the rest of the Audience, have had no other Effect upon me, than to make me grieve for the Misfortunes of a *Heroine*, who knew nothing of the Pains I suffered for her Sake; or for those of some Imaginary *Heroe*, whose false Grievs put me to the Expence of true Tears, and made me heartily Angry at my own Weakness.

Neither the Beauty of the *Tuilleries* *, which enchant all Eyes; nor the Magnificence of the *Hours* †, Adorn'd with the Glorious Confusion of the Richest Equipages; nor the most shining Assemblies of the Fairest Ladies; nor Shews, nor Balls, nor Art, nor Luxury, nor Riches, can give all Satisfaction to any Man in this World.

Those that appear but seldom at Publick Representations, and Diversions, are Frighted from them, and cannot bear the great Hurry and Tumult that attends them. Those that visit 'em often, are Insensible of 'em; and both together, whether through Extasie or Stupidity, have no true Relish of them. Those who have Wealth enough Command to Regale their Senses with all that

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A Royal Garden at Paris.

A Publick Place where People of Quality take the Air in their Coaches.



is exquisite, don't they give us sufficient Signs of their Uneasiness in the midst of their Pleasures, since they Complain that the Multitude of them renders them Ungrateful.?

If ever any Man deserved to be Happy, it was that Celebrated Monarch who had Wisdom bestowed upon him from above *. Without straying after fantastical Chimera's, he carried himself directly to the search of solid Good; His Power gain'd him immediate Possession. Every thing succeeded according to his Wishes; and Enjoyment always followed his Desires. Notwithstanding all this, he Declared, That he found so much Vanity in Pleasures, that he could scarce Forbear to hate Life, and abhor its continuance. Therefore we must conclude, there is no perfect Happiness for a Man here Below; and should rather think how to Defend our selves against those Ills that oppress us, than to Sigh after a Happiness that is out of our Reach.

But although it be True, that we cannot find in this Life the Imaginary Happiness we look after, yet we ought not to wish for Death, nor like Persons in Despair, abandon our selves to our Miseries; for herein consists our Folly for the most part, that we seek after a Happiness which we can never attain, and in the meantime, neglect that which we have in our Power. 'Tis true, our Pleasures are short, and are Tinctured with Gall; but as they are Pleasures they still over-weigh our Sorrows; and 'tis one of the greatest Uses of Life, to Manage 'em with Address.

*Solomon:

Of the Use of LIFE.

III

As we ought to have Constancy enough to support the Ill, so we ought likewise to know how to Enjoy the Good; we ought to have it as much in our Power to lull Asleep our Senses for Grief, as to Awaken 'em for Pleasure; for Temperance is equally a Stranger to all Excess: She is no less an Enemy of excessive Fasting, than of excessive Debauchery; and he that should suffer himself to Die with Hunger, would as much violate her Laws, as the Man that should Destroy himself with too much Eating.

Mad-men that we are! always to complain of the Hardships of our Birth, the Inquietudes of our Life, and the Pains of our Death: In the mean time we daily add a new Weight to these Miseries; and seem chiefly to Exercise our Ingenuity, in Contriving to make our selves more unhappy.

This sort of Conduct is very different from that of the Wise Man we mentioned just before, who made Tryal of all things in this Word, for which we have the most Ardent Desires, and soon discovered the Vanity of them: However, he did not Entertain a general Disgust for every thing he had formerly Courted; but remaining always in the same Station, enjoyed his Pleasures peaceably.

But let us Return to our Subject, and see how we ought to manage Good and Evil, to make Life more Palatable.

CHAP. II.

OF THE

Existence of GOD.*

When I make an Exact Reflection upon my whole Life, I acknowledge I have had Sorrows and Satisfaction according to the different Opinions, I was minded to Assume. My Thoughts have as well created my Grief as Joy; and I have always found within my self the Source of my Miseries or Happiness.

Not to Dissemble my Thoughts, the Persuasion of a Deity, and the Uncertainty of our Condition after Death, have often disturbed my Repose; and in these uneasy wavering Moments I considered that all our Watchings, our Knowledge, our Employments, our Riches, and our Honours, must End in Death; and since none of these

* Mr. de St. Evremond had so high an Opinion of this Chapter, that in my Copy, wherein he has Mark'd what Pieces were his own, and what not; he has Written in the Margin, that he Wishes to have been the Author of it.

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these things pretend to be Eternal, we ought to seek a Sanctuary somewhere else. But I often suffer'd my Soul to think Licentiously of these things ; and not Respecting enough the first Truth, I met with nothing but Doubts and Difficulties, about the Immortality of the Soul.

As I always relied in this Affair, upon the Reasons of other Men, I could never have any certain Notions of them ; and the different Opinions of our Authors gave me an Uneasiness, which can hardly be Described. Never were my Mind and Conscience of one Opinion. I was constrain'd to bear the Conflict of these Two Parties which combated incessantly within me ; and nothing equall'd my Disquiet so much, as the Difficulty to Resolve the Question, which was the Occasion of it.

At length finding my self foil'd with all my Forreign Helps, I was Resolv'd to Retire within my self, and Consult my own Thoughts ; as those Sick Men do, who finding themselves abus'd by the Ignorance of their Physicians, attempt to Cure themselves. Here then I cut off all Commerce with Books, wherein I never found any thing but Difficulties and Uncertainties. 'Twas here I Resolved to Consider with my self, and Consult my own Thoughts, upon the Structure of the Universe, and that Admirable Order and Symmetry which Reigns in every Part of it,

When I looked up to Heaven, the Greatness of this Prodigious Arch filled me with Astonishment, and with I know not how Awful a Respect ! The Beauty of the Stars, the Silence and Solitude of the Night, possessed me with such a secret Horror, as dispos'd me insensibly to Religion.

Is it possible, said I to my self, that the *Motions* of the Spheres, so Just and Regular, should not have an Intelligent Being for their Author? If these wonderful Globes, know and Govern themselves, Are not they the Gds, who Command the World as they please? And if they are controul'd by some Superiour Power, Who is it that can sway these prodigious Machines, but an Almighty Hand? Who can move these Huge Bodies, but an Invincible Strength? Who can Reconcile their various Motions, but an Infinite Wisdom? This Glorious Sun continu'd I, which Shines equally upon all Men, could it ever give us its Light by Chance? And that Regularity we observe in it, Could it proceed from any thing else but an Eternal Intelligence?

After these Meditations I consider'd the perpetual Disagreement of the Elements; and could never enough Admire that Happy War which Entertains the World by so many wonderful Motions.

But above all, I made my Reason give place, and all my Faculties stoop to that Prodigy of the Flux and Reflux of the Sea. The vast Extension of Waters amaz'd me. But when I came to consider, that the most furious Billows broke against the smallest Rocks, and that they no sooner meet 'em, but in spite of all their Impetuosity, were oblig'd to return with Violence into themselves: 'twas here that I cry'd out, transported with Wonder, and seiz'd with Astonishment,

*The Sea Eternally does Roar;
Its angry Billows beat the Passive Shoar.
But Mounds of Sand their Might restrain,
And force them to their Watry Realms again.
Neptune with Indignation sees
His Waves ingloriously Retreat:
Then from the Conquering Cliffs he flies,
And murmurs at his Shame, and Sighs at his Defeat.*

At last, these Objects to my self, human Bodies, at move on the Dis, all necess, tion of ou, ood and S, nomy of, ration, P, means of t, Author of, d'st it not, st see all th, least Insig, e of many, erations of, m'd, &c., thou kno

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At last, when I had sufficiently consider'd on these Objects, I took great pleasure to descend to my self, and there to observe the Structure of human Body, and to Contemplate the Springs that move this admirable Machine. I reflected on the Disposition of so many different Parts, all necessary to the Composition and Conservation of our Bodies; as Bones, Nerves, Muscles, Blood and Spirits. I consider'd the marvellous Economy of all these Parts, and cry'd out with Admiration, *Poor Man ! Who only knowest these things, means of thy Senses ; Canst thou boast thy self to be Author of so Excellent a Work ? Thou who understandst it not, till after it was Made, and even now see all these Parts expos'd to thy Eyes, to give thee least Insight into them ; thou wantedst the Experience of many Ages to make thee Comprehend how the Operations of Life, Digestion, and Motion are perform'd, &c. Yet in spite of thy most exact Observations, thou knowest them but after a very imperfect manner.*

On the other side, casting my Eyes on the Work of the Creation, I examin'd with Admiration, the different Figures of Animals, the Scales of Fish, the Feathers of Birds, the Furs of Beasts ; and all those things, which when look'd upon without Attention, represent nothing distinctly to the Mind, but did sensibly discover to me the greatest Wonders of Nature : For, call it, Nature, Fate, Intelligence, or Deity, which Creates and Governs all below, yet is it not still a Sovereign Power ? Is it not still an Infinite Wisdom ?

Then I remain'd confounded, to think how ignorant I had been ; and I could never enough wonder at the Malice of the Libertines, or the Stubbornness of the Unbelieving : For a Man must together forget himself, and lose the Knowledge

ledge of all things, before he can lose that of his Creator.

On whatever side of the Creation we cast our Eyes, we presently perceive the Character of the Deity impress'd upon it; and he that studies Nature thoroughly, will find sensible Proofs of the Power, on which she depends.

But we have some lazy Second-hand Thinkers in the World, servile Imitators of others, who without Examining themselves, or considering the Matter as they ought, Espouse the Cause of Impiety, only to be taken for Favourers of some famous Libertine.

There are others, who in an extravagant Presumption of their own Abilities, scorn to depend on their Maker; vainly imagining, that the Obsequence that is paid to this Infinite Majesty, takes away the Freedom of their Opinions.

Not but that we see sometimes the best and most knowing Men in the Universe, fall under some sort of Incredulity or Doubt. Those of this Class are not Content to discover an Eternal Intelligence from the Order of the Universe. Their Curiosity leads them to consider what this Being is; and after they have confounded their Understanding with those Infinite Qualities which the Soul of Man cannot comprehend, they oftentimes become Incredulous against their own Will, and cannot Reconcile their Reason to their Conscience. Now as we ought to Laugh at Fools, and abhor the Wicked, I think that we ought to pity the latter, if it were on the score of their being Miserable.

Some People are upon the Rack to persuade themselves to believe that, which they cannot comprehend. Others Attack Heaven it self, by horrid Malice, and Blasphemy a God, whose Power is not unknown to them, Thus they

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always in Trouble and Despair ; and after they have been hurried by the Fury of their Impiety, they find themselves torn by the Remorse of their own Conscience ; especially when the Light forsakes 'em, and the Company which kept them in heart, leaves them to themselves. There is no Passion so tormenting, but then they feel the Persecution of it. Fear, Trouble, Vexation and Madness torture 'em by turns. It would be better for their Quiet, that they cou'd never think, than to have the least Commerce with their Conscience ; for nothing certainly can equal the Torments of the Libertine.

*Tho' daring Blasphemies he pours,
In restless pains he spends the Conscious Hours.
Hagg'd by the Ghastly Image of his Sin,
No safe Retreat without, no Peace within.
He flies the Day, he fears the Night.
He runs from Truth's All-searching Light,
His Conscience too would leave behind,
But in himself both Judge and Torturer does find.*

The Unbelieving, tho' they are not altogether so Criminal, are not less Miserable. They take a world of pains to Chace a thing they can never find, and perpetually accuse Nature for being more Cruel to Man, than any other Creature.

Thence proceeded the Complaints of that Great Man, who envy'd the Beasts their Advantage of living in a Delightful and Uniform Ignorance, without disquieting themselves with the Search after Truth. To this likewise is owing the uneasiness of those Persons, who are always envying those of other Nations, and who cannot behold the vilest Brutes enjoying themselves at ease, without regretting the Tranquillity that Nature has bestowed upon them.

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It is then certain, That the Belief of a God is the best Foundation of all Pleasures ; and that an intire Dependance upon him, never suffers a Man to be without Satisfaction in Prosperity, nor Comfort in Adversity. A well regulated Mind does not only Taste Delights in the Enjoyment of any Good it receives, but it also discovers Dainties in it to thank its Benefactor for ; and every Reflection it makes upon 'em, affords new Matter for Satisfaction.

'Tis to God we must have recourse in Afflictions : No Anguish being so great, but what may be sweetened by a total Resignation to his Providence.

Then let every Man judge the great Importance of Religion, and how much it concerns us to acknowledge a God, and submit our selves to his Will, not only in consideration of our Duty, but likewise for the Interest of our Repose.

CHAP. III.

That we ought to Restrain the Violence of our Appetites, by considering the True worth of those Things we desire.

Nothing can be of greater Importance to any one that has a Mind to Taste True Content in this Life, than to oppose his most violent Desires, and reduce them to those simple Motions, which we call *Wishes*.

Nevertheless, as there is no Man but has some particular Inclination and Favourite Passion, so it

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God is not an easie thing to arrive at an Indifference.)
However, 'tis in our Power to make our Chains
less uneasie to us : for there are no Bonds so
strong, which Reason and Experience cannot
break in time.

In Effect, as the most Pleasing Objects are not
without their Disagreements and Pains, so 'tis
certain that the violence of our desires very much
abates, when once we come to be disgusted.
When this happens, a Man raises himself insensi-
bly above the World ; and the Pleasures he was
wont to pursue with so much eagerness, seem In-
ipid to him. He then sees how much it Imports
him to understand the true Worth of Glory : What
Pain, or what Satisfaction is to be found in
Knowledge : and this effectually secures him
from labouring after any thing he may afterwards
repent of ; or expecting any thing he cannot
hope to Enjoy.

This considered, Is there any Change that we
may not expect ? Won't He, that never knew
any thing but Submission and Obedience, be
Ambitious of Command ? Won't the Needy
think Riches a Blessing, under the pressure of all
their Wants ? Won't the scandalous Wretch
that lies under the Lash of Conscience, for a loose
profligate Life, think him Happy who has the
Esteem of all Honest Men ? Those that are al-
ways in a hurry of Business, will they not wish
to Enjoy the Quiet of the Retired ?

The Court and its Pomp tires us ; The Woods
and the Fields become uneasie to us ; But a
Man that has not had a full Taste of Vexation,
cannot easily imagine what strange Effects it
produces.

In

Of the Restraint of our Appetites.

In short, we may be disgusted with our own Condition ; but we cannot be so with what we never experienc'd. However, a little Address will suffice to shew the Vanity of every thing.

Although a Man has not all the Wealth, the Merit, and shining Qualities which others possess, yet he may cast his Eyes on those that owe them either to Fortune or Vertue, and see the Anxieties they labour under. Upon a nearer View he will find them oppress'd with the same Maladies, and subject to the same Misfortunes, with which Nature afflicts the rest of Mankind. He will see Learned Men not able to Defend themselves from Capriciousness and Folly : Heroes feeble, full of Defects, and as much *Men*, as those that are below them, and the greatest Originals of *Europe*, subject to private Weaknesses as the inferior Copies.

Thus at long Run we shall be convinc'd, that 'tis impossible to renounce Nature, and to raise our selves above that Condition, wherein God has placed us. For in Truth, there are no Great Men, if we compare 'em one with another, but the same are in themselves weak, unequal, and deficient in some part or other.

Pomp and Splendour don't satisfy all those whom they surround. The Excess of Delights pall's our Appetites oftner than it pleases them, and all the Advantages of Nature and Fortune join'd together, are not able to Create a full and entire Happiness.

This Consideration may serve to moderate the Violence of our Desires, and perhaps will destroy those Inclinations we have to the most sensible and pleasing Objects. We shall then search after Content without Disquiet, enjoy it without Eagerness, and lose it without Regret.

C H A P. IV.

Of Reputation.

N O single Passion perhaps has made so many unhappy Persons, as that which the Generality of Mankind Entertain for an *Universal Esteem*. For if we except some few Persons of truly Heroical Minds, who act only for the satisfaction of their Conscience, and perhaps too for the Approbation of Good Men, all the rest do that for Noise, which ought to be done for the sake of Virtue, and suffer themselves to be Incharmed with the Shadow and Appearance of a Thing, whose Real Substance doth not at all Affect them. They are desirous to have all their Actions esteemed Virtuous, but not to be really so; They wish nothing more than the Applause of the People, tho' in the midst of such a Crowd and hurry, 'tis almost impossible to discern the Truth: and without seeking the Approbation of the Wise, they Flatter themselves that every thing is to be decided by Numbers; and that the Opinion of learned Men, whom they are pleased to call *antastical Persons*, cannot obscure their Reputation.

The crafty ones shew on this occasion a great deal of Artifice in their Conduct: for, being sensible of their own Merit, and having already got the good Opinion of Men of Virtue, by some conspicuous Quality, they Accommodate themselves in a gross manner to the Humour of the People,

People, and strive to gain the Vulgar by outward Shew and Appearance.

They commit voluntary Follies to please real Fools. They appear Dull and Unlearned to the Stupid ; Subtil to Ingenious Persons ; Generous to Men of Honour : In a Word, they adapt themselves to all sorts of Characters with so dextrous a Compliance, that one would say, their Humour is that of all the World.

But besides that by this way of Management we lay a violent Constraint upon our Humour and oppose the Intention of Nature, which makes us more for our selves than for other Men ; I don't observe that these Persons with all their good Humour and Complaisance, with all their Feints and Dissimulations, ever arrive at the point which they propose to themselves. On the other side I have known it a Thousand times by Experience, That those who are greedy of Reputation generally lose it by that very Indiscretion and Greediness with which they seek it ; and that nothing so much interrupts their Design, as their Excessive Passion to obtain it.

In short, show me the Man in any Country or Age of the World, that had Merit and good Fortune enough to acquire an Universal Esteem Who was ever powerful enough to suppress the Calumnies of all his Enemies, or stop the Mouth of Envy ?

I can affirm, that I have known some Persons so very Agreeable, and so Virtuous, that one could not converse with them without Admiring and Loving them. They won the Hearts of their very Enemies ; and a Man must have been a Brut to the last Degree, to be able to withstand the Charms of their Conversation, or not to be won by the Goodness of their Nature. Yet for all this, I have seen some envious Detractors mal-

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ously oppose so eminent a Virtue ; and accordingly as they had either Address or Power, stop the course of an Esteem so Just, and so well established.

Now, since it is impossible to catch this Flying Meteor, which I see the whole World runs after ; what Folly is it to labour to obtain it with so much Application, and Pains so ill rewarded ?

Besides a Fop, tho' he never so passionately fires this Esteem, if he does not deserve it, cannot long enjoy it. On the other hand, a good Man soon makes Reflections, upon the weakness and frailty of this Gaudy Trifle ; and feeling his Miseries even through the Applauses which are given to his Felicity, he labours under inquiet and Uneasinesses, when the World cries his Advantages and his Happiness. *Veræ Gloriæ nudi nullâ ratione quiescere possunt, cum non inveniant de possint aliquatenus gloriari.*

Don't our Histories tell us of a *Vespasian*, who amidst all his Magnificence and Splendour, tired with the tediousness of the Triumph, and sensible of the Vanity of that Glory for which the people flattered him, appear'd Melancholly and sad, even in those very Festivals, that were Celebrated to Thank the Gods for his Fortune and Prosperity ?

Did not the Great and Formidable King of *Sweden* * despise the Acclamations of the People, and Reject the Panegyricks of Orators ?

The Duke of *Candale*, whom we lately lost, regretted by all Good Men, had not he as great aversion for this kind of Esteem, as our ordinary Courtiers shew a fondness to obtain it ?

'Tis

Gustavus Adolphus.

'Tis therefore beyond Dispute, That 'tis impossible to acquire it, and that tho' we should acquire it, yet the possession of it would be absolutely unserviceable ; That as it depends less upon our selves, than upon our Fortune, it is liable to all her Inconstancies ; That it is a Noise which strikes nothing but the Ear, and is incapable of making any deep Impression upon a Noble Soul.

If we wou'd cultivate our Happiness in good earnest, we should endeavour to content the Wise, who are, 'tis true, but few in number, but from whom we may receive Real Approbations.

Horatius would have a Wise Man hazard his Life for the Repose of Fools. But since we owe our Services, and our Selves to the Interest of our Country, and to the good of our Friends, we ought always to perform Actions worthy of Publick Applause, and to despise that same Applause, after we have once performed them.

I would not at the same time, advise any Man to be so disinterested, as to take no manner of Satisfaction in the Esteem he deserves: but since Approbation is always attended by Censure, let us effectually disarm Malice, by opposing those false Praises which give it an opportunity to wound us ; let us draw all lawful Advantage from a good Reputation, and not to be so foolishly stiff as to take no delight in Reflecting on our Merit: And if the Publick has unjust Thoughts of us, let us appeal from their Opinion to the Judgment of the Wise, and retire within our selves to receive Consolation from the Testimony of our own Conscience.

CHAP. V.

Of Vexations and Displeasures.*

TIS one of the greatest Secrets of Life, to know how to make our Vexations easie to us; and if we cannot get rid of our Pains, at least to weaken their Influence. Unless we can do this, we must resolve to be often miserable; or being exposed to an infinite number of Misfortunes, there hardly passes a day but presents us with some new Scene of Unhappiness.

As for me, I know no Remedy so effectual for this purpose as Foresight; and whoever makes an exact Reflection upon the Disappointments and Crosses of Humane Life, will find himself, Consolable at least in the severest Circumstances. For as we always make a more vigorous Defence against a premeditated Attack; the Soul, which prepares it self for Resistance, by duly considering the Danger it runs, is much less apt to be haunted by it.

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* Monsieur de St. Evremond hath written in the Margin my Book, that great part of this Chapter did belong to

I would have all Men therefore so to foresee and expect all kinds of Misfortunes, that they may not be surprized at whatever happens.

Let a Happy Courtier enjoy the Favour of his Prince, and possess the Advantages of his good Fortune, as long as he can : But let the Example of so many that have fallen before him, dispose him to mistrust the firmness of the Ground he stands upon. Let him not always raise his Eyes, because he is at the top of the Wheel, but Humble them sometimes ; let him look down to the place from whence he began to Rise, and consider the first step of his Fortune, as a Precipice, down which he may every Moment fall again.

Let not a General of an Army be always secure of Victory ; nor be puffed up with the Glory he has won, no less by the Assistance of his Troops than by his own Valour. One single Day may determine his Fortune : but then after the loss of a Battle, let not him, who was before encompassed with so many Thousands, conclude himself to be Destroyed with them. He must command himself, he must return to himself, to be himself again.

Let not a Prince depend upon his Grandeur without good Reason, neither let the Obedience of so many People rashly flatter his Vanity : In Four and Twenty Hours we have seen the same Monarchs Sitting in the Throne, and following in Chariot. In the compass of a few Days, we have beheld a Prince Triumphant, and led in Triumph. The Revolt of the People, or the Loss of a Battle, may dispossess him of his Crown, and put his Scepter into a Foreign Hand.

Here I cannot forbear openly to confess that I Adore the *Romans*, and believe they were something more than Men. I cannot without a sensi-

able Emotion think upon *Brutus* and *Cassius*, who knowing the Inconstancy of Human Greatness, agreed before the Battle began, how to dispose of their Lives; and considering the uncertainty of the Event, embrac'd one another, as if they were never to meet again. Methinks I see them taking their last Farewel with these Noble Demonstrations of Affection and Courage.

The Vulgar imagine there is something timorous in Foresight; and as they cannot conceive any sort of Danger without Fear, they persuade themselves that a Man cannot throw himself into it without Blindness. But as 'tis the fault of such weak Reasoners, to venture upon many things they don't understand, and to fling them up so soon as they come to know them; 'tis only for Men of Sense to foresee the Dangers that threaten them, and to sustain with the same equality of Mind, the Favours and Disgraces of Fortune.

But 'tis not sufficient for us to prepare our selves only against the Vicissitudes of Life; for there are many other occasions for us to shew our Constancy. The Death of our Friends, and even our own, much more sensibly Affects us: and therefore we ought to expect it with more preparation, than the loss of Riches, Honour, and other extrinsick things, which ought to be indifferent to Wise Men.

I am thinking with my self every day, how many things are dear to me; and after I have considered them as Temporary and Perishable, I prepare my self that very Minute to bear the loss of them without weakness.

When the Sun begins to shine, I don't depend upon seeing the Evening. Will not the Day and Moment wherein I am to Die, resemble this, which now passes over my Head? A Man shall

equally hear the hurry of the World, shall behold the Light, and live after the same manner. Now, since we must all Die, but are so uncertain as to the time of Death, let us prepare from this Day, to leave one another.

Not an Hour passes, but some one or other loses a Friend : may I not then reasonably expect every Moment to lose one of mine ? But whenever that happens, the Circumstances of his Death shall not increase my Sorrow, nor my Affliction. Perhaps he will shed his Blood upon a Scaffold ; perhaps Fire will reduce him to Ashes, or he will be swallow'd up in the Sea : But you must not think that the Circumstances of his Death will redouble my Grief, and that I shall complain of nothing so much at his Funeral, as the manner of his Loss ; 'Tis he alone, whom I find wanting, and it signifies nothing, whether he was taken from me by Water, Sword, or Fire.

Not that I would be here so wretchedly misunderstood, as if I would have a Man become a *Barbarian*, in order to exercise his Talent of Constancy ; or that Nature or Friendship have not the Right to demand Tears from us. I am so far from advancing so Brutal an Insensibility, that I maintain on the other side, it would be Inhuman to refuse them on certain occasions.

We Sigh and Weep justly enough in the first beginnings of our Grief ; but a vigorous Soul ought soon after to retire within it self, and return to that happy Serenity, which the Disorder of its Passions, occasioned it to lose. For can a reasonable Man consider the unprofitableness of his Tears, and the vanity of his Regret, but he must of necessity blush at a long and violent Affliction ?

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Indeed in those Cases where 'tis possible to repair our ill Successes, I am wholly of Opinion, that we ought to employ all sorts of Remedies: But in a fatal Accident which is never to be retrieved, I would desire to know where lies the Service of a ridiculous Affliction, and paying Tears, which are at best troublesome to those who shed them, and wholly unserviceable to those for whose sake they are shed?

Why do we Sigh, or why Complain?

All these Tears are shed in vain;

Deaf to our Sorrows, and our Grief,

The Dead receive not this Relief.

Besides this, we are to consider; that the most sensible Persons, in the World, at length forget their tenderness; and the Soul which at first afflicted it self to Excess, soon feels an abatement, of this Violence, and in a short time exhausts the whole stock of its Sorrow.

Our Complaints wear with our Years; and as the Objects begins to lose ground in the Imagination, our Concern for its Loss insensibly decays in our Mind.

If we were Wise then, should we not without Reluctance, surrender that Grief to our Reason, which the weakest are at last constrain'd to yield up to the power of Time?

A Father whom we lost but Two or Three Hours ago, is as effectually Dead as any of our Ancesters; and that which is no more, ought no longer to affect us.

Your Father, summon'd by his Fate,

Now mixes with his Brother-shades below;

Not the least tittle of your State,

Your Grief, or Sorrow does he know.

*Tho' but last Night he lost his Breath,
Yet since he's in the hands of Death,
He's full as dead as Cæsar, who we know
Expir'd so many Years ago *.*

This Reason alone is capable of sweetning our Bitterness, and checking the Impetuosity of our Grief. He whom I lost but an Hour ago, feels nothing, has no further share in the things of this World, and enjoys Life no more than those that were swallow'd up in the Deluge; Why then should I torment my self in vain about a Shadow that has neither Voice nor Thought?

*Wisely your vain Complaints give o'er,
This foolish Tribute pay no more.
For empty Shadows why should Tears be shed?
Let's Bury even the Memory of the Dead †.*

We ought further to consider, That in this rigorous separation of the Soul and Body, Nature uses us no worse than she does the rest of the World. Of all these prodigious swarms of Men which fill the Earth, shew me one single Person that is exempted from the Cruelty of her Laws.

I very well know that every one is sensible of his Affliction, and that those whose Example I alledge here, endure it and complain as well as we: For as we don't forbear to Taste our own Happiness, for knowing the Felicity of others, so the knowledge we have of the Miseries of our Equals, deprives us not of the Sense of our own Misfortunes: And since Private Persons partake

* Theophile.

† Malherbe.

ake in the Publick Rejoycings, How can they avoid their share in the General Sorrow?

There are some common Pains, which belong to all Men; but every Man bears them entirely to himself, and so endures the whole weight of his Affliction singly.

To confess the Truth, that which Affects us most in our Disgraces, is to see that no body is under the same Circumstances. We cannot with any Patience behold our selves forced to suffer a Misfortune alone, which may happen to all the World, as well as us. And to speak soberly, nothing so much Augments the sharpness of our Afflictions, as the Haughtiness and Pride of those who seem to Brave and Despise them.

Now it is not Mankind alone that attends us to Death; all Animals, of what Species soever, arrive at the same End, and are subject to the same Law. That Strength, Dexterity and Foresight which Nature has bestowed upon them for the Conservation of their Life, is of no Use and Service to them when they come to Die.

The most insensible Things have their End, which is a sort of Death to them. Those very Ramparts that were proof against all the Batteries of the Cannon, and the Violence of Men, will sooner or later have their share in this Universal Ruin. The Elements themselves which compose all things, will be at last destroyed. The Heavens will be overwhelm'd; The Sun and Stars will lose their Light; and all the Mass of the World will be confounded in the general Destruction. Can we then with Justice Demand that our Friends, or our Selves may escape it? Since 'tis necessary we should Die, Is it not a Comfort for us to know, that all the Things we have seen will perish, and suffer the same Destiny with us?

*The Stars will lose their Glorious Light,
 The Elements Contend and Fight,
 And all be Buried in vast Night.
 The Great Creator of this Ball,
 Master and Sov'reign Lord of all,
 Who out of Nothing did display
 Air, and Earth, and Fire and Sea,
 Will with the same Almighty Hand,
 To Primitive Nothing All Command.
 And this Great Change, to our Surprise,
 May happen ere to Morrow's Sun does Rise.*

I proceed now to a more particular Affliction, of which I am so sensible that no Arguments, nor Relief drawn from Philosophy, can make it easy to me: 'Tis that Concern which Publick Calamities give me, in which my Senses Interest me in spite of my self.

I am not able to hear the Groans of the People; I cannot listen to their Cries, nor behold their Tears, without finding my self Affected with a Real Compassion.

I cannot be a Spectator of the Calamities of my Country, nor behold the Ambition of its Oppressors, without taking up an invincible Aversion for them.

We are likewise persecuted by another sort of Vexation, which invades us in the midst of Pleasure it self: It is often nothing else but a disgust of Abundance; for our Soul having not strength enough to Digest it, grows Dull and Languishing, and yields at length to the violence of its Excesses.

Now I know no better, and indeed no other Remedy against this, but to moderate our Passions, and to manage our Pleasures with a Prudent and Wise Oeconomy.

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Thus *Epicurus* revived his Appetite by Abstinence, and avoided all Intemperance, to shun the ill Effects that attend it ; and as a daily Conversation, even with the best of Men, becomes at length tiresome or dull, those Persons that have a delicate Taste of Pleasure, will voluntarily quit one another's Company, to avoid the Disquiet that threatens them, and to relish better the Charms of Conversation, by bestowing a new Life upon their Thoughts.

I have nothing more to speak of, but a Vexation, the cause whereof I am not able to Define ; and as 'tis extremely difficult to know the real Subject of it, so I find that it is hard to allay or withstand it : It is a Secret Displeasure which hides it self in the bottom of the Soul, and which we feel much better than we can discover. 'Tis that which goes to Bed with us, which awakes and rises with us, which attends us at our Repasts, which follows us in our Walks, which we carry along with us, as well in a Crowd, as in Retirement, and which will not forsake those whom it has once seized, till it has exercised its whole Power upon them.

I have had woful experience of this Malady, and been often uneasie under the weight of it. I have gone with it to the *Play-House*, and have brought it out with me again. I have carried it into the best Conversations without any Relief ; I have, while the Paroxysm lasted, used the most agreeable Diversions, but was insensible to them all the while ; and in the midst of the Publick Joy, have been constrained to shew my ill Humour, and to appear Disgusted with the sweetest Contentments of Life ; and at last have found no other Antidote or Charm against it, but the pleasure of good Eating and Drinking.

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Good Cheer with our Friends is the Sovereign Remedy against this Sort of Vexation; for besides that Conversation, which then becomes more free and pleasant, insensibly softens it, 'tis certain that Wine revives our Animal Spirits, and gives our Soul Vigour enough to expel Melancholy.

I know some Morose Persons, will at least in outward Shew and Appearance, pretend an aversion for this Remedy, whose Delights notwithstanding, they are far from despising. But let us not play the Hypocrites here: For my part I am not at all disturbed at their foolish Austerity since the most Rigid Philosopher in the World has prescribed us this very Remedy; since the severest of Illustrious Men have made, (if I may so express my self,) their most Austere Virtues stoop to the Charms of this agreeable Pleasure; and since the best sort of Persons disown not the Use, but only condemn the Excess of it.

CHAP. VI.

Of Pleasures.

HAVING Discoursed of our Vexations, and the means of qualifying the Bitterness of them, it will not be amiss to say something of the Pleasures of Life.

Although, to speak the Truth, Extrinsic things contribute much to our Pleasures, and 'tis enough that we have Senses, unless we have Objects to content them; yet since we find the multitude of them is almost Infinite, our Happiness depends in

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some measure upon our selves, and our greatest Diversions cannot fail of becoming Unpleasant to us, if our Senses are not in a disposition to receive them.

As for my Self, I am of Opinion, that we should never debar our Minds of those Innocent Pleasures which offer themselves; and live no less exempt from those Regrets that arise from our reflecting upon the Past, than from those Inquiries the future may give us:

The Present time only is ours, and if we were Wise, we should manage every Moment as it were the last; but nothing is more common than to make an ill Use of that Time, which Nature has allowed us. There are few Men but would live long enough, if they knew how to live Well: but it happens for the most part, that when we are Dying, we complain, that as yet we have not Lived. If we arrive to a long Life, we disturb it by our Fear of not arriving to it; and when we are come to our limited term of Years, we have nothing else left us, but a Concern for having managed them ill.

This Pleasure which now presents it self, is perhaps the last I shall Enjoy; an infinite number of Pains may overwhelm me the very next Moment. What shall hinder me therefore from enjoying my self Innocently, whilst I may? Must the difference of Places, or the inequality of Objects, keep me always uneasy, when 'tis in my Power to live Contentedly in all parts of the Earth?

I Grant indeed that some Persons are dearer to us, and more agreeable than others; that as there are different Subjects to Divert us, so there are Delights more or less Affecting; But for the sake of a Pleasure which I earnestly longed for, am I to despise all the rest?

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That Life which slides away in the Countrey is no less mine than that I pass at *Paris*. The Days wherein I am wholly Buried in Grief, will be reckoned to me as well as my most joyful Festivals; and will contribute as much as they, to make up the Number which must confine my Years. Wherefore then should my Repose be here disturbed by the remembrance of those Pleasures I have Tasted, or by thinking on those which I desire to Enjoy?

Thus 'tis downright Folly to wish our selves back again at those Places we lately left, or be impatient to be at others, sooner than 'tis possible to get thither.

If the Pleasures we find in the Country differ from those of the Court, let us endeavour to reconcile our selves to them: For who can hinder us from Exalting and Humbling our selves in this manner? 'Tis True, we have neither Musick-Meetings nor Balls, nor Play-House; but then we have no Disgraces, no Servitude to fear, or undergo.

Conversation is not so agreeable here. Suppose it is not, however, a Man may keep an useful Commerce with himself, and with Persons, that at least will not be troublesome.

Cato entertain'd himself with Children, after he had applied himself all day long to the Service of the Common-wealth; and our Wittiest Men in *France* Disdain not to hear a Tale from one of their Servants, after the most Solemn Discourses.

A Man should endeavour to live easily in what part of the World soever he is, and Taste those Pleasures which the respective Place of his Abode can afford him.

Let us not play the Philosophers so far, as to Condemn by our Austerity, the Magnificence of the Court. I approve that we should imitate the

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Virtue of the Ancient Romans. Let us be Just, let us be Generous as they were; but we may very well neglect those extravagant Maxims, whose Severity Reforms fewer Men, than it scares.

If we cannot afford to be Splendid, let us not accuse others of Luxury. A man cannot Condemn so much Art and fine Workmanship he sees in the World, all which is the Effect of Human Industry, without being fantastically Severe.

A Man may very innocently admire the Pomp of a Glorious City, he may partake of the Pleasure of Perfumes, and the satisfaction of Musick; In short, he may behold with Delight, the Delicacy of Painting, and yet not violate the Laws of Temperance.

If, by Constraint, or Inclination, we have fixed our Residence in the Country, let us there leave off admiring the Labours of Man, in order to Contemplate the Works of the Creator, and the Wonders of Nature: Let us remove our Thoughts from the Pride and Glory of the Court, and innocently Taste the Sweets which are to be had in solitary places.

Have not the Heavens, the Sun, the Stars, the Elements, Beauties enough to Satisfie the Mind that Contemplates them?

The large extent of Plains, the winding course of Rivers, the Meadows, the Flowers, the little Murmuring Rills, have not they sufficient Charms to enchant the Sight?

Is the Musick of Birds ever wanting in our Groves? And if it be true, that Men learnt theirs from the Nightingales, What an Advantage is it to us to have so great a number of these little Masters in our Service, without being in our Pay?

Well, *what'er Sins by turns have sway'd me,*
Ambition never reach'd my Heart.
Its lewd Pretences ne'r betray'd me,
In publick Ills to act a part.
Let others Fame or Wealth pursuing,
Despise a mean but safe Retreat,
I'll ne'er contrive my own Undoing,
Nor stoop so low as to be Great.

The Faithless Court, the Tricking Change,
What solid Pleasures can they give?
Oh, let me in the Country Range!
'Tis there we Breathe, 'tis there we Live:

The Beauteous Scene of Aged Mountains,
Smiling Valleys, Murmuring Fountains,
Lambs in Flow'ry Pastures bleating,
Eccho our Complaints repeating.

Bees with busie Sounds Delighting,
Groves to gentle Sleep inviting.
Whispring Winds the Poplars Courting,
Swains in rusty Circles Sporting.
Birds in cheerful Notes expressing,
Nature's Bounty, and their Blessing:
These afford a lasting Pleasure,
Without Guilt, and without Measure!

In a word, we may live contented in any part
of the World, and we only change our Pleasure
when we change the Place of our Residence.

In one Place the Mind finds its satisfaction in
the study of Nature: in another our Senses meet
with Delights proper to them: and whoever is
capable of Moderation, may find but too fertile
Scene for his Content.

Neither the limits of Solitude, nor the narrow compass of a Prison, can hinder a Wise Man from finding Tranquility. He may Meditate there; and with Pleasure reflect on the good Actions he has done, and comfort himself by the pleasing Thoughts of his Innocence.

'Tis not necessary that a Man should always have a Field to ramble in, in order to be Happy. Our Happiness for the most part lies within our selves; and as we sometimes find our selves uneasy under the full enjoyment of our Liberty, so we may sometimes happen to find satisfaction, even under Imprisonment.

The most cruel Tyrants in the Universe could never yet find a Dungeon for our Souls; they cannot become Masters of it, unless we are willing to enslave it our selves; Their Chains cannot bind it; and let the Body be shut up in what place it will, it changes neither Place nor Habitation.

Thus we may find somewhat to give us Content every where: Let us endeavour only to Enjoy it with Moderation; and be assured that it is an Error to Condemn Pleasures as *Pleasures*, and not as they are, Unjust and Unlawful.

In Truth, let them be never so innocent, the Excess is always Criminal, and not only brings Disgrace, but Dissatisfaction with it. A Man that loseth his Reputation by Debauchery, very often loseth his Health too, and hurts his Constitution no less than his Credit.

If we are insensible to the Charms of Pleasure, let us excite our Taste and our Appetite, by making a just Reflection on those Pains, which are their contraries.

Let those that abound in the conveniencies of life, give a new Gust to their Happiness, by comparing it with the State of the necessitous; and

and let the Thought of others Misfortunes make them more deliciously enjoy the Felicity they possess.

Let a Virtuous Man reflect upon the Serenity of his Conscience, and rejoice that he finds neither Remorse nor Anguish in the bottom of it to disturb him.

Let Health which we generally Taste after the same manner as we do an Insensible Good; let this Rich Present of Nature, I say, be felt more lively by comparing it to Diseases and Infirmities, under which so many Thousands languish.

Let a Man of good Health esteem himself happy, not only in the Enjoyment of that Blessing, but let the Thought that he endures no Pain, amongst so many doleful Objects that encompass him, render him still more content: Let him rejoice, not only for the good Fortune which he enjoys, but likewise for the Unhappiness he has not: Let the Pleasure which he Tastes and the Pain which he suffers not, equally contribute to give him new Satisfaction.

But above all, let us banish that disorderly Passion of Envy, that vile infamous Passion which corrupts all our Pleasures from our Breasts. Let not our Eyes or Ears become in the least concerned for Possessions which don't belong to us. But let us, without any covetous Desires, participate the Charms of all the fine Places we behold. Every thing that is made for the Pleasure of Sight, does it not belong to me, so long as it is exposed to my Eyes?

Luxembourg †, the *Louvre* *, and the *Tuileries*, are as much mine, when I am gazing upon their Beauty, as they are theirs to whom they legally

† A Royal Palace at Paris.

* The Royal Palace of the Kings of France at Paris.

legally belong. For to speak properly, nothing can be ours, but while we actually Enjoy it.

All I infer from this Discourse, is, that we ought to be moderate in our Pleasures. Properly speaking, all that is done in the World, is done only for Pleasure; and tho' we take different ways to it, yet we see all Mankind inclines to the same End.

He that Courts Reputation in the Field, and forces his way through all the Dangers of Fire and Bullets to obtain Honour, would not expose himself to the least Danger, if he did not hope to meet with that satisfaction a Man finds in himself after a gallant Action, or that which proceeds from Fame.

Another grows Old in his Closet, amongst the Dust and Filth of Mouldy Moth-eaten Books, who would not take the least Pains to acquire the Sciences, if he did not find some Pleasure in his pursuit of them.

All our Actions have no real Object, but Pleasure: without that, the most Industrious would live a languishing idle Life. 'Tis that alone which makes us active, and excites Industry; 'Tis that which gives Motion to all the Universe.

Let every one therefore take that way he finds most conformable to his innocent Inclinations, and enjoy all Delights that present themselves to him, when they are not repugnant to the true Principles of Honour or Conscience.

Of the True and False Beauty
of Ingenious Writings, by
Mr. *de la Valterie* *.

C H A P. I.

*Some Rules to Write well,
and to judge well of the
Authors and their Wri-
tings.*

IF the Idea which all Men naturally have of the True Beauty of Ingenious Writings, was not effaced by the great Number of false Criticks, we should not have so many various Opinions about their Merit : For this Idea would be a certain Rule for every one to follow ; unless he resolved to expose himself to the universal Censure of Mankind, who would easily discover when they were out of the way.

* *This Treatise was written in the Year 1690.*

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I will not here enquire into the Causes that have so universally debauch'd our Palates. Some of them are General, and have so strangely extinguish'd the Light of the Understanding, in every thing almost, which is not the Object of our Senses, that there are infinite Errors scatter'd in all Sciences, even in those that pretend to define Good and Evil.

There are likewise particular Causes which are apt of themselves to hinder us from discerning the True or False Beauty of Ingenious Writings, when our Reason would be otherwise Just, Exact and Clear.

The most common is Precipitation: For every one flatters himself that he is capable to Judge, either through Pride not to be thought Ignorant; or through Affection and Hatred, according as he is engaged in any Party; or through Imitation, neither judging for or against, but only as he has heard the World talk; or in fine, through Caprice, Chance, Passion and Humour, which is too often seen in Persons of Quality, who think their Rank entitles them to sit up for Judges.

But whatever these Causes are, either General or Particular, the Variety of Opinions is so evident for us to doubt, that we don't judge upon the same Idea, or by the same Rule, though nothing be more certain than that there is one.

To form this in the Mind, Rhetoric and Poetry, and the Art of Writing History, have chiefly employ'd their Labour: But the more Rules have been laid down, the more they seem to be neglected; and 'tis a Wonder that the best Masters in the World, as *Aristotle*, *Cicero*, *Horace*, *Quintilian*, &c. should have so few perfect Follow-

It appears then, that we ought to forsake the common way of Precepts, and seek elsewhere for sure and immutable Rules, either to Write well, or to Judge well of the Merit of Authors.

To give ones self a just and exact Understanding, I think it would be necessary in the first place to examine any Book, and compare it with some other which has acquired an Universal Approbation.

Malherbe in the late Reign, excell'd in the Beauty of his Odes; and they preserve to this very Day the same Charms to their judicious Readers. So then, when you read any Ode upon the Praise of our Monarch, compare the Stile of it with that of *Malherbe*; and according as you find 'em agree, so you may venture to pass your Judgment.

But then the Piece you compare it to, must be of an establish'd Reputation; and such a one too as in all probability is like to continue so. We have seen several Authors come out with great Applause, but it only continued a few Years. During which, the Prepossession of the Reader and the Partiality of their Friends, gave 'em a short liv'd Reputation.

We have but very few true Models: *Voiture* himself is none, and much less *Balzac*. The Pectious manner of *Voiture*, and the Flights of *Balzac*, have both an Affectation which naturally displeases: the one endeavours to be agreeable and make us laugh, whatever Humour we are in; the other would make himself Admir'd and esteem'd for the Pomp of his Expression, and the Extravagance of his Bombast. The Two Letters Address'd to Monsieur de Vivonne, imitating both their manners of Writing, are an excellent Satyr on their Stile, and fully discover the

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ridicule of these Two Authors, who were so Famous in the last Age *.

A Man may foretel, without pretending to the Gift of Prophecy, what will be the Fate of a certain Author, who purloins the Ladies Chamber-Talk, and Conversations of Gallantry, to fill up his Works with them; who believes that all the Beauty of a Book, tho' the Subject should be the Life of a Saint, consists in using some new Term, or modish Expression; and is very well satisfied with himself, when the Period which pretends neither to Depth nor Solidity, has an agreeable Cadence †.

But to make no more of these offensive Predictions of the Living, let us examine the Dead. Seneca, as all the World knows, is full of nothing but Points, Antitheses and Paradoxes. He surprized his Age with the Arrogance of his Decisions; and some Persons yet alive, set him up for a Pattern of Eloquence: But they must write very ill that imitate him; and may take it for granted, that they will disgust those Readers who have any Taste or Relish.

This is not the Language of Nature, which is always simple and unaffected. Whatever requires continual Attention, displeases us; because it is too great an Expence for the generality of Mankind to bear. There is both a Force and Weakness in all Men whatever; which fantastical Mixture makes us naturally conclude those Works to be disagreeable, that require too intense Think-

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* These Two Letters were written by Mr. Boileau, and are to be found in the English Translation of his Works. See what I have observed thereupon in the LIFE of Mr. Boileau Despreaux, Page lx, lxi, lxii.

† I suppose the Author means Father Bouhours, who hath written the Lives of Ignatius and Xavierus, two Jesuits.

ing to comprehend 'em ; as well as those that are so much below us, that they deserve not the least Regard.

As I have already observed, few Authors have written so well as to deserve to be set up for Models. We have *Homer* and *Virgil* indeed for Heroick Poetry. *Horace* is a perfect Original in his Satyrs, Epistles, and Familiar Discourses. I have not the same Opinion of his *Odes*, and perhaps I might say something disrespectful of them, if the Excellency of some of 'em did not oblige me to hold my Peace. If the Author of the long Comments upon him *, dislikes my Opinion ; that I may not wholly incur his displeasure, I own that those of *Anacreon* are more Lively, more Sweet, more insinuating, and consequently more perfect.

But to return to our own Authors : *Cornelle* and *Racine* have performed Admirably well in Tragedy ; nevertheless it were to be wished that the cleanness of Expression in *Cornelle* equall'd the Variety, and abundant Fertility of his Thoughts. Few Authors can arrive to such a pitch as to represent so many different Characters, to invent so many Intrigues, and make so many Persons reason with that Connexion and Solidity. We are interested in the very Action, which but only represents, and pass immediately from the Figure to the Reality. We hear *Augustus* speak in his *Cinna* ; And we behold the *Cid*, in the First Tragedy of his, which made so great a noise in Court and City, and gave us an early Specimen of what might be expected from him in his

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* *Mr. Dacier, who has Published very long and Tedi-
ous Comments upon Horace.*

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Maturer Years †. All the Mischief is, that the Copiousness of his Subject, which he never fails to exhaust, his vast Imagination, and his inexhaustible Genius, now and then makes his Expression dark and confused: as if it were impossible to be Profound and Solid, and yet clear enough at the same time to be understood. But for all these Faults, Authors of his Reputation may pass for very good Models. If I were oblig'd to give my positive Judgment which of these Two I would chuse to copy after, in case I were to write for the Theatre, my Answer should be, *That it is more difficult to follow the Former, and more sure to imitate the Latter.*

So much shall suffice upon this First Head; for do not think it necessary to dwell longer upon it.

All I shall add at present, is, That instead of asking your self, *Would Virgil have express'd himself after this manner? Are Malherbe's Excellent Odes written in such a strain? Or did Corneille, or Moliere, draw to their Theatres, both the Court and the whole Kingdom, by Writing so? Ask your self, Is their any Method more confus'd, than that of this Work? Can any Design be laid worse, or any Expressions be more Lame and Faulty? In fine, Is there any imitation more low and servile than that of this Book?*

'Tis a common Fault with our Writers, that they become very bad Copiers of very good Originals. We ought to take a great deal of Care that we fall not into the whimsical Design of that Painter, who being to Draw the Picture of *Helena*, whom he design'd to represent perfectly

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Beauteous

† The Tragi-Comedy call'd the *Cid*.

Beauteous, resolved to give her all the Graces, that he had heard commended in the Fairest Persons. Thus he changed her Lips into Coral, her Cheeks into Roses, her Eyes into Suns, and unskilfully joyning 'em together, made a Figure like that which *Horace* describes in his Epistle to the *Piso's*. 'Tis certain he had a mind to make himself Merry: But Authors are a serious sort of People: they are Careful of their Reputation, and Copy with Gravity.

But in short let an Author have never so good an Opinion of himself, 'tis an easie Matter to mortifie his Pride, (which People of that Stamp can seldom conceal,) by defying him to write worse upon the same Subject. Now whenever our Advice is asked, we ought to give it with the utmost Sincerity, tho' it may be call'd ill Manners; and freely to condemn the fond Obstinacy of those Scriblers, who never read but to court your Applause, and not hear your Censure, tho' 'tis never so Just and Reasonable.

Nevertheless, because the Stile is Plain and Unaffected, we ought not therefore to think it flat or mean. Simplicity is the Perfection of every Work; and if I might so express my self, 'tis an Ornament even to Beauty it self. *Horace* gives us this Advice, when he would have our Diction appear so Natural, that upon reading it any ordinary Man would judge it very easie to speak the same things, tho' after he has made the Experiment, and duly consider'd of the Matter he will be convinc'd how difficult it is to write so Happily.

Truth never changes. Falsity imitates Truth in every thing: We always find out the Last, if we have recourse to the First; but are often cheated if we are not very careful to discover the Imposture. When we follow Reason with stea-

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diness, and come once to think aptly, and express our Thoughts justly, 'tis impossible that the Reader should not be moved ; because all Men have a natural Propensity to Truth: So that what is really false, can please no longer than we are dazzled with the Appearance of Truth, under which it ventures abroad.

So then if the Expression be mean, it will soon present a great Number of the like to your Mind: But if it be simple, do what you will, it will not be in your power to find out a better, unless your Wit or your Experience in the Art of Writing be superiour to that of the Author: For this Simplicity has different Degrees of Perfection, as well as every thing else.

But if we design to profit by what we have already laid down, we ought to know the Defects that are to be found in the most perfect Authors: For it is not my Design here to instruct ordinary Persons, but make some Remarks for the Entertainment of the Curious.

The First is, That we ought *not to be too lavish of our Metaphors, nor carry them too far.* We are very much wean'd from them in this Age: And since the World has got a true Taste of Eloquence, this pompous Heap of glittering Nothings has been hiss'd off the Stage. The Learned Men of the last Age, who fell into this Vein by reading some of the Ancients, thought their Stile was adorned and set off by Metaphors. Thus in short, their Eloquence was as fantastical as their other Opinions.

When that profound Darkness wherein the foregoing Ages were in a manner lull'd asleep, began to vanish, we awaken'd all on the sudden, and our Judgments were not sufficiently enlighten'd, to know which was the best way to take.

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The use of Figurative and Metaphorical Expressions grew out of Date, from the very Moment, that we begun to discern more clearly how we ought to express our selves.

The French Genious which is Lively, Natural, and Plain, cannot endure these Languishing, Artificial and perplexed Discourses. Nevertheless, we still retain some Metaphors, and are not displeased to see *Flames* in Anger and Love; but these Expressions are become proper and literal, and can deceive no body.

The Second Remark is; That 'tis an insufferable Fault to pass from a Metaphor we have begun with, to a new one, and so to connect Images, which have no Agreement with one another. When a Man takes care to write well, he knows how to continue, and carry on the same Idea; I pity him, says the Author of the Characters, I give him for lost, he is cast away. We ought to steer our course otherwise, if we intend to arrive at the delightful Port of Felicity*.

You see he mixes nothing that is Foreign with the First Image he chose to express the Thoughts of a Rich Man upon the Conduct of a Philosopher. The latter is represented as it were at Sea. The Rich Man foresees that he will be Shipwrack'd. He thinks he is out of his Way. He judges that he steers his Course amiss, and that he will never arrive at the Port of Happiness. There is not one Term in all this, which is not Ally'd with the rest. Now this Author had committed an unpardonable Fault, if after all these Metaphors borrowed from Navigation, he had said, It is not thus that a Man ought to bear up against the Wind, and Build his Fortune. This new Image of Building,

* Mr. la Bruyere.

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Building, joyn'd to those taken from the Sea, which went before, would have spoiled all; whereas it being all of a Piece, the Discourse is clear and easie.

The Third Remark is not much different from this, and teaches us *never to pass from one Person to another in the same Period.* The same Observation will hold good as to the *Numbers*, and what the Grammarians call *Moods* and *Tenses* of Verbs.

I will give an Example of this out of an Author who is extreamly Regular in this Method and Stile. *All Human Things*, says this accurate Writer, *are of no long Duration.* He should have stopt here; but he was resolved to make it a Period. So he adds, *And this perpetual Motion of Creatures.* (You may here take notice that he passes from a Subject indefinite, *All Human Things*, to one which is determin'd, *And this perpetual Motion of Creatures*, which are only connected by the Conjunction, and not at all by the Sense.) He continues, *which succeed one another.* (This adds an Image altogether unnecessary, since it was sufficiently hinted before by the Defect of Duration, and the perpetual Motion) *render, as it were, a continual Homage to the Immutability of GOD, who alone is always the same.* I say, that these long-tail'd Periods are always Intricate, Confused and Superfluous; and that this is the Stile, not of an Orator, but a Declaimer.

All this might have been express'd as follows: *All Human Things are of no long Duration, and render, as it were, a continual Homage to the Immutability of GOD.* And yet some are so extreamly nice, that they will not allow a Man to joyn an Affirmative Proposition so close with a Negative.

I say nothing of the *Homage* that *Motion* renders to *Immutability.* 'Tis a Quibble which signifies nothing to my purpose. But

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But to quit this Digression, if our exactest Authors fall under these Faults, how can those of a lower Class escape them? They will censure these Remarks perhaps as too severe, because they know they are not able to Write up to them. All I can do in their Favour, is, to propose no more of 'em.

At present we wholly amuse our selves with Observations upon our Tongue, and the Height of our Criticism is barely to examine, if a Term be well used, and how long it has been in Vogue: But tell me, I beseech you, may we not carry our Enquiries much farther? Can a Book be said to be Perfect, when there is nothing good in it but the Language? If this is your Opinion, 'tis an easie matter to content you: But a great many Men are more difficult, because they have a nicer Palate.

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C H A P. II.

Of the Cleanness of Expression.

I Was formerly too Indulgent, and now perhaps I am too severe. In the Heat of Youth, and the First Transports of Passion, we are Strangers to the discreet Coldness of a more advanced Age. We are pleased to find those Authors, who have been admired both by the Ancients and Moderns, Guilty of the same Follies, to which our Inclinations lead us.

The Licentiousness of *Petronius's* Stile, does not then shock our Nature, nor offend our Modesty : And as if there was not Obscenity enough in his *Fragments*, we Regret the Loss of what is wanting with as lively a Concern, as if we had lost the only Book that could preserve Decency, and good Manners in the World.

Perhaps I make these Reflections somewhat of the latest ; but it usually happens, when we have arrived at our Journeys end, and come to talk of our Travels, that then, and only then we perceive we went out of our way.

This is one sort of going out of our way, and I don't know whether there can be a grosser, than to Treat all ones Contemporaries, nay, all those that shall come after us, with barefaced Ribbaldry. This can proceed from nothing but Ignorance. Such Writers don't know, at least they don't consider that there is a secret Pride in the bottom of our Souls, which makes us look upon too licentious a Conversation, to proceed

proceed from a want of Respect. To this Pride we are obliged, that those splendid Names of Glory, Decency, and Common Civility, are still preserved.

But tho' Pride were silent, and a way were found out to make it hold its peace, (which I confess wou'd be a difficult matter) yet Virtue would not hold her Tongue; She is not yet so utterly abandoned by Mankind, but that they still pay a great Respect and Veneration to her. The Modesty of one whole Sex will be always Armed in her Defence; and the greatest part of the Employments of the Men are only for her sake.

Pleasure it self, I speak of lawful and indifferent Pleasure, discredits every Man that follows it to Excess, or procures it for another. And therefore, I know no Satyr, included in one word, more stabbing, than that of being called, *The Compromiser of Nero's Pleasures*:

Since I Declare so freely against my self, by retracting what I have formerly said in favour of *Petronius*; no one can expect that I should spare the Raillery of *Cicero* in his Oration for *Calius*. 'Tis true, this celebrated Master of Eloquence was brought up in Business, and knew the World; I own that he raised himself by his Merit much above his Birth; and that he was not inferior in Dignity to *Pompey* and *Cæsar*. But certainly he forgot himself, when he so far indulged his natural Propensity to Raillery, as to Reproach *Clodia* in full Senate, that she made her younger Brother Lie with her, *propter nocturnos quosdam metus*. They did see easily through the Equivocation: but I wonder that so great a Man should tax *Calius* with so abominable a Crime only by way of Irony, if he believed it to be true; or that he should take the Liberty to accuse him of it, if he believed it not.

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It were to wished, that what has been always thought to be the Essential Ingredient of Orators, were likewise required in all Authors, not-excepting the Poets: *Virum bonum Oratorem esse oportet.*

We had enormously sinned against this Precept in our Language. Most of our Old *French* Poets were guilty of Writing obscenely: *Desportes* particularly fell into this Vein, with insupportable Impudence and Freedom.

But since *Voiture*, who had a refined Genius, and conversed with the Politest Company, carefully shunn'd this sordid way of Writing, the *Theatre* it self has no longer suffer'd it. Nay, this Liberty is no longer endured, even in the most familiar Conversations; and if our Age is not Chaster than the former ones; at least it knows how to manage a fairer Outside, and to make an Appearance of Virtue.

Our Niceness goes further than this; for we cannot now a days suffer a Man to describe any Object that is apt to leave an ill Idea behind it. All the favour we allow a Sick Person, is to tell us his Indisposition. We suppose it some ease to him under his Illness to find us hearken to him with a little Attention: But this Complaisance which we shew to the Infirmary, is no Excuse for the Man; especially if he descends into too long a Relation of Particulars.

Except it be upon this occasion, 'tis impossible to describe such things, for which we have a natural aversion, without offending the Company. However, this has been the Fault of many Authors. *Buchanan* has described with all the Figures of Rhetorick, an Old Woman. *St. Amant* has Painted the Chamber of a Debauchee, with all the Simplicity peculiar to his Stile: but upon such Subjects, both Eloquence and Simplicity are unseasonably bestow'd.

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To return to *Cicero* ; who can excuse this Confessing, for describing in so lively a manner the most Beastly Circumstances of Drunkenness, when he was declaiming against *Piso*, in the presence of the Senate ? This Description is filled with several Particulars, which must needs be very nauseous and disagreeable.

Catullus might have bestowed another Epithet on the Annals of *Volusius*, than that of *cacata Chortia* *. A Poet, who pretended to a purity of Style, above all others, ought to have abstained from so gross and so indecent a Metaphor.

Marzial went out of the way to commend the Cleanliness of his Mistress's Lap-Dog ; yet for all that, has fall'n into an indecent Expression,

Gutta pallia nec fefellit ullâ †.

It had been better to have said nothing at all of it.

Without doubt these Authors were corrupted in their Morals. The Ages they lived in, how fine soever we may represent them, were grossly ignorant of what the Laws of true Decency require from us, that they have not produced one Author, who has observed them with Exactness.

But while you endeavour to avoid this fault, take care you don't fall into another, very common in our days. Passions and Vices are described to us in such lovely Colours, even in the Purple, that we can hardly perceive what Deformity there is in them. These Gentlemen know well how to conceal the Deformity and pernicious

* *Catull.* Carmin. xxxvi.

† *Marzial.* Epigr. Lib. I. ep. 110.

ous Effects of Vice, that they shew no more of it to us, than what suits with the weakness and frailty of our Hearts. We should be too much startled to behold Impiety bare-faced; and too much Humbled, if we were brought to a severe Examination of our own Vice. No one by his good Will would draw down upon himself the Vengeance of Heaven; no one has a mind to be ridiculous. But to be frail, to be subject to Infirmities, this is no more than being born Men; and who is it that thinks he ought to be ashamed of his Birth, or of his Destiny?

I should therefore prefer a Description which faithfully represents things, to those flattering Pictures which fortifie Men in their false Opinions, or in their usual Disorders.

However, I would not have you follow *Juvenal's* steps, or assume the Liberty as he has done, to make the grossest Representations of the most heinous Vices. In vain doth an Author so Licentious and Impudent, persuade me to hate the Brutalities of *Messalina*. I hate him more than I do her; and the Lewdness of his Wit, which is so notoriously display'd in the Boldness of his Expression, scandalizes me infinitely more than the Miscarriages of the most abandon'd Women, who are blindly Transported by their Passions.

I love his Translator † much better than him. He has taken great care to preserve the Innocence of his Style in such ill Company. He has left out nothing in his Author, but what hinders him from being read with Safety. But as for his generous Indignation at the Vices of *Rome*, his

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† *Father Tarteron*, who hath Published a very Polite Translation of *Juvenal*.

Fire, his Vivacity, nay, even his Declamatory manner, which was the true Character of Juvenal; all this he has preserved entire. And let it never be said, that Satyr divested of these Liberties, is less agreeable: For 'tis certain, that fine Raillery makes up the whole Entertainment in this sort of Poetry; and that on the other side, Grossness of Expression and Thought, must needs displease a Reader of any Delicacy.

This is sufficiently justified by the Example of Monsieur Boileau: For do we read any of the Ancients with greater satisfaction? And yet can any one be more severe and reserved than he? His Muse always chaste, and always modest, pursues and condemns Vice after the same manner that Virtue uses to do; I mean, by its Brightness and Vehemence. We should stretch the matter too far, and be over severe to say that he had done better to have let alone the Passage of *la Neveu* *. What he says in that respect is so short that he deserves to be excused, if it be a Fault; and if not, we must acknowledge that he has shewn us that a Man may speak sometimes of such a Person, provided he observes the Temperament of this Author, in one or two Words, and yet never infringe the Rules of Decency.

But *Lucretius* neglects this Conduct most shamefully at the End of one of his Books †: A Man must certainly have his Veins fired with Lust, or Burning *Aetna* in his Soul; or, to leave off these Tragical Expressions, a Man must be a mad Man

* This Passage is in Satyr VI, thus:

Et combien la Neveu avant son Mariage
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† 'Tis in his Fourth Book.

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as in effect *Lucretius* was, to tire his Reader with a long Description of the most extravagant and nasty Circumstances that attend the Dreams and Illusions of a young Man.

The more I think of this Passage, the less reason I find why People are generally so fond of this violent and imperious Author: When he pretends to act the Serious Man and the Reasoner, he's utterly lost, and knows not what he says. Witness that Verse which I have often heard so impertinently quoted:

Primus in orbe Deos fecit timor *.

That is to say, Fear induced Men to believe that there were Gods. For if one should ask him, What produced this Fear; Would not he be oblig'd to answer, *The natural Idea which Men conceive of a Deity?* For, Fear, like all other Passions, is no otherwise raised in us, than by the Objects which excite it by the Help of the Imagination or Thought.

But if I find in my self the Idea of a Deity, before I find that Fear which I ought to have for it; then this Fear is the Effect, and not the Cause of my thinking on it. A Man needs no great Penetration, or Reach of Mind, to make so obvious a Discovery.

If he was minded to descend from this Grandeur, which did not suit with his Talent, why must he throw away Fine Expressions, to represent impertinent things? Or, why insist upon

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* Our Author mistakes. This Hemistick doth not belong to *Lucretius*. It is to be found in *Statius* (*Theb. Lib. III. V. 1.*) and among the *Fragments of Petronius*, from whom *Statius* hath taken it.

them so long, and not leave till he had quite exhausted it, so ridiculous a Subject as that of the Dreams of Youth, which does nothing, even in the Day-time, that deserves our Attention?

If this is Beauty, or Delicacy, or Learning, I heartily congratulate the Grossness of our Age, which certainly would never bear so great a Freedom in any Author whatever.

I wish with all my Heart I could excuse that Illustrious Consul of *Gaul*, I mean *Ausonius* †; But in pursuance of my Design, I am forced in spite of my self, to speak of him, nay, and to speak ill of him. What can be finer than his congratulatory Oration to the Emperor, upon the Occasion of his Consulship? *Pliny* the Younger would have envied him this Composition. What can be more ingenious, than the Punishment of *Cupid* in the *Elysian Fields* *, and those Sufferings and Reproaches which the Heroines made him undergo, who had all of them some Cause to complain of him?

He must, to the Loss of his Reputation, amuse himself in that Employment, which of all things in the World, is most unworthy of a Learned Man: Judge how much time he must throw away in picking up sometimes a Beginning of a Verse in *Virgil*, sometimes an End; and tacking all these different Parts together, in order to compose a poor wretched *Centio*.

What shall I say of those Expressions of *Virgil*, which tho' they are harmless and inoffensive as they lie scatter'd in him; yet as *Ausonius* has managed and sorted them, they are guilty of all the Obscenity that the most defiled Imaginati-

† See his Article in Mr. Bayle's Dictionary.

* In his Poem, entituled *Cupido Cruci affixus*.

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on can think of. Can any thing be so fantastick as this Man was? He that was Author of a grave and solemn Discourse which he address'es to a Great Emperor: He that was a Master of Wit and Learning, as his Books evidently shew, notwithstanding all this prostitutes his Muse, and composes an infamous Poem out of several Scraps of Verses very innocent in themselves.

A Man may condemn these Indecencies without deserving the Title of a Morose. Many Persons can scarce spare *Virgil* for the Interview of *Aeneas* and *Dido* in the Cave:

*Speluncam, Dido Dux & Trojanus, eandem
Deveniunt **

Nor are they more favourable to *Homer*, for what pass'd between *Juno* and *Jupiter* upon Mount *Olympus*.

These Two Great and Illustrious Authors have avoided a Thousand Occasions, where any other Writers would certainly have Shipwrack'd their Credit. If *Paris* and *Helena* converse together in the *Ilias*, 'tis only to reproach one another. *Calypso*, *Circe* and the *Syrens* in the *Odyssea*, say nothing that offends Modesty. Neither does *Ulysses* abuse the Favours of the Princess *Nausicaa*.

He that has a Soul truly Great and Noble, a Vast Genius, an Imagination Clear and Comprehensive, will never stoop and descend to that Meanness which I here condemn.

* *Virgil*, *Aeneid*, Lib. IV.

C H A P. III.

Of the Exactness of Reasoning.

THose Qualities, by which most People seek to distinguish themselves, are commonly such as they are not Masters of: To praise a Perfection, which of it self is valuable, is not a sufficient Title for a Man to ground a Right of Propriety upon. Pride assumes to it self this specious Title; but there will be always a vast difference between Esteeming what deserves to be so, and actually possessing it.

Examples do not authorize a Fault; and I would not by my good Will fall into one; altho' it be easie to observe, that the most celebrated Authors in the World, and those that are justly valued for their good Sense, have not been able to exempt themselves from Errors, when they came to Defend and Maintain those Opinions; which they had once Espoused.

Obstinacy, tho' it be that Disposition of Mind, which of all others, is the most repugnant to Reason, passed with these Gentlemen for a Mark of Good Sense; and nothing could be more ambiguous or perplexing, than their Discourses.

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The Cartesian looks upon his Notion of the different disposition of Parts, to be a new Discovery, reserved for the inquisitive Genius of this Age; and runs down the Ancient System, as a confused Medley of Non-sense and Ignorance.

At the same time that this modern Virtuoso values himself upon the Discovery of *Materia subtilis*, and the Effects which he ascribes to it; the Old Philosopher looks down with Pity upon him and is heartily satisfied in his Conscience, that what he advances is not a jot more Evident and Satisfactory, than the *Oscult Qualities*, of Aristotle.

This has made me think more than once, that a Man must never expect to arrive to any exactness of Reasoning, till he has shaken of the Yoke of Dependence, and freed himself from the Servitude of being blindly Governed by any Character, or Party of Men whatever.

Some years ago we were Universally overrun in the French Tongue, with certain Vicious Modes of Speaking, and we must not forsooth make use of the first Persons: As for instance, if a Physician ask'd his Patient about the State of his Body, he received no other Answer than that, *They* * *have pass'd the Night very uneasily*; that *They had felt great Pains*; that *They were exceeding Weak*: &c. And as the Physician was Obliged in Interest to pay some Respect to this Gibberish, he accordingly returned his Answer in the same Key, *They Order you*; *They Advise you*; *They Desire you*; &c. In a Word, This nonsensical Humour, was the crying Sin, not only of private Conversations, but likewise of Books.

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* In French, ON, which is much the same with the English, They, One, or People.

they were pleased to call Modesty and Humility*. But for my part, I think it was Hypocrisy and Affectation in Persons of Quality; and the meanest, as well as most servile Imitation in those of a meaner Rank.

There is a great Difference between other Peoples Thoughts, and Mine; and I am obliged to express that Difference. If I am to speak of a general Disposition, as for Example, of that Esteem which all Men have for Virtue; I may thus Express my self: *PEOPLE have so strong an Inclination to return to the Condition, to which THEY were designed by the Creator, that every time ONE reflects upon the Beauty of Virtue, he cannot but Esteem and Love it.* Now this way of expressing ones self is proper enough to describe any general Dispositions of the Mind. But when a Man talks only of his own particular Opinion, I affirm that 'tis a Trespass against good Sense, to explain himself indefinitely; As for Instance, when he has received a Kindness, instead of saying, *I thank you*; to come foolishly off with, *THEY are*, or *ONE is extremely obliged to you*.

I can scarce be brought to forgive the Book of a certain Modern Author†, for the Liberty he takes of interposing impertinently on every Subject that comes in his way. A Book is a
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* The Jansenists brought into Fashion that kind of Gibberish, and thereby did put on a shew of an extraordinary Modesty and Humility. See Mr. Bayle's Dictionary, in the Article of Pascal.

† I am apt to believe that our Author hath here in view a Book Printed at Paris, in 1689, under this Title: *Reflexions and Maximes, sur divers Sujets de Morale, de Religion et de Politique.*

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general Conference, that we propose to have with Readers of all Sorts and Qualities. It raises my Spleen to see him draw his Proofs from an infinite number of little idle Stories, while he conceals from us all the Circumstances; nay, and tells us in the Preface, that the Names are all feigned. He overwhelms us with Tales of all sorts, Serious, and Pleasant, Casuistical, and Gallant; he knows the Court, the City, the Country; but above all, Religious Communities and Preachers. In a word, he has suppress'd his Name; but any Reader of a tolerable Insight will soon discover what Profession he is of.

The Liberty that *Montaigne* takes in his Essays, is infinitely more excusable than what this Author uses. The former, 'tis true, delivers his Thoughts in a Stile, which is somewhat too free and familiar; but then after his Digressions are over, he always returns to himself, who is the principal Subject of his Work; and when that is done, has always something to entertain his Reader. He is no troublesome Host; but when Conversation fails him, he has Friends to keep it up, till he has taken a little Breath. The Ancients he quotes, nay, even his Modern Authors, give us a great deal of delightful Instruction; and by this happy Mixture we always find a Variety in him which pleases.

Some People have taken a world of Pains to Criticize upon this Author, by racking his Expressions, and putting an unjust Construction on all he says; and indeed few Books have come out from a certain Corner, wherein he has not been ill Treated †. At the same time these very Authors

† *Messieurs de Port-Royal and Father Malebranche have discredited Montaigne, much as it lay in their Power.*

thors read him themselves, and I dare engage he will be read to the end of the World. I will not now undertake his Apology, but desire to know what Author is exempt from Faults? He that talks frankly of himself, is perhaps, no more to be blamed, than he that never talks of himself, even when the Connexion of the Discourse naturally leads him to it.

But not to enter into a larger Discussion at present, I content my self to affirm, That the Source and Original of the Exactness of Reasoning, whether in Thoughts or Expressions, consists in the Independence and Liberty of the Soul. Nature has not been wanting on her part to give us Ideas enough of Truth; neither do we want Phrases proper enough to express it, if a Man would rather follow his own Conceptions, than those of other Men. A slavish Imitation is destructive both of Reason and good Sense.

As every Man has a peculiar Tone of Voice, which it would be Ridiculous for another Awkwardly to Imitate; so every one has a peculiar way of Thinking and Speaking.

He that resolves never to Speak but as he thinks, will not always speak wonderful things; but then for his Comfort he will say nothing that may draw a just Censure upon him.

No one is obliged to Think beyond his Capacity, and we never transgress the Bounds of good Sense, but when we aim to go beyond it.

I don't say this with an intention to excuse Laziness or Stupidity; for when we know how to make a right use of Nature's Gifts, they will grow up with Time; and that *Doctor* *, so much cried up in the *Schools*, of which he is now the

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* Thomas Aquinas.

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Head, made but a sorry Figure in the first Years of his Studies.

It was his Happiness that he had nothing to do but to follow a beaten Road: That barbarous Age wherein he appeared, had no true Taste either of Languages, or Polite Learning. 'Twas enough to lay down a Train of Propositions, with their several Proofs, for the benefit of the Monks and Secular Priests. All that they aimed at then, was to Cure the Grossness of their Ignorance, as well as they could.

To excel in this excellent sort of Learning, there was more need of Solidity than Wit, or quickness of Parts. The *Subtil Doctor* *, who followed soon after, had like to have spoiled all, by spinning his Cobwebs too fine; tho' I cannot tell what this Genius would not have been capable of undertaking, had he not been shackled by the Forms of the Age he lived in, which oblig'd him to vary from the Method of *Peter Lombard*, the Master of the *Scholastick Questions*, who has been since so little regarded.

'Tis true, that there are Revolutions in the Republick of Letters, as well as in all other States; Things, Fashions and Humours have their certain Period of Duration.

'Tis Wisdom to comply with the Times we live in. All wise Men have done it. This fits us for Conversation: However, one would not carry this Compliance so far, as to sacrifice the Liberty of ones Reason.

If a Man proportions the Tone of his Voice to the Ear of his Auditors; and if it would be ridiculous to cry out in the Presence of a few People, as loud as before a numerous Assembly; cer-

* Duns Scotus.

certainly the Measures of Things, and the ways of proposing them, should be taken from the different Disposition of the Times wherein we speak.

I don't suppose that a Man is always the same; for too many Occasions contribute to make him vary. The same Revolution which makes one Age succeed another, introduces a new Scene of Manners.

We must submit to so powerful an Influence, unless our Quality or Employments place us above it: Or unless we feel in our selves strength of Genius enough to change the Inclination of our Age.

Thus we have known some Kings, who by the profound Wisdom they have shewn in all their Actions, have banished Buffoonry, Affectation, and all such ridiculous Follies out of their Courts. We have seen some Ministers, who by their Vigilance and Activity have roused the most Lazy Courtiers, and made them out of Emulation, apply themselves to the most useful, and serious Affairs of State. In like manner we have seen the great Orators of our Age, by their solid Manly Eloquence, banish from all Publick Harangues, those wretched Points, Quibbles, and false Thoughts, which were so much admir'd in the last Age.

But a Man must be truly Great, to be able to Change and Reconcile so many different Palats. This is a Conquest that carries its own Reward along with it; and the single Thought of following ones self alone, and obliging others to follow us, is of Heroick Extraction.

Not to submit ones Judgment to that of another, comes very near it. He is a bold Man that dares walk by himself, especially now-a-days, when our Books of Morality are filled with nothing else

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but the Defects and Errors of Mankind. The Avenues to Truth seem to be shut up, and we find nothing on all sides but Inevitable Mistakes.

But what influence can Errors have over Men of Resolution, who Laughing at the Disputes of the several Parties that divide the World, only consult themselves, when they desire to be informed?

What Satisfaction doth not such a Man find in discovering the Truth, which is comprehended in the Idea that Nature gives us of every thing?

The Reason why so many Discourses, either Spoken or Written, have failed of persuading, is, because few Persons established them upon those Principles, of whose Truth all Men are inwardly convinced.

The whole Mystery of Persuasion consists in our building solely upon these Fundamental Truths. Nothing can convince a Man but himself. Convictions by Instruction don't last, and produce little or no Effect. But when you have once made a Man Believe, that his Opinion is the same with yours in the Main, and put this Compliment upon his Understanding, you may manage, and lead him as far as you see convenient.

At the same time I would Advise you carefully to avoid the Fault of a certain celebrated Author*, who would oblige all Men to have the same Conceptions of every thing as he himself has. Possibly upon some other Occasion I may take him to task, but I mightily wonder, that a Powerful Society, whom he has not Spared, should still Esteem him.

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* Mr. Nicole, *Author of the Art of Thinking.*

I must farther add, that I cannot believe him, where he says, that Men never mistake when from any Principle or Definition, they deduce Consequences which are contained in it; for, if we carefully observe it, we shall find that mistakes of Judgment chiefly arise from thence.

Thus, instead of being of his Opinion, and asserting, that Men Mistake in the Principles, and not in the Consequences, I maintain on the other hand, that we are deceived in the Consequences, particularly, when they don't immediately flow from the Principles.

But it was for the interest of his Work to discredit the Rules of *Aristotle's* Logick. As for me who lie under no manner of Obligation to commend them, I am however very sensible that they may be of great Service, to show Men of weak Judgment, when they do not reason justly, and draw their Consequences aright. But who does not perceive this, as well as my self? Is it not the very same thing that *Horace* formerly recommended, when he laid it down as the first and most Important Precept of the *Art of Poetry*, (from whence we may draw Rules for all other sorts of Writings) that we should carefully preserve Unity; *Sit simplex quodvis duntaxat & unum.* This Unity so admired by the Antients, what is it else but exactness of Reasoning?

If you want to be farther perswaded of this Truth, consider but a little of *Horace's* odd Image, in the beginning of that Admirable Epistle, his *Art of Poetry*: Can any thing be more monstrously ridiculous, than the disproportion between the different Members that compose that fantastical Figure?

In effect, if *Descartes* deserves Commendation there is no better Topic to praise his System upon than the Connexion, and Coherence of its parts.

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I have by me a Book, Intituled, *Christian Meditations* upon the Truths of our Faith. The Author I believe to have been a Pious Man, upon the Reputation he has in the World. But as he writ it in *Latin*, because he was not Master enough of the *French* Tongue, one of his Brethren was order'd to Translate it, and he succeeded in the Attempt well enough.

Now as a Translator makes it his particular Business to acquaint himself with his Author, he is better able to discover his Imperfections, than another Man. Thus our Translator presently found out, that there was not one Argument in the whole Work directly inferr'd from its Principle; but that all his Conclusions were Indirect, Oblique, and such as did not derive their Truth from the Principles, on which they were built. Had he rectified this Default, he had not properly Translated, but made a new Piece.

We hear nothing in the Pulpit more common from our Preachers, than an Apology for the Design of their Sermon, and for the Division or Method which they pretend to observe. But when this Apology is once over, the Parson is the first Man that forgets it; he Rambles, he makes Digressions, and arrives at *Life Everlasting*, without so much as touching upon that Method, he promised to follow.

This is the Fault of those Persons who affect to speak Politely, and neglect the exactness of Reasoning.

There never was perhaps, unless we except the *Augustan* Age, a more flourishing Reign of *Latin*, than towards the last Century. But it were to be wished, that the Authors of that time, who were only *Grammarians*, or at best but so many agreeable Declaimers, had not taken upon them to deliver their Opinions so Dogmatically in matters of Religion,

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As they wholly applied themselves to the study of the Learned Languages, 'tis not to be expected that they should Reason with Exactness enough upon elevated Matters, of which they had but a very superficial Knowledge. If they had been Wiser, they would have confined their Jurisdiction to prophane Authors, as Monsieur *Le Fevre* of *Saumur* has done in our days with Success: and the Author of the Remarks upon *Horace*, may arrive to a Twelfth Volume, without being Condemn'd for it. The Reader will run through the Antiquities of *Rosinus* in him, with less uneasiness, because the Reading of the Poet will perpetually relieve him. 'Tis a large and open Field, that of the *Roman* and *Græcian* Antiquities. We have free leave to throw away our time in Reading them, or Writing upon them, without any danger of being call'd to an Account for it, by any but our selves.

But to meddle with Sacred Books, when we have no other Knowledge but what we have borrowed out of Prophane Authors*, is to go beyond our Sphere. Good Sense requires that we should suit our selves both to our Subject, and to our Reader. If this be never so little neglected, we must expect nothing that is Just and Exact.

* *Mr. Dacier undertakes to explain several places of the Scripture, in his Notes upon Horace.*

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Of Study and Conversation.*

Conversation is an Advantage peculiar to Man, as well as Reason. 'Tis the Bond of Society, and by it the Commerce of a Civil Life is kept up. The Mind communicates its Thoughts, and the Heart expresses its Inclinations; in short, Friendship is contracted and kept up by the same means.

The Conversation of two Friends renders their Happiness and their Misfortunes common: it augments their Pleasures, and lessens their Afflictions. Nothing alleviates Grief so much, as the Liberty of Complaining; nothing makes one more sensible of Joy, than the Delight of expressing it. In a Word, Man is so far born to be sociable, that this Quality is no less Essential to him than Reason.

To fly from Company, is to act against the Intention of Nature; to live always in a Solitude, one must be something more than Man, or less than Brute. There is a sort of Communication, even between Beasts. Many Philosophers have affirmed that they have a particular Language, and several Experiments induce us to believe it.

However, 'tis certain, that there are no Beasts upon Earth so wild, as some Men who solemnly profess a Contempt and Aversion for all those of
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* Mr. de St. Evremond wished he had been the Author of this Piece, as well as the following, concerning Friendship.

their own Species ; like that extravagant Citizen of *Athens* †, who never spoke to any one, but he advis'd him to hang himself, and took care to contrive his Epitaph so, as to curse Mankind after his Death.

A Man must have his mind strangely over-run with Melancholy, to be able to lead a Savage Life, and always to remain in Obscurity. I don't pretend to censure those, whose Silence and Retirement have been consecrated to Religion : On the contrary, I admire them. That Principle which has dispos'd them to chuse a Life so repugnant to Nature, obliges us to have them in Veneration. As nothing is more extraordinary than the Virtue of a true Anchoret, so nothing is more inimitable, and better deserves our Commendation.

But it is certain, that amongst those, whom a real Call, or a Fancy which we are often apt to mistake for that, have given a Dislike of the World, there are but very few that persevere in their Condition to the end with the same Zeal. The State of a solitary Man, is a State of Violence. Natural Instinct, which makes him love Society, at last gets the Mastership, and everlastingly possesses him with a Regret for having forsaken it. After all, to be conceal'd all ones Life, is that living? What Distinction is there between Death and Retirement, between Solitude and the Grave?

To live then as Man, 'tis necessary to converse with Men ; 'tis fit Conversation should be the most agreeable Pleasure of Life; but 'tis also fit that it should be regulated. We ought to enjoy it with Choice, and moderate the Use of it

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with Discretion. There is nothing more advantageous, and nothing more dangerous : As too long a Retirement weakens the Mind, so too much Company dissipates it. It is good sometimes to recollect ones self ; nay, 'tis even necessary to give an exact Account of one's Words, one's Thoughts to one's self, and of the Progress one hath made in Wisdom. A Man that would reap the Fruits of Reading and Conversation, and improve by what he has seen, must be no Stranger to Silence, Repose and Meditation.

There must be a time for Study, and a time for those Affairs that are inseparable from our Profession. Conversation cannot take up our Life : These two other Duties deserve to be preferr'd before it. Ignorance sits always scandalous upon a Gentleman ; his Quality doth not excuse, and the World doth not sufficiently instruct him. When a Man knows how to make an equal Mixture of these things, he cannot fail to distinguish himself exceedingly from those that apply themselves but to one of them.

Study is the most solid Nourishment of the Mind ; 'tis the Source of its most noble Acquisitions : 'Tis Study that increases our Natural Talent ; but 'tis Conversation that sets it on work, and refines it. It is the great Book of the World that teaches us the Use of other Books, and can improve a Learned Man, into a compleat Gentleman.

In a Word, Study makes a greater Difference between a Learned and an Ignorant Man, than there is between an Ignorant Man and a Brute : But the Air of the World makes a greater Distinction still, between a Polite and a Learned Person. Knowledge begins the Gentleman, and the Correspondence of the World gives him the finishing Stroke.

However, it has been observ'd, that some extraordinary Genius's have pass'd on the sudden from the Meditations of the Closet, to the most difficult Employments: But these Men ought not to be cited for Examples. When a Man, intoxicated with Reading, makes his first Step into the World, 'tis generally a false one. If he only advises himself by his Books, he runs the Hazard of being always an ungentle Man. Immoderate Study begets a Grossness in his Mind, and vitiates his Sentiments; the Conversation of his Friends must assist and refine him.

'Tis no common Blessing to meet with a faithful, sensible, discreet Friend; *Faithful*, to conceal nothing from us; *Sensible*, to remark our Faults; and *Discreet*, to reprehend us for them. But to be able to believe and follow his Advice, is the Perfection of Happiness. It frequently happens, that we take a Pride in following our own Conceits; like those Travellers that lose their way for want of taking a Guide, or enquiring for the Road.

I must confess indeed, that a Man who is sensible of his own Abilities, and knows the Advantages of his Mind; that Man (I say) who aspires to Glory, and intends to raise his Reputation, ought to dread even the Suspicion of being governed.

Dependance is insupportable to a Man of Spirit, especially that of the Mind. When anyone pretends to exercise a Tyranny upon the free Part of our Soul, 'tis a hard matter not to revolt against Reason, out of Contradiction to the Reason that reasons.

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There needs as much Discretion to give Advice, as Compliance to follow it : nothing is so dreadful as a Friend, that takes the Advantage of his own Experience, that proposes all his Counsels as Laws, and with the Air of a Master, that takes from us the Privilege of examining what he says, and would force the Mind by Authority, rather than win it by Argument. Such a Man never fails to cite himself for an Example. He applies the Observations of the Old Court upon all Occasions. He brings his own Adventures for Proofs, and has seen all that he advances: Every thing that he says, is over-stretch'd, and the Fear he is under of not saying enough to persuade, makes him always say too much to be believed.

Yet to receive Advice implicitly, and without Consideration, is no less to be blamed, than to give it in a rude imperious manner. It is our Interest to overcome the one, and to soften the other. Sometimes we should assist the Liberty of him that informs us, by accepting his Counsels with readiness.

Good Advice looseth its Force in the Mouth of a Friend, who is too complaisant ; when he expresses himself earnestly, he stirs up our Hearts the more, he incites our Attention the better : wholesome Remedies seldom have an agreeable Taste, and the best humoured Physicians are not those, that do us always the most Good.

We ought to look upon our selves as infirm, so long as we have need of Advice. But, alas! who has not need of it ? If the Advice is good, why should we reject it ; because it is not delivered with a good Grace ? We ought to consider, whether we cannot draw some Advantage from it, before we throw it aside. Nay, we ought not in

Interest to reject all bad Advice, least by so doing, we discourage those Persons, who may sometimes advise us well.

At the worst, though we shou'd reap no other Benefit from it, than barely to learn how to overcome our Nicety, and to cure our selves of what displeases us in another, is not this enough to oblige us to give ear to them, and to thank them for their Pains?

A bad Example may serve to deter us from evil, as a good one to excite us to what is good: Let us reap the Advantage of it, from whatever part it comes, and after whatever manner 'tis given us.

'Tis our Business to distinguish Gold from Earth; we find it seldom pure, but 'tis never the less Gold: 'tis the fault of the Workman, not the Metal.

We meet sometimes with Men of exquisite Sense, that have not the Gift of explaining themselves. We ought to dispense with the Defect of their Expression, and take the Benefit of their good Sense. Others have an easiness of Speech, and go no farther than the outside of things. Let us imitate what is good in their Language, and penetrate further into the Truth than they do.

There are others likewise, who have drudged all their Life to make themselves learned, but were never able to make themselves agreeable Men: We esteem their Knowledge, but their Manner is little taking with us: we should be glad of improving ourselves by their Learning, but are not able to endure their ill humour.

Our unwillingness to bear with this, hinders us from reaping the Advantages we might otherwise receive from their Conversation; we prefer the Discourse of an ignorant Flatterer, before the

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Conversation of a learned Man, when he is morose and severe. The Authority which he usurps over us, is indeed troublesome ; but is not this a Privilege acquired by Age ? If he lets us partake of what he knows, is it too great an Acknowledgment to pay a seeming Submission to his Sentiments ?

Yet I would not have this Submission blind. It is just we should reserve to our selves the liberty of arguing upon what he says : but we must answer him with a great deal of deference. We ought not to contradict him, but with a Design to instruct our selves better ; we should comply with Reason, as soon as it appears, and give our Assent to it, though it comes out of the Mouth of a Pedant.

However, let us not receive his Doctrine without examination ; let us not establish our Opinion upon that of another ; for 'tis in matters of Faith alone, that a Man ought to follow his Master implicitly.

To be able to pass a true Judgment upon things, we ought always to be upon our guard against the Reputation of him that speaks them ; the Air of the Face, the Manner of Speaking, the Quality, the Time, the Place, all helps to impose upon you. You hear the Court applaud every Word that comes from *Bantru*, because he sometimes says very good things. Admiration is the Mark of a little Genius, and your great Admirers are for the most part very shallow People. They want to be informed, when 'tis proper to laugh ; the upper Gallery, which has no other Knowledge than what Nature gave them, judge better of a Play, than our fine Sparks that crowd the Stage.

The greatest Secret then to succeed in Conversation, is, to admire little, to hear much ; always to distrust our own Reason, and some-

times that of our Friends; never to pretend to Wit, but to make that of others appear as much as we can; to hearken to what is said, and to answer to the purpose. In a word, to practise that Precept of Horace,

Ut jam nunc dicat jam nunc debentia dici †.

† Horat. de Arte Poet. V. 43.

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FRIENDSHIP.

THE first Friendship in the World, is that which arose in the Bosom of Families. The continual Habitude of being always together, and of considering, that we are, as it were, of the same Blood; the same Opinions in which we are brought up; the Conformity we find between one another; the Communication of Secrets, of Affairs, and Interests; All these things contribute as much to its Production, as Nature it self: They Consecrate at least the Name of Brother, Sister, and the rest, as much as the Tye of the same Blood. For whatever is affirmed of certain Natural Inclinations, which a Man feels at the meeting of those Relations, who are as yet unknown to him; it is certain that the Examples used to prove it are either Aggravated or Uncommon; or that we should Treat one another like meer Strangers, if we were not to consider them as our second selves. This therefore is the first Conjunction of our Hearts.

It were to be wished that this first Friendship would continue during Life in the same Condition, wherein we find it in our first Years. But it decays insensibly. In the first Place, by the great number of Persons whereof a Family is compos'd

compos'd: For it is a certain Principle; that Friendship cannot long subsist between many Persons. Besides, a Man leaves his Family in order to establish himself in the World. He enters by Marriage into new Alliances: or by professing a Particular Piety, he goes out of his Family, without having the Pleasure of adopting another. Thus he contracts on one side, in some sort, an Obligation to forget his Parents; and on the other a Duty of Loving new ones. What shall I say of the Interest which so often divides Families? But suppose there is nothing of that in the Case, yet a bare Separation, lessens something of the first Affection. During this Absence, a Man insensibly Contracts particular Habits, whether for the Conduct of his Life, or for his Fortune, or in Relation to the Government of his Family. The first Bond of Friendship is scarce of any further use afterwards, than to make us exert our selves somewhat more than otherwise we would do, if they were not our Relations; and to behave our selves with Care enough not to come short of others in any thing that relates to them.

Not but that when there happens any Essential Occasion of being serviceable to them, we take a Pride in not being wanting on our part. Thus this first Friendship, which is tender in the first Years, which insensibly slackens as we grow up, appears, notwithstanding, always strong, when any important Interest is in agitation. For my part, I believe, that of all sorts of Friendship, this ought to be managed with most Care.

There is a second kind of Friendship, which has also its Perfections and Imperfections, as well as the first we have spoken of. It is that between a Husband and Wife, when they enter without Constraint, into the State of Matrimony, and

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Preserve a good Intelligence on both sides. It has somewhat of that Friendship which is between a Superior and Inferior ; since the Laws have declar'd that Women ought to consider their Husbands as their Masters ; and the Men, in good manners, are oblig'd to receive no Homage from their Wives, but only in order to give up that Right to them immediately, and voluntarily to pay them that Deference which the Law and Custom require they should pay their Husbands. When People live together after this decent manner, they maintain a continual Commerce of Esteem ; they taste all the Delicacies of Love ; they have the Pleasure of Loving, and of being belov'd, and even make a Glory of this Friendship. I am of opinion, that it is in this mixture of Tenderness, this return of Esteem ; or, if you will, this mutual Ardor to overcome one another, by obliging Tokens, in which the Sweetness of this Second Friendship consists.

I speak not of other Pleasures, which are not so great in themselves, as in the assurance they give us of the perfect Possession of those Persons whom we Love. This appears to me so true, that I am not afraid to affirm, that if a Man was otherwise assured of the perfect Affection of a Wife, he would easily bear his being deprived of her Company ; and that these Pleasures ought not to enter into Friendship, but as Tokens and Proofs that it is without Reserve. Few Persons, 'tis true, are capable of the Purity of these Thoughts. And therefore a perfect Friendship, is rarely observed in Marriages, at least it seldoms continues long. The Object of Gross Passion is not able to support so Noble a Commerce as Friendship. After it has produced it, and maintain'd for some time the shadow and resemblance of it, Indifference, Contempt, and other new Passions, soon spring up to efface it. Even the Constraint one is always under,

under, to keep the same Society, lessens somewhat the value of Perseverance. We lose by Degrees, the confidence we had of being loved: We enter into Suspicions, Jealousies, and Disquiets; and can hardly conceal them, in the necessity we have of living Eternally together. From thence arise Mistrusts, Complaints and Quarrels. The Children are at time, the only Bonds which retain Man and Wife in their Duty. These are the Pledges and Fruits of their first Affection: 'Tis an Interest that binds them at the very Moment, when their Hearts incline to a Separation. But when a man speaks of Friendship, or hears it every Day mention'd; he is not to understand it either of this First or Second Kind.

It is of a Species altogether particular. The World pretend's that it should only be between Two Persons; that it requires whole Years to form it self; that Virtue alone is the Foundation of it; that it continues for ever; that it is a perfect Communication of all things: In a word, that there is made of these two Persons a Change so effectual, that they mutually Transform themselves into one another". Authors triumph upon this Portraiture; nay, they give it finer Colours than I do. Notwithstanding I believe I may without Rashness assert, that these ingenious Painters, who afford us such illustrious Copies of Friendship, never yet beheld the Originals. In truth, 'tis natural for us to take a Pleasure in exaggerating matters: And the first moment we begin a Book, or a Discourse, we forget that our Heroes are but Men, and that we speak to Men.

But a Man must avoid likewise to take for Friendship, I know not how many Correspondences he meets in the Course of his Life, which certainly don't deserve this glorious Title.

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To partake together in some Diversion, to be engag'd sometimes in the same Conversations, to meet often at Court, or in Town; such kind of Acquaintances cannot assure a Man of a solid Friendship. All these things generally happen by pure chance; and 'tis Fortune that produces these different Occasions. What share can the Heart enjoy in all this, but the Interest of some Pleasure? And can this Interest beget a true and perfect Friendship? 'Tis true, we love Persons that are easie, or such as are pleasant and agreeable; we are delighted to be where they are, and give them a favourable Reception. We have also more particular Regards for those that have the Reputation of having great Numbers of Friends; of being Men of Intrigue, and of being able to serve us upon occasion. For to speak agreeable things, and to be capable of doing useful ones, are two great Steps towards an Introduction into the most inaccessible Hearts.

But 'tis no less true, that those Persons whom we only know upon this bottom, should not put that Friendship we entertain for them, to too strong a Proof. A Man will hardly go to the Price of purchasing the Pleasure which the Conversation of a Wit affords; And it is the common Practice of the World, to refer to others the Care of serving a Person, who doth nothing but divert us.

If we consider it well, we shall observe, that it is this sort of Friendship, which, as imperfect, and as common as it is, doth not cease to form a Civility, by which our Conduct is Regulated, and which is, as it were, the Foundation of the Publick Peace.

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'Tis that which instructs us how to live; and this manner of Living comprehends an infinite Number of small inferiour Duties, without which the World would be in Confusion.

A Friendship more exact is a Prodigy; and the Examples of it are so rare, that a Man may easily reckon them.

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MAXIM,

That we ought never to be wanting to our Friends.*

THIS Maxim has the general Approbation of the World. The weakest and the sincerest Friend, the ungrateful and the acknowledging Person, speak the same Language. Yet there are but few People that practise what they say. Is there a Dispute about the Acknowledgment of a good Office, a thousand Men refine upon the Discourses of *Seneca*? Is there a Question about acquitting one's self towards a Benefactor, no body frankly confesses the Debt, nor concludes on the Value of the Service? He that hath given, magnifies the Objects; he that hath receiv'd, lessens them. The World is full of vain Pretenders and Hypocrites of Friendship.

However, 'tis certain that Friendship is a Commerce; that the Traffick thereof ought to be honest, but that 'tis still a Traffick. He that hath ventur'd most in this Soil, ought to reap the most. 'Tis not lawful to infringe it, without coming to an Account; but where can you find
Men

* This Piece was originally written by Mr. de St. Evremont; but it has been so strangely interpolated, that he could hardly know it again. He writ this Remark upon it, in the Margin of my Book: Every thing is here alter'd; I don't know my self therein. 'Tis not the same thing I have done.

Men that act sincerely, and don't put in the Balance the slightest displeasure, to counterpoise the service of the greatest weight?

Every one brags of his own Heart; 'tis the predominant Vanity: You hear nothing oftner talk'd of; and that without blushing. But then every one makes a Rule of Acknowledgment for himself, always easy for the Maker, but unjust to his Friends. *Tacitus* has acquainted us with the Reason of it; 'tis that our own Acknowledgment is pay'd at our own Expence, whereas that of others tends to our Advantage.

He that doth good, because he thinks himself obliged to do it, doth it always with an ill Grace: He looks upon his Duty as a troublesome Master: He seeks all Occasions to free himself, and shake off a Yoke, which he bears with regret.

Hence it comes to pass, that the Offices of these Persons have something of a Languor in them, which takes away all their Beauty. Were you ready to die with shame, you must explain to them all your Necessities; and explain them more than once, if you would have them understand you. You must push them on every other Moment by the Interest of their own Glory, and leave them not the least rub in the Way. Their Hearts are always in a sort of Lethargy. Stir them up, they keep awake for a little while, and shew some feeble Signs of Life: say no more to them, they return to their primitive Insensibility.

On the other side, the Offices of true Friends have something of Liveliness, which always precedes our Wants, and prevents our very Desires. Every thing seems easy to them, so that we are sometimes obliged to restrain them, and moderate that Heat which prompts them to do good; we may truly affirm of them, that they think the

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Day lost, wherein they have done no Service for those they love.

But Honour which disguiseth it self under the Name of Friendship, is nothing else but Self-love, that serves it self in the Person it pretends to serve. The Friend who acts only by this Motive, does good in proportion only to the Increase of his Reputation. He stops short, when his Witnesses are gone; 'tis a Swaggerer who turns his Eyes to see if the World looks upon him; 'tis a Hypocrite who gives Alms with an unwilling Mind, and pays his Tribute to God, only to impose upon Men.

There are others again, who propose no other End to their Friendship, but their own Satisfaction: This internal Law, which they lay upon themselves, makes them faithful and generous: But there is in all their Actions a stiff Regularity, that those whom they oblige cannot tell what to make of. They do every thing by Weight and Measure. Unhappy is the Man that has any occasion for their Service, when they think they have discharged their Duties.

Provided they have nothing to reproach themselves with, the Misfortune of another doth not affect them: On the contrary, they would be concerned to see it end very soon. They continue it sometimes for the Continuance of their own Glory. They rejoice, they triumph in secret for a Disgrace, which gives them an Occasion of shewing themselves: Instead of finding out the most proper means to assist you, they search the most signal ones to encrease their own Honour: They love to make a Noise wherever they go. In a word, they look upon their Friends as Victims devoted to their Reputation. To speak the truth, these Persons love nothing but themselves; and if they think that they

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don't deserve Reproach, we may on our part justly say, that they deserve no Acknowledgement.

You see others pass their whole Lives in Formality and Compliment: They won't so much as pardon you a Ceremony. These are the first Men to comfort one upon the Death of a Father, or to offer their Service after the Sword is drawn: Is the Danger pass'd, they put themselves in Garri-son with you, and are as constant in their Attendance, as your Shadow. They are always Slaves to Circumspection, great Admirers of their own Vertue, and very importunate both with themselves and with those who are indebted to them.

Every one must acknowledge that these Constraints are extreamly troublesome to a Free Soul. There is no Kindness so great, that is not purchased too dear at this Price. And no Misfortune can be worse, than that of being served after this manner. *To love because we are obliged to it, is not to love.*

In the meantime, if those Friendships that are kept alive only by Honour or Duty, begin to languish or be troublesome, those that are occasioned by the Resemblance of Humours, and Communication of Pleasures, are very subject to Alteration.

Since a Man is sometimes disgusted with himself, 'tis yet more easie to be disgusted with others. The End of Friendship depends less upon our Will, than its Beginning. There is no Sympathy so perfect, that is not mixed with some Contrariety; no Agreement that can bear an eternal Familiarity. The noblest Passions become ridiculous when they grow old. The strongest Friendships decay with Time: Every Day makes a Breach in them. Some People are

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are for going so fast at their first setting out, that they are out of Breath in the midst of their Journey. They weary themselves as well as others.

After all, says a fickle Friend, 'tis a very slavish Employment, to be always saying to the same Person, *I love you*. Nothing comes near the Vexation, that a Passion of too long a Continuance occasions. 'Tis to no purpose to take pains to conceal ones Disgust, or put ones self to an unnecessary Expence to keep up the Correspondence. Letters become dry and insipid, Conversation languishes, the Lover yawns, the Lady counts every Hour; both of them at length have nothing else to talk of, but foul or fair Weather, and things of that importance. The Treasure of Love is never so great, but it may be exhausted: The Warmth of the Heart in Friendship, is never so strong but it may cool. The Taste of the best things changes, before they are changed themselves.

When nothing but the bare Interest of our Diversions form the Knot of Friendship, Absence, Business and Vexations of Life, may easily break; or at least untie it. New Delights which are enjoyed with new Friends, efface the Remembrance of past Contentments. The first Pleasures of every Engagement have something of I know not what Eagerness in them, that excites the Desire, and makes it more vehement. As soon as they become more solid, they are satiated.

Therefore the World has no reason to reproach Inconstancy, as a great Evil: It is no more in the power of some Persons to love, or not to love, than to be in Health, or out of Order. All that one can reasonably demand of Fickle Persons, is ingenuously to acknowledge their

Levity, and not to add Treachery to Inconstancy.

For it hapens but too often, that the best established Friendships, and the most strict Confidences, insensibly slacken. We are to blame to exclaim against Ingratitude, and to decry those that desert us : We are sometimes glad that they give us an Example to change. We seek Quarrels, we seem to be angry, that we may find out some Pretence to set our selves at liberty. But suppose this were a real Anger, perhaps it is not their Fault, and perhaps 'tis our own ; which of us hath a Right to judge of it ? That which we call a Crime of the Soul, is very often a Defect of Nature. God was not pleased to make us perfect enough to be always amiable ; why then should we desire to be always loved ?

Without doubt we took more care at the Beginning to conceal our Imperfections : Our Complaisance supplied the room of the greatest Merit : We had the Charms of Novelty then, and these Charms resemble a certain Flower which the Dew leaves upon Fruits. There are but few Hands dextrous enough to gather it, without spoiling it.

It must be acknowledged then, that even the best Men find in the strongest Unions Intervals of Heaviness and Languor, the Cause of which they don't always know. This Languor, if it be let alone, concludes in the Death of Friendship, if Honour comes not to its Relief.

'Tis Honour that labours sometimes to hide the Defects of the Heart, that acts the part of Tenderness, that preserves an outward Decorum for some time, till the Inclination is awaken'd, and re-takes its former Vigour.

I don't mean that Formal and Ceremonious Honour, that troubles us by Rules and Ridiculous Looks ;

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Looks ; that denies the Unfortunate, even Opportunity to complain ; and whose Tyranny becomes sometimes more insupportable than Infidelity it self.

I speak of true Reason, that considers the Imperfections of Humane Nature, that helps them the best it can, that is an Enemy to Affectation, that aims at Good for the sake of Good alone, without the least Intervention of Self-Love ; that is always ready to perform a Kindness, and thinks it has never done enough ; that doth not applaud it self, nor courts the Applause of the World.

It is certain then, that these two Qualities stand in need of one another ; and that if Honour without Friendship is disagreeable, Friendship that is not supported by Honour, is not like to be long liv'd.

A *FRAGMENT* of
the *History of Atalanta*,
out of *Ælian's Var. Hist.*
l. 13. c. 1.

TIS a constant Tradition in *Arcadia*, that so soon as *Atalanta* the Daughter of *Fasion* was Born, her Father who cared not to have Daughters, resolved to rid his Hands of her ; but the Man whom he intrusted to dispatch her, was deterred by a secret Horror from executing his Commission ; so he carried the Infant to the Mountain *Parthenius*, near a Fountain, where there was a Cave at the foot of a Rock, and an exceeding thick Grove of Oaks above.

Thus *Atalanta* was destin'd to Death ; but Fortune was favourable to her : For the Indulgence of Heaven so ordained it, that a few Moments after this, a She - Bear, whom some Huntsmen had rob'd of her Whelps, came by ; and having her Teats full of Milk, took a Pleasure to look upon the Infant, then gave her Suck, and by that means found some relief from her Pain. So soon as her Teats fill'd anew, she came again to the same place ; and having none of her own Species, to whom she might exercise the Duty of a Mother she became the Nurse of another's Issue.

The aforesaid Huntsmen who had formerly Attack'd this poor Beast, when they carried off her Cubs, were still in search after her ; and having beaten up the Wood one day, when she was upon the Hunt for Prey, they found *Atalanta*, and carried her home with them. She was not call'd so then, but they gave her that Name afterwards, and brought her up among them in a Rustic sort of Education.

In Stature she much surpass'd those of her Age ; and when she came to Years of Maturity, particularly Devoted her self to Chastity ; for which reason she seldom appear'd in any Company, Delighted in Solitude, and retir'd to some of the highest Places of the *Arcadian* Mountains.

In this lonely Scene, which she pitch'd upon to be the Place of her Residence, there was a Valley water'd with several Rivulets ; the Air was cool, and Eternally Fann'd with fresh Breezes of Wind. On all Hands it was Encompass'd with a great Forrest. But why should we not take as much Pleasure to see the Description of *Atalanta's Grotto*, as to see in *Homer* that of *Calyse* ?

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In the farthest and narrowest part of this Valley, there was a deep Cavern, the Avenue to which, was in a manner Fortified by vast Precipices. The Ivy which covered it Round, clung about the young Trees, and by their assistance, made a shift to climb up at some Distance from the Ground. Saffron grew naturally in the Place, accompanied with *Hyacinths*, and several other Flowers of different Colours, which refresh'd the Sight, and perfum'd the Air. This was not all; for abundance of Laurel-Trees adorned this Beautiful Spot, whose Leaves always preserved an agreeable Verdure; and the Vines, which bending under the unruly Weight of their Bunches, grew at the Entrance of the Cave, were living Testimonies of *Atalanta's* Care and Diligence. In short, that nothing might be wanting to set it off, a Stream of clear and cold Water (for so both the Taste and Touch found it to be) perpetually gush'd from the adjoining Rock; and this constant Watering was so advantageous to the Trees and Plants, that it seem'd to Combat with the Earth, whether of them most contributed to their Growth and Preservation.

Thus this Place was equally to be admired for its Charms, and Solitude; and as the Beauty of it sufficiently discover'd the Judgment, so its Culture shew'd the great Industry, of our Virgin. The Skins of Wild Beasts which she took in Hunting, serv'd her instead of a Bed; their Flesh was her Nourishment, and Water was her constant Drink. Her Habit was without Cost and Artifice, very little differing from that of *Diana*, whom she said she was Desirous to imitate in that particular, no less than in her Resolution to preserves her Virginity inviolable.

A Fragment of the

Nature had so fitted her for Running, that no Beast was swift enough to over-run her, and the Men that lay in wait to surprise her, were not able to come near her, when once she betook her self to flight.

Not only those that beheld her, became passionately in Love with her, but likewise those that heard what Publick Fame had reported of her. If it wou'd not be too tiresome to the Reader, I would describe her Beauty; but how should that be tiresome to him, which contributes so much to the Embellishment of the Story?

Ever from her Infancy she surpass'd the rest of her Sex in Tallness, and among all the young Virgins then in *Peloponnesus*, there was none that cou'd dispute the prize of Beauty with her. Her Countenance was Masculine and Austere, as well by reason of her Savage Education, as those rough and boisterous Exercises, that perpetually employ'd her in the Mountains. She had nothing of that soft Effeminate Air we find in those that are delicately brought up by their Mothers, or Nurseries. She was Plump, but not Corpulent, or Fat, and her Hunting and Active course of Life preserv'd her in a perfect Health. Her Hair was of a Light Yellow, without any of those Artifices that other Women Practise, to which neither Painting nor Tinctures contributed any thing. Nature alone had given it this Colour, and the Rays of the Sun had stamp'd so Beautiful a Red upon her Cheeks, that when one look'd upon her attentively, he would have thought she had Blush'd. What Flower in the Universe is half so Pretty and Agreeable as a Charming young Maid, when she Blushes out of a Modest Innocence?

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Two Qualities met together in her, which created Astonishment, that is, her incomparable Beauty, and the power of making her self Fear'd. No Man of a mean cowardly Spirit, after he had seen her, could fall in Love with her; nay, he durst not so much as look stedfastly upon her; so much did the Lustre of her Beauty dazle the Eyes of those that fixed theirs on her.

Several things contributed to make her Admir'd, especially the great Rarity of seeing her: After her way of Living it was no easie matter to have a Sight of her; for whenever she was seen, 'twas on the sudden and unawares, either when she was pursuing Wild Beasts, or else defending herself from them; and passing by with incredible swiftness, she Darted like a Star, or rather like a flash of Lightning, till she was immediately lost among the Oaks and Shrubs, or some thick and dark Coverts in the Mountains.

One Day, Two young Men of the Neighbouring Country, whose Names were *Hyleus* and *Rhacus*, descended from the *Centaurus*, came to beat up her Quarters in the midst of the Night; a Pair of bold hardy Lovers, who had Insolence enough to undertake any thing in the Rage and Transport of their Passion.

To put this Design in execution they neither employ'd Musicians, nor used any of those soft engaging ways that are practis'd by young Men in Cities upon the like occasions; but carried lighted Torches that were enough at that time of Night to frighten a multitude of People, but much more a raw unexperienced lonely Virgin.

Having therefore newly broke down, and folded about them the Branches of a Pine-Tree newly tore of, they covered themselves with these Branches, as if it were with a Garland

land, and in this Noble Equipage set several Trees on the Mountain on fire; and making a perpetual clashing with their Arms, these well-bred Wooers, marched directly towards *Atlanta*.

But their Designs were discover'd by our Heroine, who had perceived the Fire from her Cave, and by that means knew who they were that intended her this Visit. She was not in the least affrighted at the matter, but drew her Bow, and shot an Arrow at them, which hit the first so effectually, that down he fell to the ground.

With this the Second, not any more like a Lover, but as a Declared Enemy, advanced towards her, as well to Revenge his Brother's Death, as to Gratifie his own Desires; but he was prevented in his Intentions by another Arrow, which mortally wounded him, and deterr'd all others from attempting an Outrage of that Nature.

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The CHARACTER of Monsieur de St. Evremond, by Dr. N-----.

THE Discourses which compose this Book*, being printed already in another Language, there may be several amongst us who have only heard in general of Monsieur St. Evremond, and the Reputation he has with Men of Sense; and therefore may be well enough pleas'd to know what it is wherein he Excels, and which distinguishes him from other Writers. For it is not with the Wits of our Times, how eminent soever, as with those who lived under *Augustus*, when the Empire and Language were in some sense Universal.

They properly Wrote to the World: The Moderns, even the *French* Authors themselves, write at most, but to a Province of the *Roman* Empire: And if they are known beyond their own Country, and become a Common Benefit to Mankind, it is, in a great measure, owing to their Translators.

Monsieur St. Evremond hath establish'd his Fame where-ever the *French* Language is understood; and yet surely he cannot be displeased with an Attempt to carry it farther, by making him speak that of a Country, where he has resided so many Years.

Whoever reads these Essays will acknowledge, That he finds there a Fineness of Expression, and

* This, and the following Character of M. de St. Evremond, were prefixt to the English Translation of some of his Works, printed in the Year 1692.

and a Delicateness of Thought, the Easiness of a Gentleman, the Exactness of a Scholar, and the good Sense of a Man of Business: that the Author is thoroughly acquainted with the World, and has conversed with the best sort Men to be found in it. His Subjects are often Great and Noble, and then he never fails to write up to them. When he speaks of the Antient Romans, you would believe you were reading one of the same Age and Nation; the same Spirit, the same Noble Freedom, the same unaffected Greatness appear in both; if the Subject he chuseth, be of a lower Nature, he is sure to write that which is not common upon it; there is still somewhat New and Agreeable, and beyond what you could expect. However you were affected when you began to read him, he gains upon you Insensibly, and before you have done, you take a pleasure to be of the same Opinion with him.

The Variety and Choice of his Subjects pleases you no less, than what he writes upon them. He perpetually entertains you with New Objects, and dwells not too long upon any of them. As for Method, it is Inconsistent with his Design, neither pretends he to write all that can be said; He sets not up for a Teacher, but he instructs you unawares, and without pretending to it. Every thing appears so Natural, that the Art is hidden, and yet the Observer finds all the strokes of a Master's Hand. He knows exactly when to give over; all is so well, you'll wish he had said more; and yet when he concludes, you believe he could not have ended better. He has truly studied Nature in that point, that it is with the Mind, as with the Body, they are to be treated alike; the Desires of both should be satisfied, yet so that you are to rise with an Appetite.

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The CHARACTER of Monsieur de St. Evremond, by Mr. Dryden.

I Know how Nice an Undertaking it is to write of a living Author ; yet the Example of Father *Bouhours*, has somewhat encourag'd me in this Attempt. Had not *Monsieur St. Evremond* been very considerable in his own Country, that famous Jesuit wou'd not have ventur'd to praise a Person in disgrace with the Government of *France*, and living here in Banishment. Yet in his *Pensées Ingenieuses*, he has often cited our Author's Thoughts and his Expressions, as the Standard of Judicious Thinking, and Graceful Speaking. An undoubted sign that his Merit was sufficiently establish'd, when the Disfavour of the Court cou'd not prevail against it. There is not only a justness in his Conceptions, which is the Foundation of good Writing, but also a Purity of Language, and a beautiful turn of Words, so little understood by Modern Writers, and which indeed was found at *Rome*, but at the latter end of the Common-wealth ; and ended with *Petronius*, under the Monarchy. If I durst extend my Judgment to particulars, I wou'd say that our Author has determined very nicely in his Opinion of *Epicurus* ; and that what he said of his Morals, is according to Nature and Reason. 'Tis true, that as I am a Religious Admirer of *Virgil*, I cou'd wish that he had not discover'd our Father's Nakedness. But after all, we must confess that *Aeneas* was none of the greatest Hero's, and that *Virgil* was sensible of it himself. But what could

could he do? The *Trojan* on whom he was to build the *Roman Empire*, had been already vanquished; he had lost his Country, and was a Fugitive. Nay, more, he had fought unsuccessfully with *Diomedes*, and was only preserv'd from Death by his Mother Goddess, who received a Wound in his Defence. So that *Virgil*, bound as he was, to follow the Footsteps of *Homer*, who had thus described him, cou'd not reasonably have altered his Character, and raised him in *Italy* to a much greater height of Prowess than he found him formerly in *Troy*. Since therefore he could make no more of him in Valour, he resolv'd not to give him that Virtue as his Principal, but chose another, which was Piety. 'Tis true, this latter, in the Composition of a Hero, was not altogether so shining as the former; but it entituled him more to the favour of the Gods, and their Protection, in all his Undertakings. And, which was the Poet's cheifest aim, made a nearer Resemblance betwixt *Aeneas* and his Patron *Augustus Caesar*; who, above all things, loved to be flatter'd for being Pious, both to the Gods and his Relations. And that very Piety, or Gratitude (call it which you please) to the Memory of his Uncle *Julius*, gave him the preference amongst the Soldiers to *Mark Anthony*; and consequently raised him to the Empire. As for Personal Courage, that of *Augustus* was not pushing; and the Poet, who was not ignorant of that Defect, for that reason, durst not ascribe it, in the supream Degree, to him who was to represent his Emperour, under another Name; which was managed by him with the most imaginable fineness for had Valour been set uppermost, *Augustus* must have yielded to *Agrippa*. After all, this is rather to defend the Courtier

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than the Poet ; and to make his Hero escape again, under the Covert of a Cloud. Only we may add, what I think *Bossu* says, That the Roman Common-wealth being now changed into a Monarchy, *Virgil* was helping to the Design, by insinuating into the People the Piety of their New Conqueror, to make them the better brook this Innovation ; which was brought on them by a Man, who was favour'd by the Gods. Yet we may observe, that *Virgil* forgot not, upon occasion, to speak Honourably of *Aeneas*, in point of Courage, and that particularly in the Person of him, by whom he was overcome. For *Diomedes* compares him with *Hector*, and even with advantage :

*Quicquid apud duræ cessatum est mœnia Trojæ ;
Hectoris, Aeneaque manu Victoria Grajum
Hæsit, & in decumum vestigia retulit annum :
Ambo animis, ambo insignes præstantibus armis ;
Hic pietate prior* —————

As for that particular Passage, cited by Monsieur St. Evremond, where *Aeneas* shows the utmost fear, in the beginning of a Tempest: *Extemplo Eneæ solvantur frigore membra, &c.* Why may it not be supposed, that having been long at Sea, he might be well acquainted with the Nature of a Storm ; and by the rough Beginning, fore-see the Increase and Danger of it? at least, as a Father of his People, his Concernment might be greater for them, than for himself. And if so, what the Poet takes from the Merit of his Courage, is added to the prime Vertue of his Character, which was his Piety. Be this said, with all manner of Respect and Deference, to the Opinion of Monsieur St. Evremond ; amongst whose admirable Talents, that of Penetration

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is not the least. He generally dives into the very Bottom of his Authors, searches into the inmost Recesses of their Souls, and brings up with him, those hidden Treasures which had escap'd the Diligence of others. His Examination of the *Grand Alexandre*, in my Opinion, is an admirable piece of Criticism; and I doubt not, but that his Observations on the *English Theatre* had been as absolute in their kind, had he seen with his own Eyes, and not with those of other Men. But conversing in a manner wholly with the Court, which is not always the truest Judge, he has been unavoidably led into Mistakes, and given to some of our Courtest Poets a Reputation abroad, which they never had at home. Had his Conversation in the Town been more general, he had certainly received other Idea's on that Subject *; and not transmitted those Names into his own Country, which will be forgotten by Posterity in ours.

Thus I have contracted my Thoughts on a Large Subject: For whatever has been said, falls short of the True Character of Monsieur St. Evremond and his Writings.

* Mr. Dryden excepts here against the Judgment of the Court, and appeals to that of the Town, because the Duke of Buckingham, and some Persons of Quality, with whom M. de St. Evremond was conversant, and from whom he had his Notions of the English Theatre; were so far from approving of his Plays, that they did severely criticize upon them. See the Duke of Buckingham's Play, called *The REHEARSAL*; and the Life of M. de St. Evremond, p. xxxviii. &c.